

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.35 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1907.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 42.



PLENTY
OF
PEOPLE

Have yet to buy suits. They have lost nothing by waiting, as the choice is still large enough to meet the ideals of the BEST DRESSERS.

To be WARD clad is to be
SWELL CLAD

Call and choose the cloth. The price is right; the Fit, Finish and Workmanship is right.

OUR READY-TO-WEAR
DEPARTMENT

Is overflowing with new and up-to-the-minute patterns and styles in the special

WARD BRAND
CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and
Children

Rain Coats
- and -
Topper
Overcoats

FRED T. WARD,

Headquarters for Men's Fine Ordered Clothing, Haberdashery, Etc.

The NEWS-ARGUS PRINTERY

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
FINE PRINTING
.....AT SHORT NOTICE.....

A Large stock of Fine Note Paper, Envelopes,
Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, etc.

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, etc., at very low
rates, and better than you get from City Jobbers.

WEDDING INVITATIONS IN THE BEST STYLE.

A large stock of "In Memoriam" Cards just to hand.

**The Mutual Life Co.
OF CANADA.**

37 Years' Record.

Results Speak Louder Than Words.

Total Payments for Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Surrendered Policies, etc.	\$ 7,476,529.26
Add present Assets	10,385,539.84
Amount paid to policyholders and held for them	\$17,862,069.10
Total Premiums received	17,338,715.05
Excess of Assets and Payments to Policyholders over Premium receipts	\$523,354.05

S. BURROWS,

AGENTS WANTED.

General Agent, Belleville.

A HINT TO BUSINESS MEN.

THE NEWS-ARGUS has just received a fine lot of Envelopes and paper for office stationery.

TO THE LADIES

Also, Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards printed in the latest style.



**Buckley Son's
London.**



TWO GEMS

Ward's for Hats . . .

Any kind of a Hat—

The Hat you want,

The Hat we want to sell,

The Best Brands in the Hat Kingdom,

You will find here.

We burn our old styles and sell up-to-date Hats, Caps, Etc., at

Wellman's Corners

The annual meeting of the Women's Institute of this place was held in the Orange Hall here on June 25th. In the afternoon Miss MacIntyre explained the cutting and cooking of a whole beef so that you would think that even the neck must be delicious. Miss Rife followed with a clever address.

At the evening session Mr. Robert Totton was chosen chairman, and a good program was given. Miss MacIntyre spoke on "Science in the home," and Miss Rife gave an able address on "The relation between school and home," but owing to the lateness of the hour there was no discussion. During the exercises Misses Totton and Raine sang a duet, Miss Iva Reid and Miss Rife each a solo, and Misses Ladel Anderson and Iva Reid a duet, all of which were well rendered. A vote of thanks was tendered to the ladies from a distance and to others who assisted, and the meeting closed with singing the national anthem. The next meeting of the society is to be held at the residence of Mrs. W. W. Draup on the 18th of July. The ladies also gave a vote of thanks to the Orangemen for the use of their Hall.

Mr. Oswald Finnegan and wife, of Westbrook, arrived last week at his uncle's, Mr. James Maybee's, and at present are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Butler Rupert.

Word comes from Hanley, Sask., of the marriage of Mr. Samuel Burgess, a former resident of this place, who has been in the west for a few years.

A number from here attended the surprise party at the residence of Rev. Mr. Balfour on Friday evening. They report a large gathering from the other parts of the circuit, and say they had a splendid time.

Mr. Balfour preached his farewell sermon here last Sunday evening, and his successor, Rev. Mr. Clarke, is expected to occupy the pulpit next Sunday morning.

The people here are expecting to have a great treat at the strawberry and ice cream social at Mr. Fred Snarr's on the 10th. The young folks are saying "Everybody is going, and I wouldn't miss it for anything."

A number from here celebrated Dominion Day by taking in the picnic at Anderson's Island.

Mr. Roland Reed, who was quite ill last week, is much better.

Mrs. Burrell Fanning is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Miller, of Bath, are visiting relatives here.

Misses Alice and Jennie Baker, of Warkworth, are guests of Mrs. Roland Reed.

Spring Brook.

At midnight on Saturday the cry of "fire" was heard, and Mr. Nathan Mason's bakeshop was discovered to be on fire. The flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to enter the building, and nothing was saved. Mr. Mason was sleeping at his mother's, his wife and child being in Belleville, so no one was in the house or able to get in to save anything. The fire spread to Mr. Chas. McGee's implement shop, where Mr. Roblin had his new farming implements stored. The machinery was saved but Mr. Roblin lost some valuable lumber with the building. The men worked heroically to save the adjoining buildings. At one time they thought the hotel would go, as one end burned for some time near the roof before they could cut holes to pour in water. If they had the roof had been shingle instead of tin the fire would have made a clean sweep, taking in R. W. Thompson's residence in its wake, but by tearing off boards, and with the tin roof the fire was finally checked. The hotel and Mr. McGee's house were nearly emptied of their contents, as at one time they thought neither place could be saved. Heavy quilts nailed on the house and kept wet prevented the house from taking fire, but the heat was so intense that plants inside the window were wilted. The telephone pole burned for some time, and will have to be fixed. Some beautiful trees are badly damaged, some beyond redemption. Mr. Roblin had his foot badly injured by the falling of a drag, a tooth entering the top of his foot, but he kept working until the machinery was all removed to a place of safety. Mr. Mason's bread wagon was the only thing he saved, it being out in a shed

and removed before the fire reached it. Mr. McGee's loss will be about \$300. Mr. Mason's loss is not known, but is partly covered by insurance.

Rev. A. L. Brown preached his farewell sermon on Sabbath to a large congregation. The text chosen from Job 8:8. Apparently the feelings of two young ladies were so over-wrought they had to leave the church during the singing of a hymn.

Mrs. D. Nerrie is ill. Dr. Alger is in attendance.

Misses Lena and Leafa Johnson are home for the holidays.

Our teacher, Miss Ella Faulkner, left on Saturday for her home in Foxboro. Before returning she intends visiting friends in Quebec.

Mr. Geo. B. Hagerman has given his house a new coat of paint, which has greatly added to its appearance.

Mrs. G. A. Eggleston has returned from a visit to Rochester, greatly improved in health.

Mr. Pleasant Sunday School celebrated the 1st by having a picnic at Anderson's Island. They were invited by the Carmel School, and all report a good time.

Miss Ethel Curtis recently returned from St. Thomas, where she has been attending Alma College.

Messrs. H. W. Hanna and Edgar Reid are building new barns.

Miss Ella Hubble, of West Huntingdon, is spending the holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hubble.

The people of Rawdon circuit surprised their pastor and his wife on the eve of their departure for Havelock. Their many friends regret that they are leaving.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith of Peterboro visited at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Smith, for a few days.

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Sterling Hall's MIDSUMMER BARGAIN SELLING

We want this big Store to be busy during July and August, and in order to make it so we have ready a swarm of humming bargains in every department. Only a very few of these are mentioned below. Watch the price tickets throughout the Store—the sure indicators of many others.

Savings in Hosiery

25 doz. Ladies' fast black one and one ribbed Cotton Hose, sizes 7 1/2 to 9 1/2, regular value 15 cts.on sale at 10 cts. pair
10 doz. Men's grey union Sox, ribbed tops, regular 15c.on sale at 10 cts. pair

Sweeping Out Prices in Stylish Dress Goods Remnants

200 yards of Remnants in fashionable Dress Goods, in lengths of 3 to 5 yards, at one-half regular prices:
50c. Goods for 25c. per yard
75c. " " 37 1/2c. "
\$1.00 " " 50c. "
\$1.50 " " 75c. "

Lace Curtains Reduced

20 pairs fine Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long by 54 inches wide, regular value \$1.00on sale at 73 cts.
20 pairs Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long by 60 inches wide, regular \$1.25for 89 cts. pair

Deep Price Cutting in Table Linen and Towels

Heavy half bleached linen Damask Tabling, 70 inches wide, worth 50c. yardvery special at 38 cts. yard
Heavy cream linen Damask, 60 inches wide, regular value 40 cts.on sale at 28 cts. yard
10 dozen heavy linen Damask Towels, size 19 x 37 inches, well worth 35 cts. pairon sale at 25 cts. pair

Parasol Prices Reduced

The backward season has made the parasol trade a little slow, but our deep cut prices should make swift selling. Latest New York styles in black, white and fancyat 20 per cent. off regular prices

Bargain Tables

Take a look at our 5c, 10c, 15c, and 25c. Bargain Tables for real snaps. Besides China and Glassware you will find many useful notions and nick-nacks.

Notions at Low Prices

Silco Crochet Cotton, best colors, reg. 5c. spool at 3 cts.
Six pairs Boot Lacesfor 5 cts.
10 ct. Letter Padsfor 5 cts.

Campers' Comforts

Get ready for the lake or riverside by mending your tents.
White Duck in 7, 8, 10 oz. weights, at 15 to 25c. yd.
Awning, stripeat 20 to 30 cts.

W. R. MATHER,

Direct Importer of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Retailer of Everything to wear for Everybody.

Clubbing List.

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:
The Weekly Globe \$1.80
The Weekly Mail & Empire, with premium picture, 1.60
The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with premium picture, 1.70
" with picture and book . . . 1.85
The Weekly Sun 1.50
The Toronto News (Daily) . . . 2.25
The Toronto Star (Daily) . . . 2.25
The Toronto Globe (Daily) . . . 4.60
The Farmers' Advocate, weekly \$2.25
We recommend our readers to subscribe to the Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, the best Agricultural Journal in America.

CHINESE LAUNDRY

LEE YONG wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Laundry work in the best style, and guarantees all work to be finished equal to the best city laundries. Give me a trial and you will be convinced.

LEE YONG,
Front Street, Stirling.

MEAT SHOP

Under new management. The business formerly carried on by A. H. SEELEY, is now changed to

SEELEY & HATTON

We are prepared to supply the public with first-class Meats of all kinds at lowest cash prices.

SEELEY & HATTON.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada.

Money Orders, Sterling Exchange, Letters of Credit, Collections, Savings Department, General Banking Business.

Interest paid 4 times a year on Savings Deposits.

STIRLING, HAVELOCK, MARMORA.
STIRLING BRANCH. W. R. HOWSON, Manager.

Lax-ets 5c Sweet to Eat
A Candy Bowl Laxative.

DARE HE?

OR, A SAD LIFE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued).

"Poor boy! poor boy!" she says, over softly twice, moving her head up and down with a little compassionate movement.

At the pity expressed by her gesture, at unjust and unjustifiable hard anger, takes harsh possession of him.

"It was a pity you let it go so far," he says, "but I must allow me to say that much; but I suppose, in point of fact, the ball once set rolling, it was past your power to stop it."

She listens to his philippic, with her head meekly bent.

"I did not try," she answers, in a half-whisper; then, after a pause, raising her down-drooping eyes, lit with a blue fire of excitement, almost inspiration, to him, "I said to myself, 'If I have any luck, I shall die before the smash comes'; and I just lived on from day to day. I had not the heart to stop it; I knew it would stop itself before long; I had never hardly—hardly ever—correcting herself, as it seems, with a modifying afterthought—"in my life before known what happiness meant; and oh! oh! oh!—with a groan of deepening intensity at each repeated interjection—"what a big word it is!"

Never—hardly ever—known what happiness meant! Why, surely she was happy at the Moat! and before his mind's eye rises an image of her in her riotous rosy gaiety; but even as it does, there flashes upon him a comprehension of her speech.

It is not the careless merriment of childhood to which she is alluding; it is to the happiness, par excellence, of life. If this is the case, why did she correct herself and modify her negative with a "hardly"? A jealous feeling of some one else—some one beside Bynge; a jealousy none the less keen for being vague, for not knowing on what object it can lay hold—sharpens his tone as he repeats aloud, and with an accent of interrogation, her qualifying adverb:

"Hardly ever, that implies—"

But she breaks in hurriedly, as if dreading, and at the same time doubting her own power of baffling, cross-examination upon that subject on whose borders they are continually hovering.

"Talking of happiness makes one think of unhappiness, does not it? We both know something about that, do not we?"

She pauses, and he sees—she is alluding to his own sorrow, and that her eye is sounding his to see whether he would wish her to approach it more nearly. His eye, in answer, must give but a dubious beam, since he himself is quite unsure of what he wishes on the subject; and she goes on with the haste and yet unsteadiness of one who is treading on swampy ground, that gives beneath his feet.

"We saw it in the papers; I could not believe it at first. It was the last thing I ever expected to happen. I thought of writing to you, but I did not."

She looks at him rather wistfully, and although but two minutes ago she had been confessing to him her passion for another man, he sees that she is anxious he should tell her that her sympathy would have been precious to him. He feels the same sensation as before of mixed anger and fascination at the ductility of her nature. What business has she to care what he would have liked to hear from her? He would have liked to hear from her that it was she, and not I!

Again her eye interrogates him, as if asking for acquiescence in this suggestion, but he cannot give it. With a shock of surprise,—nay, horror—at himself, he finds that he is unable to echo the wish that Elizabeth had died and Amelia lived.

"I said so to mammy at the time. Ah, here is mammy!"

And, indeed, as she speaks the door opens, and Mrs. Le Marchant enters in her walking dress. At the sight of Jim, a look, which certainly does not betoken pleasure, though good breeding prevents her representing the opposite emotion, crosses her handsome worn face.

It brought Mr. Burgoyne in here," says Elizabeth, in what seems rather precipitate explanation, "because we could not talk comfortably out on the terrace; they listen to everything we say; they have such long ears—the Widow Wadman and Miss Strutt!"

"I do not know what State secrets you and Mr. Burgoyne can have to discuss," replied the mother, with a smile that, though courteous, but ill disguises the underlying anxiety. "Yes, dear child, I shall be very much obliged if you will take my bonnet upstairs for me"—this in answer to little tender overtures from Elizabeth, overtures that remind Jim of 12 bis, Piazza d'Azeglio. "If do not know whether you have yet found it?" (to Jim); "but this is a slack place."

No sooner has the door closed upon her daughter than her tone changes. "What have you been talking about to her?" she inquires rapidly; "not, I hope about him?"

"I could not help it," she asked me."

Mrs. Le Marchant strikes her hands together, and gives utterance to that

short and shapeless monosyllable which is a prescriptive right to express vexation.

"Th! th!" A moment later, "I am sure you will understand that I do not mean to imply any ill-will to you; but it is unlucky that we should have happened to meet you there; it has brought it all back to her, and she was just beginning to pluck up her spirits a little."

"Did she—did she take it so to heart?" inquires Jim, in a tone of almost as avowed concern as Elizabeth had employed but a quarter of an hour before in putting nearly the same question with regard to Bynge.

"Did she take it to heart?" repeats Mrs. Le Marchant, with the irritation of one to whom a perfectly senseless and superfluous inquiry is put; "why, of course she did! I thought at one time that she would have gone out of her mind!"

No one can feel less merry than Jim; and yet his lips at this juncture cannot resist the impulse to frame themselves into a gloomy smile.

"And I thought that he would have gone out of his mind," he rejoins.

As he speaks, it flashes upon his memory that one of the hypotheses that have formerly occurred to him to account for the mystery that hangs over Elizabeth's past was that she had been mad; and though he had long abandoned the idea, her losing her wits now recurs to him with a shock as a possibility. Might not that changeable, mobile, emotional mind lose its balance under the blow either of a sudden calamity or of a long wearing sorrow? It has escaped—evidently but barely the first. Will it escape the second, too?

His heart goes out in a great yearning to her at the thought of what a touching little lunatic she would make; but, with an oblivion of his own personal feelings, which is generous, if not very lasting, he says compassionately:

"It seems a pity—a great pity!"

"A pity!" repeats the mother, with a sort of wrath, down which he detects a broad stripe of agony running; "I should think it was a pity! Pity is a weak word! The whole thing is pitiable! her whole history! If you only knew—"

She breaks off.

He is silent, waiting to see whether that impulse towards confidence in her will go any further; but it does not, she has evidently gone beyond her intention, and is passionately vexed with herself for having done so.

"They were so well suited to each other," continues Jim slowly, but still generously. Possibly his generosity becomes more easy as he sees how hopeless is the plea upon which he employs it. "Is it—I do not wish to intrude upon your confidence, but in the interest of my friend you will allow me to say that much—is it quite out of the question?"

"Quite! quite!" replies the mother, in painful excitement; "what, poor soul, is not out of the question for her that has any good or happiness in it? and that—that more than anything! If you have any mercy in you, do not put it into her head that it is not!"

"If it is not in her head already, I could not put it there," replies Jim gravely; "but I will not—I promise you I will not."

As he speaks, a slight smile touches the corners of his serious mouth as he reflects how entirely easy it is to comply with a request not to urge Bynge's suit upon the object, and how cheaply a character for magnanimity may sometimes be bought.

"That is very kind of you!" replies the poor woman gratefully; "and I am sure when you say a thing I can depend upon you for it; and though, of course, it yet you need not see much of her. Although it is not in the least out of sight out of mind with her—sighing—yet she is very much influenced by the objects around her; and when you are gone—I dare say you do not mean to make a long stay; this is not a place where there is much for a man to do—for a man like you—"

She breaks off, and her imploring eye invites him to reassure her by naming a speedy day for his own departure. But magnanimity may have called made upon it that exceed its power to answer, and Jim's silence sufficiently proves that he is not going to allow himself to be seduced into a promise to go.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The next morning proves the truth of Miss Strutt's words that "we are not so green here in Algiers for nothing." The weather changes some time after dark; the slumbers are broken by the fact that somebody's outside shutters bang, low and noisy all night. The great sign at the top of the hotel swings and creaks and groans. In the morning, as far as can be seen through blurred panes, the trees—eucalyptus, ilex, stone-pines—are all covering and stooping before the

wind's lash. The pain before Mrs. Le Marchant's window, with its fans all plucked and bent, is staggering before the gale. One cannot conceive what the unlikely tropical product can be doing in this gallery, and it requires a strong effort of reason and will to resist the conviction that the oranges and lemons are tied upon the shivering trees instead of growing naturally there.

"And this is 'Africa's burning strand'!" says Jim to himself, over his breakfast in the sale a manager, through whose shut windows the mad rain forces itself; and the blast, coming to his wet sister's aid, bursts them open now and again.

The day seems enormously long. He gets through the morning tolerably well with letter-writing, and after the twelve o'clock déjeuner he faces the gale in a determined walk down to the lawn. Scoldom in the course of his wide wanderings has he felt the furious scourge of mere tremendous rain. The side-path is whitened with big hailstones; red torrents fear with ferocious speed and violence that steep incline. The great canthus-leaves angle all the plentiful undergrowth, are dripping and rejoicing.

Through the blinding white deluge he gets forlorn peeps of the villas that had shone yesterday with the white splendor one associates with the city of the saints of God; and instead of, as yesterday, "faced with heaven's own tint," the Mediterranean is whitening the bay's rounded shores with angry breakers, and the snow is sprinkling the Atlas crests. A few Arabs are sitting on the ground under the Pont d'Isly, packed up in whitish woollen parcels, knees to nose, and arms and hands all withdrawn into the protection of the sheltering burnous. But no one else, who can help it, is abroad.

It seems to Jim as if his disagreeable tussle with the elements had lasted a long time, and yet, on his return to the hotel, he finds that it is only half-past two. He thinks at first that the clocks must have stopped, but finds, on examination, that they are all ticking, and all unanimous. His drenched condition is at least a resource, necessitating an entire and fundamental change of raiment; but even this expedient, though dragged out to its utmost possible limit, does not carry him further than three. How is he to dispose of the seven or eight hours that must elapse before he can seek refuge in bed? He has exhausted his correspondence, which is never a large one, and he has seldom in his life been so short of books.

He makes his way through the hall, which is crammed with young people playing battledore, and noisily counting; with elder persons, dreadfully short of a job, looking on and applauding; to a salon, in hopes of there finding a detective novel, or even a superannuated Pall Mall or World. But half a dozen other weather-bound sufferers have been before him, and the tables are swept clean of all literature save a three-months-old Court Journal.

Miss Strutt and the pert votary of Whiteley are sitting shawled, and with their heads close together. By their titlers, and the fragments he catches of their talk, they seem to be concocting a practical joke of some kind: The widow Wadman, shawled too, and her valetudinarian, who, even a superannuated Pall Mall or World, but half a dozen other weather-bound sufferers have been before him, and the tables are swept clean of all literature save a three-months-old Court Journal.

He never is quite clear afterwards how he got over the hedge that intervenes before dinner—whether sleep comes to his aid, or whether he is after all reduced to perusing in the Court Journal the narrative of which direction the Queen and Princess Henry of Battenburg took their walk in, in October. But at length the welcome ball rings, drowning even, for two minutes, the banging of the wind, and the whole hotel, unwittingly punctuated by rushes in the sun. People who have hitherto scarcely exchanged words, have eyed each other with hardly veiled distrust, now show a feverish desire to enter into conversation, to detain one another after dinner on the steps of the salle a manger.

The evening advances, Jim sees an intention among the younger portion of the company to launch out into noisy, romping games, to institute a Dumb Crambo. He feels it far from impossible that he himself may fall so low as to be drawn into this, and he is on his guard. He has before him a fat and jovial man, who he can find to his courage up as he knocks at their door, telling himself that his excuse—that of asking them to lend him a book—is a quite sufficient and legitimate one. He knocks, and Elizabeth's voice at once answers:

"Herein!"

It is clear that she takes him for the German waiter, Fritz. She remains in this belief even after he has opened the door, since she does not at first look up. She is also in the great hall, in the room in which she had yesterday received him, but in the first and less adorned of the little series—one that he had on his former visit, cursorily perused to be chiefly used as an anteroom sitting up a fat and jovial man, who he can find to his courage up as he knocks at their door, telling himself that his excuse—that of asking them to lend him a book—is a quite sufficient and legitimate one. He knocks, and Elizabeth's voice at once answers:

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glance at the shut door; "I am afraid that they are all in there."

"Oh, it is of no consequence!" rejoins Burgoyne hastily, not willingly quoting the words of the immortal Mr. Toole; "it does not matter in the least."

(To be continued).

ENGLISH LAND HUNGER

CARL CARRINGTON SHOWS HOW IT IS BEING MET.

Young Men Cannot Marry Because They Cannot Get a Decent Home.

The root of all real social advancement was to get the people back from the towns to the country and to keep the people at present on the land from going to the towns. Thus spoke Earl Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, at an open-air demonstration at Barking, Essex, he said, he would be glad to get married, but could not because they could not get a decent home to take a woman into, or proper food for their little children. That difficulty could be overcome if they could get a small piece of land at a fair rent. He hoped the small holdings and allotments bill would cause

A PEACEFUL REVOLUTION

in the country.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had entrusted him with 62,000 acres of Crown lands, and when he took over work there were only forty-four small holders on all the land. During the very brief period in which he had been Commissioner of these Crown lands there had been spontaneous applications for small holdings from eleven out of the fourteen different counties in which the lands were situated.

From South Lincolnshire he had received eighty-seven written applications for 2,800 acres of land. The majority of these applications had only allotments or small holdings at present, but they owned 497 head of cattle and stock, in addition to cash which amounted altogether to £3,340. They stated that they could invest £10 per acre, and could produce bank books to show the accuracy of their statement.

"I trust," added Lord Carrington, "before the end of this year to have satisfied fifty per cent. of the present demand in this locality without depriving a single farm tenant of his land or his liberty."

From Yorkshire (the President of the Board of Agriculture continued), he had received from residents

IN ONE PARISH ALONE, fifteen applications for 500 acres. He was informed that in the particular parish there were 3,600 acres, of which 2,000 were farmed by four farmers, three of whom were non-residents, having farms in other parishes. In this case, also, the majority of the applicants had cash in addition to experience.

Lord Carrington gave other instances of the "land hunger" and how it is being met. In Cambridgeshire a farm of 17 acres had been unlet for two years because a tenant could not be found. Now it has been let to eighty-two tenants for allotments and small holdings. There was still an unsatisfied demand, and he could easily let 500 acres more if he had the land. In Yorkshire he had let to the local authority 4,500 acres for further development as small holdings and allotments.

SHEEP NOTES.

Sheep will pay upon land that will not afford sufficient grazing for cattle. Sheep are the best animals to keep on land that is not good for anything else. They are profitable stock only when a profitable kind is kept and in a profitable manner.

Sheep will clear the land of foul growth fit it for better growth by fertilizing it.

Regular feeding with poor feed is preferable to give feed given in a slipshod way.

The windings, both liquid and solid, of the sheep are more easily and evenly scattered over the ground.

Sheep have this advantage of involving less planning, less machinery, less labor and less expense when intelligently followed.

Sheep keeping should be largely a matter of dollars and cents, and the aim should be to receive the largest profits.

Sheep will work up the litter given them much finer than will cows, thus making their manure more easily handled.

The lots with sheep is less and of a much cleaner and pleasanter kind than with hogs or cattle or even horses.

The profits of sheep husbandry come rather from steady conditions of the flock than from the price at which wool is sold in the markets.

COMPLETE DEFENCE.

"We propose to show, gentlemen of the jury," said counsel for the defence, "that it is impossible for the defendant to have committed this crime."

"In the first place, we will prove that the defendant was nowhere near the scene of the crime at the time the crime was committed."

"Next, we will offer the indisputable testimony of persons who saw defendant on the spot, and who did not see defendant commit the crime."

"We will show that no poison was found in the body of the deceased."

"And, last, but not the least, we will prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the deceased is not dead."

THE WHITE STAR LINER "ADRIATIC"

Description of the Finest Steamship in the World.

The finest steamer that has ever crossed the Atlantic recently arrived in New York. Needless to say we refer to the new White Star liner Adriatic, that splendid mammoth which has just been completed by the great Belfast shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff. Biggest of all British twin-screw steamers, filled with every possible contrivance for enhancing the comfort and safety of those on board, superbly decorated throughout her passenger accommodation, the Adriatic may be said to attain that reputedly unattainable degree—perfection.

She is not the first ship of her name which has sailed under the White Star flag. Thirty-five years ago, when the late Mr. T. H. Ismay was building up the world-wide reputation which his company has ever since enjoyed, there was launched at Belfast the premier Adriatic. That vessel, no doubt, was regarded at the time as a wonderful creation, but if placed alongside her successor of to-day she would cut but a sorry figure. Indeed, the contrast between the two boats affords so striking an illustration of the developments which have taken place in the steamship world that we will venture on a few figures. The tonnage of the first Adriatic was 3,887 gross; that of the second is 25,000 gross. The dimensions of the older vessel were—Length 440 feet 6 inches; breadth 40 feet 9 inches; and depth 30 feet. Those of the new one are—Length 725 feet 9 inches; breadth 75 feet 6 inches; depth 50 feet. The total number of passengers which the first Adriatic could carry was 869, whereas accommodation for 3,000 is provided.

ABOARD THE PRESENT LINER.

In designing the latest addition to their fleet the White Star management have followed their well-known policy of thoroughness. The most minute attention has been paid to every detail which can make for additional comfort, while a number of new features of high importance have been introduced. For

example, there are Turkish baths on board the Adriatic, luxuries which now make their appearance aboard for the first time.

They comprise the usual hot, temperate, and cooling rooms, shampooing rooms, plunge bath, and massage couches. They will certainly not suffer from lack of patronage. It is difficult to imagine anything that could more materially assist towards relieving the monotony of a sea voyage.

For more strenuous natures, for those who prefer a life of action to one of the olivum cum dignitate order, there is a lavishly-fitted gymnasium. From the dining saloon on the lower deck an electric lift runs up to the boat deck, calling at the promenade decks on route. A "dark room" for amateur photographers has not been overlooked; whilst the usual barber's shop, with all the latest improvements, is duly in evidence.

One great feature of the Adriatic's passenger accommodation throughout is its roominess. The great breadth of the ship, coupled with the exceptional height between the various decks, has rendered it possible to provide state-rooms of a size far in advance of anything to which the ocean voyager has hitherto been accustomed. In the case of the Adriatic they are lofty, well-lighted, and perfectly ventilated; and there is, moreover, the additional feature that no less than seventy-six of them are

low. Immediately beneath the bottom of the dome is a frieze of paintings depicting scenes in Switzerland, Italy, the Rhineland, and the Yellowstone Park. Instead of the old-fashioned long tables, the up-to-date restaurant system of small tables has been adopted, an innovation which should tend greatly towards less "starchiness" and greater conviviality at meal-times.

For recreative purposes a handsome piano, encased in oak inlaid with woods, has been placed in this saloon, but the musical arrangements do not end here, for the Adriatic will carry her own orchestra.

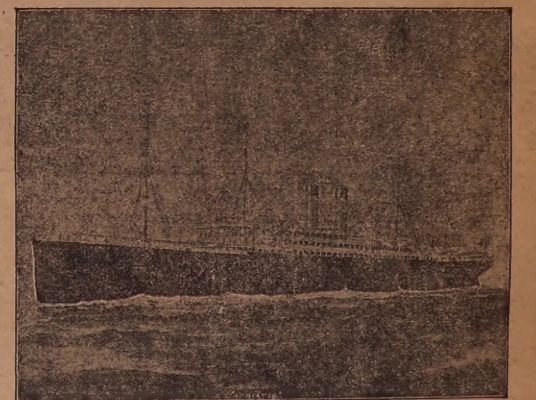
From the dining saloon we come, in the natural sequence of events, to the smoke room, an ideal apartment for votaries of the weed. Its walls are clothed with figured leather, and inlaid with pictures of events famous in the annals of

BRITISH NAVAL HISTORY.

The windows are of stained glass, and the seats and tables of mahogany, the whole effect creating being one of mellow richness.

Not far away, and on the same deck as the smoke room, is an apartment known on board as "The Lounge." This little, we consider, is far too prosaic. Picture a large and airy room, panelled in oak, furnished in exquisite taste, with the light filtering through "storied" windows, richly dignified. People it with graceful figures, clad in the latest "creations" from Paris; scatter here and there a few specimens of the mere man genius engaged in ardent flirtation with the owners of the graceful figures aforesaid, and you will have a scene which seems to call for something more romantic in the way of nomenclature than that chronicle above. If we might venture on a suggestion, we should say that "The Turtle Dovecote" would be more in keeping.

A third luxurious apartment on the boat deck is the reading and writing room, wherein the studiously-inclined



THE "ADRIATIC."

passenger may beguile the time with a book or bring his correspondence up to date. Delicately decorated, panelled with paintings after the styles of Bartolozzi, Boucher, and Cipriani, and furnished in a fashion which is at once elegant and comfortable, this delightful retreat, we should imagine, would be the very spot wherein a poetically-minded traveller might invoke his Muse to great advantage. Special attention, by the way, has been paid to the lighting arrangements, movable electric lamps being provided for the benefit of those who like to seek out quiet corners for themselves.

The second-class accommodation on board the Adriatic is situated immediately abaft the first-class quarter. It includes a handsome dining saloon, with seating accommodation for 700 persons, a smoke room and a ladies' room. The decorative scheme throughout these saloons is in keeping with the first-class, and, indeed, would have been regarded as exceptionally fine in the first-class division of an ocean liner. The ladies' room, for example, is ceilinged with Lincolnshire, floored with parquet, panelled with light satinwood, and

FURNISHED IN MAHOGANY: the smoke room is framed in oak with a walnut dado and leather upholstery; while the saloon is decorated in white and gold. Moreover, those little extra conveniences which were once regarded as the special prerogative of the first-class passenger are here found making their appearance in the second-class quarters, such, for instance, as a barber's shop.

The third-class accommodation aboard the Adriatic is situated, apart of it, abaft the second-class, and is thoroughly comfortable in every way.

And now, having dealt with individual details in the arrangement of this mighty vessel, let us record how for a moment as a whole. Colossal in her proportions, yet graceful in appearance, strong enough to defy the elements in their most terrible moods, yet filled with the most delicate and intricate machinery, she represents the very highest product of brains, money, and long experience. Her passengers, unless they look over the side, need hardly know that they are afloat. The Marconi apparatus keeps them in continuous touch with the rest of the world, and they can, with a very slight stretch of imagination, persuade themselves that they are living in some Utopian city of the future, where all is bright, electrical and refined.

Single-Berth Rooms. A condition which every steamship traveller will appreciate to the full. We know of no other vessel which has anything like so large a number. When we come to deal with the decorative scheme of the new White Star liner we are confronted by a serious difficulty, in order to give any really adequate impression of the richness and elegance of the apartments on board this grand vessel, we should require the assistance of colored illustrations. Nothing in the way of pen-pictures or even convey any true idea of the sumptuous machinery, she represents the very highest product of brains, money, and long experience. Her passengers, unless they look over the side, need hardly know that they are afloat. The Marconi apparatus keeps them in continuous touch with the rest of the world, and they can, with a very slight stretch of imagination, persuade themselves that they are living in some Utopian city of the future, where all is bright, electrical and refined.

We will, however, do our best to sketch out the salient features. The first-class dining saloon, situated on the upper deck, and extending across the full width of the ship, is painted in ivory-white. Overhead there is a vast canopy of the most delicate and intricate machinery, she represents the very highest product of brains, money, and long experience. Her passengers, unless they look over the side, need hardly know that they are afloat. The Marconi apparatus keeps them in continuous touch with the rest of the world, and they can, with a very slight stretch of imagination, persuade themselves that they are living in some Utopian city of the future, where all is bright, electrical and refined.

A New Orleans woman was thin. Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food. She took Scott's Emulsion. Result: She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00

STANDARD BANK STATEMENT.

Shows Increase in Total Assets for the Year of \$2,881,529.

The statement presented to the thirty-second annual meeting of the shareholders of the Standard Bank of Canada was a most satisfactory one. During the past year the capital has been increased by \$356,142, making it \$1,340,430. The reserve fund stands at \$1,610,420, an increase for the year of \$356,142, this being the premium on new stock issue. The balance carried forward on the profit and loss account was \$105,529, an increase for the year of \$73,738. The deposits have increased \$1,526,812 during the year and disbursements also show an increase of \$1,953,325. Total assets, which now stand at \$20,626,610.87 are greater than last year by \$2,881,529. Quick assets, cash, Dominion notes, legal tender, now amount to \$6,119,739. The percentage earned on capital was 12.52 per cent, of which 12 per cent. was paid to shareholders; \$10,000 was written off bank premises, and the balance carried forward to the profit and loss account, Mr. W. F. Cowan and Mr. Frederick Wild were re-elected president and vice-president respectively.

WASPS DIE IN HOT WATER.

A Pointer on How to Kill the Pest, as Told by a Farmer.

"Most people think of hornets and yellow jackets as strictly country products, but as a fact, the big vegetable gardens in the south-western part of the city are very well supplied with both," says a farmer.

"Of course, at this season of the year they give very little trouble, but in the autumn, when fall ploughing is in progress, it is a very common thing to turn up a nest of ground wasps and then there is generally a runaway in two directions, for, the wasps are ill-tempered when disturbed, attack both the farmer and his horse; the latter takes one direction and the farmer makes tracks in another.

"It is a very easy matter to exterminate the wasps before beginning to plow, so when a gardener notices there is a nest of them anywhere on his land, he prepares for them before they begin to dig. He takes a common earthenware jug, about half-full of very hot water, sets it down close to the mouth of the wasps' nest, puts on a pair of gloves, covers his head and neck with a handkerchief under his hat, gives the nest a poke with a long pole, and runs. The angry wasps come out by hundreds, and seeing nothing unusual but the jug, they attack it with might and main, diving down through the narrow neck, apparently under the impression that their enemy is hidden inside. The hot water kills them, but those that are not immediately drowned keep up a tremendous buzzing, which seems to exasperate still further all the wasps within hearing, and it looks as though they can't get into the jug fast enough.

"I have several times taken over a thousand drowned wasps out of the jug after a raid, for so long as a wasp is left, he makes for the mouth of the jug, and the whole nest can be exterminated in this way. It is a queer illustration of stupidity on the part of an otherwise intelligent insect, but the trick never fails to work."

UNUSUAL FINANCIAL STRENGTH.

The annual report of the Merchants Bank of Canada was made public at the forty-fourth yearly meeting, held at the head offices of the Bank in Montreal on Wednesday the 19th of June.

The unusual position of strength and the splendid progress of this banking institution affords a lesson in careful management, which some of the newer banks might well follow. This results naturally, of course, from the Merchants Bank being fortunate enough to have on its Board of Directors and among its Officers many names of prominence in Canadian financial circles.

Those who have funds of their own or trust funds to deposit would do well to look carefully into the personnel of a bank's directorate, and weigh their reputations when deciding where to place their money. The character of the Board and Officers of a bank has, of course, everything to do with its progress and safety for the depositor. As a result of traditionally careful management the combined reserve fund and paid-up capital stock of the Merchants Bank in this year reached the splendid total of \$10,000,000. The business of the bank for the year ending May 31st, 1907, shows an increase in net profits to the extent of over \$200,000. They have reached this year the enormous amount of almost one million dollars, or \$981,600.00, which was disposed of in dividends to the extent of \$480,000, and \$400,000 was added to the reserve fund. The bank has gained in the year over \$3,000,000 in deposits.

A careful inspection of these figures only serves to emphasize the real progress made by the Merchants Bank. M. E. F. Heben has now had two years to show his ability, and no one will quarrel with the results as they appear.

TIMES HAD CHANGED.

"Did you and pa start with plenty of money?" asked the daughter.

"We lived upon very little else but love, dear," was the mother's gentle answer.

"But I suppose pa soon got lots of salary?"

"No, dear, it was a great struggle at first."

"Then how did you manage? Pa had a little in the bank?"

"Not a farthing."

"Oh, my George is in just he same position, and we love each other, and—"

"If that penniless adventurer ever dares to enter this house again, I will tell him what I think of him! Go to your room at once!"

Calcutta is, next to London, the largest city in the British Empire. Bombay comes third, and Glasgow fourth.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reign Supreme in the Commercial World.

The gross value of the estate of the late Viscount Goschen has been returned at £141,568.

Sir George Armstrong, first Baronet, proprietor of the Globe, died April 12th, left net personally of £213,301.

Mrs. Ismay, widow of the late Mr. Thomas H. Ismay, founder of the White Star Line, left estate of the value of £330,000.

July 27th has been fixed for the launch of the Bellerophon, the new battleship of the Dreadnought type that is being built at Portsmouth.

The Cunard Steamship Company has decided to make a substantial increase in the remuneration of the officers employed on board its steamers.

A Liverpool gentleman who presented Prince Fushimi with a bull dog a few months since has been gifted with a magnificent vase of Japanese ware.

It is estimated that the Lusitania will require to burn something like 1,200 or 1,300 tons of coal a day on her trip to New York in order to do twenty-five knots.

A tombstone to be erected in a Bath cemetery to the memory of an engine driver who was an ardent geologist, is to be composed of the fossils he collected in his rambles.

At the conclusion of the burial service at the graveside of "Ian MacLaren" the pipers of the Liverpool Scottish played over the grave the Highland lament "Lochaber no More."

A verdict of "manslaughter" was returned at an inquest at Redruth, Cornwall, on a man named Peters, who was killed by a blow from a hammer inflicted by his son in defence of his mother.

In a report of the Departmental Committee on compensation for industrial diseases it is mentioned that the mortality from cancer amongst chimney sweeps is twice what it is among occupied males generally.

England's oldest sexton, John Needham, of Barwell, Leicestershire, who is 94 years of age, has just been presented with a purse of gold. He has now been parish clerk and sexton for 75 years and a bellringer for 84 years.

Librarians in many parts of London agree in stating that the public taste for the reading of fiction is showing a very decided falling off, and that the popularity of works of travel, history and biography is correspondingly increasing.

With a piece of paper pinned to his clothes bearing the words, "This child is John Dawson," and a bottle containing milk by its side, a well-dressed baby boy, about four months old, has been found on a front doorstep at Euston.

By her will Mrs. Stephanie Roper, of Hampstead, formerly in business as Court dressmaker and costumer, and a well-known philanthropist in North London, has left about £15,000 to hospitals and other charitable institutions. Her estate is valued at £31,000.

In a letter read at the Strand Board of Guardians a lady employed protested against the statement that he had been forced to give up his position as a boiler-cleaner because he was so stout that on one occasion he became stuck in the boiler-hole and had to be extricated.

Sir William Stephenson is to build a third district public library in Newcastle-on-Tyne. The City Council thanked him, but a member urged Sir William to insist on Sunday closing.

Sir William said his rules as to Sunday closing must be followed during his life and that of his children.

It is proposed to erect a memorial tablet to the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) in the University College, London, and it funds permit to place a replica in the United States, and to institute scholarships for the study of modern literature to be given annually in Great Britain and America.

THEN THEY LAUGHED.

Mr. Poodle knew well the value of a little laugh which it is so necessary to introduce into the beginning of a speech, and he put the audience in a good temper, and especially so when a discussion of some weighty and intricate subject is to follow.

"Astronomy tells us," he began, "according to our learned friend who has just sat down after his most interesting remarks on that fascinating science, that an express train, travelling at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, would take several million years to reach a certain star."

He paused and beamingly looked round on the assembled company.

"That was the statement," said one of the audience.

"I was just thinking," went on Mr. Poodle, "what a predicament a man would be in if he missed the last train and had to walk!"

Towne: "It's funny. Burroughs is for ever preaching to his friends about the necessity of saving their money."

Browne: "Well, Towne, 'Well, he's the last fellow in the world who should preach that." Browne: "Not at all. The more his friends save the more he has the chance to borrow."

There is no more obstinate skin trouble than Itch. It sometimes lingers for years, but Weaver's Cream will short work of it. Also, make Weaver's Syrup to insure permanent cure.

The Wakamba, the leading Bantu tribe in Uganda, are the most highly civilized black race in Africa. They have a decimal system of calculation when first discovered by white men. They also understand working, and had a considerable knowledge of music.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Hicks: "I suppose Dreamer is still pottering about at his inventions?"

Wicks: "Well, he has actually perfected a great labor-saving scheme at last."

Hicks: "Really?" Wicks: "Yes. He's going to marry Miss Millions."

Too many people know a lot of things that are none of their business.

"They say that Shifter is ten years ahead of his time." "Well, it's not true, for his landlord, and I know he's just six months behind."

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Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure.

—safest regulator for baby. Prevents colic and vomiting—gives healthful rest—cures diarrhoea without the harmful effects of medicines containing opium or other injurious drugs.

Cures Diarrhoea

COLORS ON GERMAN RAILWAYS.

On the State railways in Germany the carriages are painted according to the colors of the tickets of their respective classes. First-class carriages are painted yellow, second-class green, and third-class white.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cord.

This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

"Is he parsimonious?" "Well," was the guarded reply, "you might say that he carries his money in a purse that shuts a good deal easier than it opens."

Success in Life is dependent upon good health. You are out of sorts, ill or feeble, take "Ferry's" It's the best tonic. \$1 bottles. All medicine dealers.

If all the force of the two great waterfalls, Niagara and the Victoria Falls, could be used to produce power, the power would be 50 per cent. greater than that produced by all the coal at present dug from the world's mines.

An End to Bilious Headache.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

Out of the 12,156,000 tons of shipping owned by the British Empire, the United Kingdom owns 10,554,000 tons. Canada owns 681,000 tons of the remainder.

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

It is a curious fact that three of the men who did most to revolutionize the world had always bad health. These were St. Paul, Julius Caesar, and Marat, the real originator of the French Revolution.

They are Not Violent in Action.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces incipient chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

"I'm satisfied," said the angry tailor, "that you intend to cheat me out of my money." "All right," chuckled the hatter, "debtor. 'If you're satisfied, I am."

SEWING MACHINES FOR RENT by week or month, at low rates. The Singer and Wheeler & Wilson are acknowledged the lightest-running and most convenient of any. Try one and be convinced. Only at the Singer stores. Look for the Red S. Singer Sewing Machine Co. Write us at Manning Chambers, Toronto, for set of Bird Cards free.

"Speaking of bad falls," remarked Jones, "I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every mean act I had ever committed in my life." "H'm!" growled Thompson. "You must have fallen an awful distance!"

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

The town council of a small German community met to inspect a new altar for a hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day a member suggested that they leave their coats there. "Someone can stay behind and watch them," suggested another. "What for?" demanded a third. "If we are all going out together, what need is there for anyone to watch the clothes?"

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Celly-lloid Starch.

Saves time, because it makes ironing easier. Saves linen, because it gives a better gloss with half the iron-rubbing. Saves bother, because it needs no cooking, just cold water. And it CAN'T stick. Buy it by name.

Saves Plenty

Every packet will kill more flies than a stack of sticky paper.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

—SOLD BY—

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES

10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.

River and Gulf of St. Lawrence

Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes

Twin Screw Iron SS. "Campana," with electric lights, electric bells and all modern comforts.

SAILS FROM MONTREAL ON MONDAYS at 4 p.m. 3rd and 17th June, 1st, 15th and 29th July, 12th and 26th August, 9th and 23rd September, and 10th and 24th October, 6th, 10th and 27th November.

Call at Quebec, Gaspé, Mal Bay, Perce, Cape Cove, Grand River, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

BERMUDA

Summer Excursions, \$35, by the new Twin Screw SS. "Bermuda," 5,400 tons. Sailing 5th and 19th June, 3rd, 17th and 31st July, 14th and 28th August, 11th, 15th and 29th September, 5th, 19th and 23rd October, 6th, 10th and 27th November.

Temperature cooled by sea breezes seldom rises above 80 degrees.

The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec, A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents, 29 Broadway, New York.

EASILY REMEDIED.

A workman, on coming home one evening, was asked by his wife to look at the clock. She complained that it had been silent all day, and she could not tell the reason.

Her husband took it down and examined it carefully. Then he took off the hands and face, and looked at the works with the aid of a magnifying glass.

Next he blew into it with a bellows, oiled the wheels, and put it back again. But still it would not strike. Tired and puzzled, he went off to bed.

Next morning at breakfast his wife said to him:

"George, I think I can tell what is wrong with the clock."

"Well, what is it?" he sharply asked.

"It wants winding up," said his partner.

"SUN LIFE"

Assurance Company of Canada, HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Some Facts from the Report of 1906.

1. Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc. \$6,212,615 02

2. Increase over 1905 495,122 79

3. Assets as at 31st December, 1906 24,292,692 65

4. Increase over 1905 2,963,307 83

5. Surplus earned during 1906 921,721 34

Of which there was distributed to policyholders entitled to participate that year 208,658 97

And set aside to place reserves on all policies issued since December 31st, 1902, on the 3 per cent. basis 207,763 51

Surplus over all Liabilities and Capital (according to the Hm. Table, with 3% and 3 per cent. interest) 2,225,247 45

6. Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits and other payments to Policyholders during 1906 1,980,855 52

7. Payments to the Hm. Table since organization 15,099,293 57

8. Assurances issued and paid for in cash 17,410,054 37

9. Life Assurances in force December 31st 1906 102,560,378 10

Steward (to the seneschal passenger): "There's a wireless message just come for you, sir." Unhappy Passenger. "Re-read it to me, please." Steward. "Yes, sir. It seems to be from your wife, sir."

"What does she say?" "Yes, sir. 'All well at home. We are having your favorite dish, roast pork for supper.'"

"To know is to prevent."—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their mother limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those getting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

A SERIOUS SNEEZE.

Young Woman's Backbone Put Out of Joint by Sneeze.

Miss Maude Warrington, No. 1348 Figueroa street, Los Angeles, California, dislocated her backbone out of joint the other day. She was dislocated the lumbar vertebrae by the violence of her sneeze, and heard the joints pop out of position.

It was just a simple, every-day sort of sneeze that did the damage, a sneeze that should have been mildly enjoyable, but it kept Miss Warrington in a state of excessive pain for three days, and has made her very much afraid of indulging again in what has proved such an expensive injury.

As the titillation of the sneeze reached its climax, Miss Warrington was convulsed, and at a momentary effort and as she jerked her head, she heard a sharp snap about her person, and the next instant was overwhelmed with pain and realized that something serious had happened to her spinal column.

She became prostrated at once and could hardly summon help. Aid was sent for to the California Hospital, and a physician, after a hasty examination, saw the trouble, and by a painful but not serious process replaced the rebellious vertebrae.

Medical men generally say that this is the first instance of a sneeze producing such a serious result. Dislocations of the vertebrae are not at all common in medical practice, occurring only occasionally from violent causes.

Miss Warrington, who is a very pretty young woman, is now entirely recovered, but her suffering until the dislocation was corrected was agonizing, as it affected her entire nervous system and especially the acutely susceptible sciatic nerve. The pain was described as being almost as intense in every portion of her body as it was at the seat of the injury, and her endurance would have been exhausted if proper aid had not been provided when it was.

As long ago as 1710 handkerchiefs were made on which were printed the map of England, with distances of the principal towns from London.

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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1907.

Canada's Natal Day

The Dominion of Canada on Monday last was forty years old. It was on July 1, 1867, that the fathers of Confederation, under the leadership of Sir John Macdonald, brought into one grand national union the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, now known as Ontario and Quebec, together with New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Of the thirty or forty men who took part in the deliberations that brought about this momentous result, only two are now living, namely, the Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bt., G.C.M.G., C.B., who was born on July 2, 1821, and the Hon. A. A. Macdonald, senator, born on Feb. 14, 1823.

The example thus set was speedily followed by other provinces, and in 1871 "Canada" meant a vast Dominion, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At the time of Confederation the whole of the great region in the west was the preserve of the Hudson's Bay Company, but a bargain was completed in 1869 by which Canada paid to the Hudson's Bay Company \$1,500,000 and took over the Canadian west, one of the conditions being that the company should have one-twentieth of all the land in the country as it was surveyed.

As soon as this territory was acquired the demand began for a railway across the continent, and indeed British Columbia came into the Confederation on the express understanding that such a line would soon be built. The difficulties of building such a railway, 3,000 miles in length, through such a wild region of rocks and forests north of the Great Lakes to be traversed, then that "great lone land," the prairie, of whose real value very few had formed an adequate estimate, and lastly the stupendous Rockies, which, with their solid bulwarks, rushing rivers, and mighty ravines, seemed to present an impassable barrier to such a thing as a railway. But almost anything can be accomplished if the people are willing to pay the price. In this instance the price was more than \$200,000,000, which represented \$50 per head for every man, woman and child in Canada. An undertaking so serious demanded magnificent courage to carry it through, but once begun there was no turning back, and in 1885 the joining together of the east and the west by a link of steel became an accomplished fact, the last spike of the railway being driven on Nov. 7 of that year. The first through train for Vancouver left Montreal on June 13 of the following year, and it was a remarkable coincidence that on that very day the town of Vancouver was totally destroyed by fire, 50 lives being lost and only four houses left standing. From that day Canada was an unbroken dominion, and though there were to be years of stress and struggle, still she has entered on a heritage greater than she knew.

At the time of Confederation there were 2,278 miles of railway in operation, which had increased in 1895 to 10,773. Ten years after it was 15,977, and it is now estimated that there are something like 25,000 miles of railway in operation in the Dominion, with the prospects of enormous extensions in the near future, for to the Canadian Pacific two more transcontinental railways will soon be added, namely, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, besides many other lines of lesser magnitude in all parts of the Dominion, so that by the end of the present year careful estimates warrant the belief that there will be 28,000 miles of railway in Canada.

The progress of Canada during these forty years has been steadily upward. For many years the advancement was slow, but during the past ten years she has made rapid strides, and in wealth and population is increasing rapidly, and attracting attention from nearly all over the world.

Address and Presentation

On Tuesday afternoon, June 25th, a number of the people of S. S. No. 1, Rawdon, met at the school and presented their teacher, Miss Estella Cragg, with the following address, accompanied by a handsome ladies' companion and a souvenir pin:

DEAR MISS Cragg.—The last lessons of the first term of the school have been given this afternoon, and we, your pupils, are truly glad that they are the last of the many useful and judicious teachings you have so nobly bestowed upon us during the past two years and a half. Your abilities as a teacher have been evinced by the progress we have been enabled to make and your example, as well as your teaching, cannot fail to leave an impression upon us morally as well as educationally. Though very much love and patience, and in return have won our admiration and esteem. While we regret your loss we congratulate you on the success you are achieving in wishing you all possible success. In going, may your sphere of usefulness, your location, be much more extended and many talents which your Master has entrusted to you may be wisely spent in service, that you may at last hear the words, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

We ask you to accept this lady's companion and souvenir pin as a memento of our love and good will, hoping it may be a reminder to you of us, of the pleasant short comings, which at times must have greeted you, into the "sea of forgetfulness."

Signed on behalf of your pupils,

BESSIE MCGEE,
FLORENCE MONTGOMERY,
RIDGE ROAD, June 25th, 1907.

Miss Cragg thanked the pupils and people of the community for their many kindnesses and encouragement given to her, and assured them that her work among them would always be held in pleasant remembrance by her.

Our Home
Its Privileges, and Our Duties to
Parents and TeachersBy MISS KATIE MINCHIN, STIRLING
HIGH SCHOOL.

In Ontario children have splendid privileges for receiving an education to furnish them with the necessary knowledge to earn their living. The child in the country at the age of five enters the Public School, and there the foundation of his career in education is started. The child remains in the Public School usually seven or eight years, and many successful business men have had no higher education than that which they received there. In the Public Schools of Ontario children obtain such a knowledge as will be useful to them in after life, and if the parents wish them to receive a higher education they can send them to a High School, Collegiate Institute, College, or University, which are schools of a higher order. All the Public Schools in Ontario are free, while the High Schools are either free or almost so.

Though in Ontario there are great privileges for receiving an intellectual education, there is not such a privilege for learning politeness and courtesy and respect to parents and teachers as we see in the old countries. One reason for this is—when Canada was its youth it was chiefly settled by the lower class from the old countries, who were not cultured or refined themselves. Canada, at the time of these early immigrants, was a forest, and it took a great deal of pains and perseverance on the part of these settlers to clear its broad acres and make Canada what it is at the present time, a grand and fruitful country. We can see from this that the early settlers had little or no time for teaching their children respect to parents and teachers, paying more attention to the making of a home.

Most children naturally follow in their parents' footsteps, doing and saying what their parents do and say. At a very early age the child begins to copy its parents, and what the children receive at this early age will seldom leave them when they become older.

The duty of parents is to train a child to respect its parents and teachers in school and out of school. To make this training bear fruit it must start when the child is very young, and what the child has learned in those years will cling to it as long as it lives. Solomon says in Proverbs 22:6: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Parents who are careless about their children's training cannot expect them to be as respectful as children who have received proper training. Many parents think that they are doing their duty when they feed and clothe their children, but according to both reason and Scripture it is the duty of parents to train their children, and when children do not respect their parents and teachers they are not likely to respect ministers or the higher claims of religion.

Every person's duty is to respect and honor their parents, teachers, ministers of the Gospel, and those in authority over them. Persons who are polite to those about them are thought a great deal more of by everybody, and children cannot be polite unless they have received the proper training.

The Decalogue, which was written on two tables of stone, contains on the first table four commandments which state our duty to God, the first one being "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" while on the second table are the remaining six commandments, which state our duty to man, beginning with "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Therefore it must be the most important duty for us with respect to man, and it is the only command in which a promise is given.

In many ways children are disrespectful to their parents and teachers, and sometimes they are disobedient and deceitful, and many times address them as they should not. If our parents or teachers ask us to perform an errand or task for them it is our duty to do it and not try to avoid doing it, which would be disobedience. Paul says in Colossians 3:20: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is just pleasing unto the Lord." Then, in the way we address our parents and teachers; if we do it properly we receive credit. In many cases we hear children speak of their father as "the old man," or of their mother as "the old lady." This is not honoring nor respecting their parents.

The great need of our country at the present time in the training of children is first, to train them in honesty and truthfulness; second, to train them to respect their parents, teachers, ministers of the Gospel, and those in authority over them; third, to train them in politeness, courtesy and refinement. After, or along with this, let them proceed with their intellectual studies.

Arrangements have been completed for the building of an evaporator in Tweed.

The merchants in Peterborough will close every Thursday afternoon during July and August.

All the women on Peterboro market had their hair weighed by the police one day last week, and fifteen of our number were fined \$2 each, their butters having been under weight.

Free, for Catarrh, Just to prove merit, a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me tell you now, it is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic ointment. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc. It gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free trial, and see for yourself what this preparation can do for you. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50c. Sold by J. S. Morton.

Chatterton Chips

We had a nice rain on Saturday night and Sunday, and we were ready for it, as we had had no rain for about four weeks, and vegetation was suffering. The hay crop will be light, but grain and fruit promise fair. The Plymouth Brethren have pitched their tent in John Dettlor's woods. Strawberries are not very plentiful, and retail at 20c. a box. They are making excellent cheese at the Eclipse factory this season.

Letter of Condolence

To Mr. Hiram Dufoe, Harold.
DEAR SIR KNIGHT AND BAO.—It was unanimously resolved at the last regular meeting of St. Thomas East B. B. P. No. 28, that we, the officers and members of said Preceptory, extend to you our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the irreparable loss you have sustained by the death of a kind and loving wife, one who was honored and respected by all who knew her. But bound as we are in a great Christian brotherhood your sorrow is our sorrow and your loss is our loss. Our prayer is that God, who saw fit to call your dear wife to his eternal home, may comfort and console you in this your darkest hour of sorrow. Words can poorly express the sympathy we wish to convey to you; they are inadequate to the occasion. Therefore we would point you to Him who is the Grand Master of the universe, and while we deeply mourn her death she is only gone on before, where she is free from all sufferings and care, there to await the home-coming of a devoted husband, who is left behind. Truly we may say in the language of the poet,

Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Signed on behalf of the Preceptory, 208,
WILLIAM MARTIN, Reg.
Dated, Harold, June 27th, 1907.

Spring Public School Promotions

Jr. IV to Sr. IV—V. McConnell, P. Thompson, C. Tanner, W. Thompson, L. Fenn.
Sr. III to Jr. IV—R. Thompson, L. Forestell, A. Reid, M. Green, M. Heagle, J. Forestell.
Jr. III to Sr. III—H. McConnell, E. Thompson, M. Rosebush, B. Morgan, L. McConnell, C. Welch.
JUNIOR DEPT.
Sr. II to Jr. II—H. Roblin, S. McMechan, E. G. Mowbray, L. Heagle.
Jr. II to Sr. II—J. Wilson, M. Fenn, W. McGee.
Pr. II to Jr. II—S. Danford, E. Wright, J. Nerrie, F. Munro, H. Heagle.
CLASS IV to Pr. II—R. Thompson, C. McConnell, W. Reid.
CLASS III to CLASS IV—F. Danford, F. Tanner, J. Cooper.
CLASS II to CLASS III—M. Demill, A. Jones, P. Welch.
CLASS I to CLASS II—Mabel Demill.

All the stores and business places of Campbellford will close every Friday afternoon during July and August.

Flattering, but a Knock.
"Even with flattery," said Mark Twain at a dinner, "you can't please some men. I remember when I was a reporter in Virginia City there was a doctor I liked—I had camped once on Lake Tahoe with him—and in an obituary I decided to give him a card. I wrote, 'Dr. Sawyer was called in, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the patient died Monday.' But Dr. Sawyer, somehow, wasn't pleased."

An Insinuation.
Mrs. Ginger—How dare you talk to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. And you call yourself a lady's maid, do you? The Maid—I was a lady's maid before I worked for you, ma'am.

Much Worn.
"These trousers are very much worn this season," said the tailor, displaying his goods.
"So are the ones I have on," replied the poet sadly.

I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—Junius.

In the Waist.
She was examining her new waist by the aid of the big mirror. "Dear me," she exclaimed pettishly, "I can't see anything pretty in this!"
"Well, I can," chuckled the young man who was sitting on the sofa.
"Really? And what do you see pretty in it?"
"Why, you."

Progress.
Progress in the sense of acquisition is something, but progress in the sense of being is a great deal more. To grow higher, deeper, wider as the years go on, to conquer difficulties and to acquire more and more power, to feel all one's faculties unfolding and truth descending into the soul—this makes life worth living.

Part Reply.
Mrs. Hutton (maliciously)—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago. Mrs. Ingles—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—London Tit-Bits.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my book on either Dyspepsia, the Heart or the Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart, or Kidneys are warning symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean Stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and Kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weakness of these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for blotting, biliousness, bad breath or constipation, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write me to-day for sample and free book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by J. S. Morton.

LEGAL ADVICE.

A Story Showing How Foolish It is to Try to Get It For Nothing.
A young lawyer moved into a town where there was only one lawyer before—an old judge.
A close dated old farmer thought there was a good chance to get some legal advice from the young man gratis, so he dropped into his office, told him how glad he was that he had come into town, because the old judge was getting superannuated, and contrived in the course of his talk to get the legal information he wanted, and then bidding him good morning he was about to leave when the young man asked for his fee. "What for?" said the old man. "For legal advice," replied the young lawyer. "How much is it?" "Five dollars." The farmer declared he would never pay it, and the young lawyer told him if he didn't he would sue him. So the farmer trotted down to see the old judge, whom he found hoeing in his garden, and said, "Judge, I went this morning just simply to make a neighborly call on that young scamp of a lawyer who has just come into town and he charged me \$5." "Served you right," said the judge. "You'd no right to go to him." "Well, have I got to pay it?" "Certainly you have." "Well, then, if I must, I must. Good morning." "Hold on," said the judge. "Aren't you going to pay me?" "Pay you, what for?" "Why, for legal advice, of course." "What do you charge?" "Ten dollars." The result of which was the old fellow had to pay \$5 to the young lawyer and \$10 to the old one.
Moral.—Don't try to get legal advice for nothing.—Exchange.

THE POSTAGE STAMP.

Order in Which It Was Adopted by Different Countries.
The first postage stamp seems to have been used in Paris in 1653, but the service in which the stamp was used was only local and soon failed. On May 6, 1840, the first regular postage stamps were issued in England. Various local forwarders of letters and postmasters in this country issued stamps as early as 1841. The first to do so was A. M. Grier's City Dispatch Post, which was sold to the government in August, 1842. Blood & Co. of Philadelphia sold stamps in 1841, and the postmasters of Baltimore, New Haven and New York of 1845 also sold stamps.

In 1847 the government took up the business, but Brazil in 1843 was ahead of the United States in taking up the stamp end of the postal business. The other principal countries followed in this order: France, Belgium and Bavaria in 1849; Hanover, British Guiana, Prussia, Spain and Switzerland in 1850; Italy, Denmark, Baden, Wurttemberg, Saxony and the provinces of Canada in 1851; Chile and the princes of Turin and Taxis (who had the postal monopoly in Germany) in 1852; Portugal in 1853; India and Norway in 1854; Uruguay and Mexico in 1856; Russia and Newfoundland in 1857; Sweden in 1858; the Australian colonies early in the fifties; Greece in 1861; Turkey in 1863; Ecuador in 1865; Egypt in 1866; Bolivia in 1867; Paraguay in 1870. The international postal union was formed in October, 1874, and went into operation on July 1, 1875.

How the Pendulum Was Found.
Like many of the commonest mechanical instruments in daily use, the invention of the pendulum is due entirely to chance. Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa while some painters were at work on the ceiling of the church. A suspended lamp which was hanging before the altar was disturbed in some manner, and the scientist was struck with the almost perfect regularity with which it swung back and forth. The idea of measuring time by such an instrument found instant generation in his brain, and he completed the system in use to this day.

A Soft Answer.
A canny Scot was being shown over a man-of-war for the first time in his life, and being interested in it he saw, plied his guide with all sorts of questions. The marine seemed particularly to interest him, and, going up to one, he pointed to the "grenade" in the marine's cap and asked what it was. The marine looked at him in surprise. "Don't you know what that is?" he asked. "Why, that's a turnip, of course." "Ach, mon!" replied the Scot impatiently, "I was no axin' about yer head."

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and rough of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair tonic. The hair stops coming out, grows faster, keeps soft and smooth. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures sick hair, makes it strong and healthy.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."
Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also Sold by
SARSAPELLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

ABSTRACT STATEMENT

Of Receipts and Expenditures of the Village of Stirling, for year ending Dec. 31, 1906

Receipts	Expenditures
Balance from 1905.....\$ 552 18	Notes paid Sovereign Bank.....\$2,000 00
Loan from Sovereign Bank.....2,000 00	Salaries, allowances, etc.....306 33
Resident Taxes.....5,782 41	Printing, postage & ads.....32 10
For School purposes.....1,129 65	Interest.....30 35
Licenses.....281 24	Law Costs.....6 00
Fines.....77 50	Roads and Bridges.....210 32
Rents, Hall.....174 00	Charity.....344 45
Miscellaneous.....41 47	School Purposes.....2,427 42
Cemetery.....153 00	Debentures.....854 77
Non-resident Taxes.....37 27	Fire Protection.....39 50
	County Rates.....885 52
	Town Hall.....242 11
	Miscellaneous.....294 53
	Cemetery Expenses.....111 44
	Contagious Diseases.....70 75
	Permanent Improvements.....334 19
\$10,228 72	\$8,189 78

Certified correct statement for 1906.

W. R. HOWSON, }
FRED ROLLINS, } Auditors.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

Of the Village of Stirling, on December 31st, 1906

Assets	Liabilities
Cemetery Lots.....\$2,000 00	Due Board of Education.....\$1,150 00
Town Hall.....3,000 00	Debenture No. 1.....9,664 78
Engine House.....100 00	Interest due on Debenture No. 1 to Dec. 31st, 1906.....218 03
Fire Engine.....400 00	Debenture No. 2.....2,384 15
High and Public Schools.....9,000 00	Interest due on Debenture No. 2 to Dec. 31st, 1906.....59 75
Gravel Pit Lot.....250 00	Collector's Salary.....40 00
Cement Walks, built previous to 1904.....1,000 00	
Cement Walks, built 1904.....4,700 00	
" " " " 1905.....570 00	
Steel Bridge on Henry St.....750 00	
Due for old plank sold in 1904.....29 47	
Uncollected Taxes.....270 91	
Cash in Treasurer's hands.....2,038 94	
Old Town Hall Lot.....50 00	
\$24,559 32	\$13,516 71

Certified correct statement of Assets and Liabilities of the Village of Stirling, on Dec. 31st, 1906.

W. R. HOWSON, }
FRED ROLLINS, } Auditors.

Stirling, Feb. 11th, 1907.

Notice to Creditors.

BERGER'S ENGLISH PARIS GREEN
is absolutely pure. Any other pure Paris Green is just as good, but BERGER'S is the only one that carries a guarantee of purity, therefore it is the only safe one to buy.

We handle only BERGER'S.

J. S. MORTON

Druggist, Stationer, Etc.

12th JULY
At FRANKFORD
1907

48th HIGHLANDERS' BAND

In attendance. Come and see their fancy street drill parade. Acknowledged by all one of the best on the continent.

See large posters for the days' programme.
Proceeds in aid of Sick, Funeral, Widows and Orphans Fund.

Single fare rates on all railways.

Tickets good from 11th to 13th.

W. F. ELLIOTT, W. H. REYNOLDS,
Secy of Com. Treasurer.

FOR SALE

Fifty acres of land, with good buildings and well watered, three miles north-east of Stirling. One-quarter mile from school, half mile from cheese factory. Apply to MRS. W. M. CRAGG, Stirling.

In the matter of the estate of Jane Reid, late of the township of Huntingdon, in the county of Hastings, widow, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the provisions of the revised Statutes of Ontario, chap. 129, sec. 38, that all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the late Jane Reid, who died on or about the 30th day of May, A.D. 1897, are required on or before the 28th day of July, A.D. 1907, to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to Agnes Conley of the township of Huntingdon, executrix of the estate of the said deceased, at West Huntingdon postoffice, or her solicitor as hereunder, at Stirling postoffice, their christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and a statement of them giving the nature of securities, if any, held by them, verified by affidavit.

And notice is further given that after the date mentioned the said executrix will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which she shall have notice, and that the said executrix will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by her at time of such distribution.

And further notice is also given that all persons indebted to said deceased must pay the amount of the indebtedness to said executrix or her solicitor hereunder named, forthwith.

Dated at Stirling this 24th day of June 1907.

G. G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executrix.

Judicial Sale

In the High Court of Justice

Pursuant to a judgment made in an action of Simpson v. Livingstone, on the 23rd day of May, 1907, the following property will be sold by Public Auction, with the approbation of the Local Master at Belleville, on the premises, in the township of Rawdon, in the county of Hastings, on

Tuesday, the 9th day of July, 1907, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the following farm property:

The East Half of the South half of Lot No. 11, in the 9th concession of the township of Rawdon, in the county of Hastings, containing 50 acres, more or less.

The Property is situate within a mile of Spring Brook P. O.

The Property will be sold subject to a reserve bid, fixed by the Master.

TERMS OF SALE.—The purchaser shall pay down a deposit of \$10 for every \$100 of the purchase money at the time of sale, and balance within one month thereafter without interest.

In all other respects the terms and conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of sale of this Court.

At the said time and place there will also be sold:

11 Cows, 1 two-year-old Heifer, 1 Bull and some Household Furniture.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash.

For further particulars apply at the Law Offices of J. E. HALL, Esq., and G. G. THRASHER, Esq., Stirling.

Dated, 4th June, 1907.

J. E. HALL, Esq., S. S. LAZIER, Master.

Plaintiffs Solicitor.

Kentucky Bred Wilkes Stallion

VROWSKY

Record 2184, Reg. 818.

The fastest Trotting Stallion between Toronto and Montreal. Stands 15 hands, weighs 1350 pounds.

STANDARD BRED

STANDARD BY PERFORMANCE

STANDARD BY HIS PROGENY

Three of the highest qualifications obtainable. Vrowsky has won 1st prize silver medal at Toronto Exhibition, competing against all Canada.

Will be at the Kitchy House, Stirling, every Monday night. At Frankford Tuesday morning. FRANK FLEMING, in charge.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. F. PARKER, ISSUER OF Marriage Licenses STIRLING, ONT.

Marriage Licenses. GEO. E. CRYER, Issuer, Residence Stirling House, Stirling.

J. S. MORTON, OPTICIAN, GRADUATE CANADIAN Association of Opticians. Eyes examined and imperfect sight corrected with glasses. At MORTON & HAIGHT'S Drug Store.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S. FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN Dentistry of the University of Toronto, Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario. Office—Over Sovereign Bank. Open every day. Evening by appointment only.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, M.A., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, PUBLIC. Office—In Sovereign Bank Building.

G. G. THRASHER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, Etc. Office—W. J. Martin's Block, Mill Street.

L. O. L. NO. 110 Meets in Lodge Room, the first Friday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. W. H. RODGERS, Secretary.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F. Meets in the Lodge Room, EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING at 8 o'clock. G. G. THRASHER, R. S.

Notice to the Public THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out a license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on short notice. Terms as low as the lowest and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the News-Agents office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to. W. M. RODGERS.

Fire, Accident & Plate Glass Insurance.

Guardian Fire Insurance Co. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co. Liverpool, London & Globe " Sun Insurance Company. Gore Insurance Co. Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Co. Ontario Accident Insurance Co. W. S. MARTIN, Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

PERSONALS.

Miss Mollie Parker is a guest of Mrs. C. E. Parker.

Mr. F. S. Melhuish, of Ottawa, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Anderson, of Nanapan, is a guest at Dr. Bissonnette's.

Miss Nellie McKee, of Toronto, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. A. L. Coulter.

Mr. Byrne Black, of Nanapan, is spending his holidays at his home here.

Mr. Harry Hallin, of Toronto, spent a few days last week during the week.

Rev. and Mrs. D. Balfour left for their new home in Havelock on Wednesday.

Miss Jennie Wescott and niece Marjorie, are spending a week at Chemong Park.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. G. Clarke is spending a few days with her parents near Nanapan.

Miss Nora Ross, of Millbrook, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. C. E. Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Minchin are visiting their son-in-law, Mr. Lewis Stapley, of Bethany.

Mrs. Wm. Montgomery and Mrs. Zwick visited relatives in Smith's Falls during the week.

Mr. W. P. Moore, of Toronto, spent a few days last week with his sister, Mrs. J. S. Morton.

Miss M. E. Allen, a former teacher in our High School, is renewing acquaintances in town.

Mr. Wm. Downs, of Toronto, spent a few days at his home in Rawdon, and in renewing acquaintances in town.

Rev. W. G. Clarke is attending the Summer School at Chemong Park, being one of the speakers at its sessions.

Miss Minnie Shea, accompanied her sister, Miss Helen, to Toronto on Monday and will spend her holidays in the city.

Miss C. Skitch, of our Public School staff, with her mother, left from their home in Campbellford on Tuesday for Calgary.

Rev. F. A. Robinson left on Monday for New York, sailing from there on Wednesday for England. He expects to be absent about six weeks.

Miss Margaret McMullen of Anson, and Miss Hetta Edwards of Glen Ross, left on Tuesday to spend a couple of months in the western provinces.

Mr. W. R. Mather and Mr. F. Rollins left on Monday to attend the Retail Merchants Association meeting now being held in the city of Hamilton.

Miss Ida Spry and Nora Reynolds are attending the Summer School at Chemong Park this week, the former as delegate from Stirling Township.

Mr. G. W. Jones, of Merrifield, spent Monday in town. Mrs. Jones and children returned with him on Tuesday, after spending some time with her parents here.

Miss Kate Minchin, who has been attending High School here during the past year left on Friday last to visit her parents and spend her vacation in West Flamboro, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hutcheson, of Montreal, arrived in town on Saturday. Mr. Hutcheson returned on Tuesday, accompanied by Miss C. McCann. His wife will remain for a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Wm. McKee.

Miss Nellie McKee and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note the name and brand for Pills, and its action is powerful and certain. Refusing painful, powerful or blind pills disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50c. Sold by J. S. Morton.

METHODIST CHURCH

W. G. CLARKE, B.A., Pastor

This space is engaged for weekly announcements. Keep posted.

SUNDAY, JULY 7th

10.30 A.M.—Divine Worship.
11.30 A.M.—Class Meeting.
2.30 P.M.—Sunday School.
7.30 P.M.—Divine Worship.

Week Evening Meetings:

MONDAY—8 P.M., Epworth League.
THURSDAY—7.30 P.M., Prayer Meeting.
FRIDAY—8 P.M., Choir Practice.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows—

GOING WEST. GOING EAST.

Mail & Ex.—6.27 a.m. Passenger. 10.17 a.m.
Passenger. 6.42 p.m. Mail & Ex. 3.43 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1907.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The volunteers returned home on Friday. They were well browned from their exposure to the sun while in camp.

Mr. Meiklejohn's block is being pushed rapidly to completion. The roof is now on and a good part of the floors laid.

WANTED—Girl for general household work. Apply to Mrs. J. McC. Potts, Stirling.

The decoration service in connection with Stirling Lodge No. 239, I. O. O. F., will be held on Sunday next, July 7th, at 8 o'clock.

Rev. J. A. McKenzie will occupy the pulpit in St. Andrew's church on Sabbath next. The Misses Lowe and Tulloch will assist the choir.

The lawn social at St. Andrew's church, West Huntingdon, on Friday evening was a most successful one, the net proceeds amounting to about \$116.

At the Stirling Cheese Board on Tuesday 830 boxes of cheese were offered. All were sold to Mr. Bird at 11 1/2/100. The Board will meet next Tuesday at 4 o'clock.

MRS. MARTIN has reduced the price of summer millinery. Selling trimmed Hats and Shapes at cost.

The prize list for Stirling exhibition has been issued. There are some additions to the list, as well as other items of which intending exhibitors would do well to take notice.

The 12th of July will soon be here and the local lodge is making every preparation for a great celebration here and expect an immense gathering of the members of the order and their friends.

Mr. C. H. Winter has sold his property at the south of the village to Mrs. DeLong, of Ottawa. The place is now occupied by her daughter, Mrs. S. D. Ward. Mr. Winter and family have moved into the house formerly occupied by Mr. G. E. Kennedy, on Church street.

The county road men have been doing a good job on Front street from Mr. Morden Bird's corner westward as far as Mr. B. Bush's. They have graded the road and laid on a coat of broken stone, which will make a good road of what was before about the worst in the town. West of Mr. Bush's the road has not been graded but is being coated with stone.

FOUND—On Sunday, June 16th, on the Marnora gravel road, a sum of money. The owner can have the same by proving property and calling at this office.

The garden party given by the ladies of St. John's church last evening on the grounds of Col. Halliwell, was a grand success in every particular. The lawn was very handsomely decorated and the different booths were fitted up in a most attractive manner. There was a large attendance, and the proceeds, we understand, amounted to \$120. The Frankford band furnished good music.

After the Preparatory service in St. Andrew's church on Thursday evening a pleasant surprise was given the pastor, Rev. F. A. Robinson, B.A., as he was about to leave on July 1st to spend his vacation in England and the continent, by the congregation presenting him with an address, commending his zeal for their welfare and his work for the Master's cause. The address, which was accompanied by a sum of money, wished him a pleasant voyage and a safe return. On Friday evening following, at the close of the lawn social at West Huntingdon, the congregation there also made him a presentation of a sum of money.

Next Visit of ALEX. RAY, Opt. D., Eyesight Specialist, of Belleville to Campbellford, will be, on Monday evening, July 8th and Tuesday, July 9th, until 3 p.m., at the Windsor Hotel. All forms of headache arising from eye-strain as well as all varieties of impaired vision have been wonderfully helped by his special lenses. Consultation free.

At an early hour on Thursday morning the main building of the Belleville gas works was destroyed by fire. The gas holders and retorts were saved by energetic work on the part of the firemen. The fire is thought to have been the work of an incendiary.

Surprise Party and Presentation

On Friday evening, June 28th, a large number of friends from Rawdon circuit drove to their parsonage in Stirling to spend an evening with their pastor, Rev. D. Balfour, and family, on the eve of their departure for Havelock circuit. The earlier part of the evening was spent in renewing and cementing the friendships existing amongst this people. After serving a bountiful repast, which had been provided by the ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Balfour were asked to take seats on the veranda, when Mr. Jas. Scott read the following address, and Mr. Geo. A. Johnston, Recording Steward, presented Mrs. Balfour with a beautiful set of dishes and Mr. Balfour with a purse containing a substantial sum of money.

REV. D. BALFOUR.

DEAR PASTOR—We, the members and friends of the Methodist Church on Rawdon circuit, and their friends, desire to secure your return to this circuit for the fourth year have met with failure. There is a loyal, though reluctantly, submit to the decree of our Synod, which appoints you to a new field of labor. And now in parting with you we wish to signify, you may both be long spared to labor for the kingdom and cause of the Redeemer. And now we beg that you kindly accept this set of dishes and purse of money as a slight index of the well-desired esteem in which you are held by your many friends on Rawdon circuit. Our frail gift may soon tarnish, and must eventually perish, but the memory of the memory of the past three brief, but blessed, years of your sojourn among us will still be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars upon the brow of evening.

Signed on behalf of the circuit, JAMES SCOTT.

Rawdon Parsonage, June 28, 1907.

Mr. Balfour, on behalf of Mrs. Balfour and himself, made a suitable reply, stating that the three years spent on Rawdon circuit had been among the happiest and most successful of his ministry. He also expressed his hope and confidence that under the wise and able leadership of his successor the work of God would continue to advance.

Vick—Westcott

A very pretty, quiet wedding took place at noon on Wednesday June 26th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Westcott, Highclere, Sask., when their daughter, Lillian Gertrude, was united in marriage to Mr. A. O. Vick, of Eli, Man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Elton, of Earl Grey, Sask. The couple were attended. The bride was handsomely gowned in white silk. After the ceremony the party sat down to a sumptuous wedding dinner, to which all did ample justice. The table was beautifully decorated with wild flowers, which formed a picture well befitting the merriment of the occasion. The happy couple left for eastern Manitoba, where Mr. Vick owns a large farm at Eli. The bride's travelling suit was of blue ladies' cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Vick have the sincere good wishes of their many friends for a long and prosperous wedded life.

A Successful Stirling Boy

In an issue of "The Wheat Belt Review," published at Edmonton, Alberta, we find the following notice of Mr. Harold A. Clute, eldest son of Mr. T. G. Clute, of this village, who is located at Vegreville, where he is a member of the firm of Clute & Walker. The Review says: "This firm was organized in April, 1906, and conducted business at first in the old building but just before the Christmas holidays of last year it moved into its new quarters on Main street. It handles housefurnishings, furniture, undertaking supplies, carpets, rugs, wall paper, Doherty organs, Girard-Heintzman pianos, Singer sewing machines and school desks. It almost has a monopoly upon the various commodities in which it deals and is one of the most successful of the business houses of the town. The senior member of the firm but the junior in point of years, Harold A. Clute, left his home at Stirling, Ont., in 1901, and went to Vancouver. He remained there but a short while before returning to Manitoba and Saskatchewan to look for a business location. He was engaged in the furniture business in several places while learning the country but it was not until he came to Vegreville that he decided he had found a permanent home. He also was collector for the Imperial Elevator Company, of Winnipeg, and had an opportunity to judge of the comparative value of the different places. He says that there is more money in Vegreville than in any other place in the west he has visited. He believes implicitly in the future of the country and backs his faith by carrying a stock valued at \$10,000. The firm of which he is a member supplies all the surrounding smaller towns with their stock and does almost all the wholesaling business as a retailer."

Best Medicine in the World for Colic and Diarrhoea

"I find Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to be the best remedy in the world," says Mr. G. L. Carter, of Skirum, Ala. "I am subject to colic and diarrhoea. Last spring it seemed as though I would die, and I think I would if I had not taken Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I haven't been troubled with it since. It saved my life and took half a bottle of the twenty-five cent size of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by J. S. Morton."

Stirling School Board

Minutes of the regular meeting of the Stirling Board of Education held on July 2nd.

Members present, C. W. Thompson, Chairman; W. S. Martin, J. S. Morton, Dr. Bissonnette, Dr. Alger, F. T. Ward, Jas. Boldrick, C. F. Walt, and Dr. Faulkner.

Minutes of the last regular meeting were read and approved.

The accounts of C. W. Thompson, H. S. \$8, Dr. Faulkner, H. S. \$3.35, and Jas. Ralph, P.S., \$7, were presented and ordered to be paid.

The auditor's report was received and read.

Moved by Mr. Ward, seconded by Dr. Alger, that the same be received and adopted with recommendations. Carried.

The Public School Inspector's report was being dealt with, when representatives from the Council presented themselves at the meeting.

Moved by Mr. Martin, seconded by Dr. Bissonnette, that the Inspector's report be laid aside for the present in order that the representatives of the Council might be heard. Carried.

The representatives, Messrs. Meiklejohn and Coulter, reported that a full Council was not present, and in the absence of the Reeve they had deferred the matter of Public School heating until Friday night next, at which time they would report.

Moved by Dr. Bissonnette, seconded by Mr. Martin, that they resume the consideration of the Inspector's report, and have it read and considered clause by clause. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Ward, seconded by Mr. Martin, that clause 1 be received and adopted. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Ward, seconded by Mr. Martin that clause 2 be not considered, but be referred to at the next regular meeting. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Ward, seconded by Dr. Alger, that clause 3 be received and adopted with recommendations. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Ward, seconded by Mr. Martin, that clause 4 be received and referred to the Property committee until such time as the heating apparatus be supplied. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Ward, seconded by Dr. Alger, that one map of Australia be procured by Property committee.

Moved in amendment by Dr. Bissonnette, seconded by Mr. Martin, that the Property committee secure a map of Australia as well as one of the United States, with measures as recommended by Inspector's report.

The original motion carried.

Moved by Dr. Bissonnette, seconded by Mr. Martin, that the Principal of the Public School be heard from as to promotions.

The committee appointed to see the teachers of both Public and High Schools as to their intention of returning after holidays, reported.

The Principal of High School will return, but would expect an advance in salary of \$50. Miss Baker expects to return. Miss Hamilton does not expect to return unless her salary is raised to \$700. The Public School teachers are all expected to return.

Moved by Dr. Faulkner, seconded by Mr. Ward, that the Sec'y write Miss Hamilton and ask concerning her return, and that this Board adjourn until Monday night. Carried.

G. G. THRASHER, Sec.-Treas.

High School Promotions

Requirement—34 per cent. on each subject, and 50 per cent. total.

FORM II TO FORM III

Coza Bateman, Mary Ingham, May Kennedy, Lena Mitchell, Hazel Reynolds, Lynn Rollins, Earl Scott, Herbert Ward.

FORM I TO FORM II

Clarence Anderson, Annie Hume, Willie Heath, Katie Minchin, Pearl McAdam, Mary McLaughlin, Myrtle Pette, Norman Payne, Arthur Richardson, Percy Richardson, Mary Sharpe, Clifford Sharpe.

Stirling Public School Promotions

SR. III to SR. IV

Names in order of merit.

Harold Payne, Bryson Donnan, Daisy B. Roy, Geo. Shea, Lo Moloney, Clara Cummings, Olive Cummings, Florence Linn, Earl Tice.

To JR. III

Dorothy Moore.

JR. II to SR. II

Lillie Bronson, Clifford Hutton, Tena Conley, Lorne Sharp, Alex. Williams, Melville Barrow, Florence Kincaid, Vincent Moloney, Walter Chard, Percy Seeley, Frances Demore.

SR. II to JR. II

Stewart Hall, Kathleen Moloney, Roy Egginton, Evelyn Moore, Gladys Brey, Iva Leury, Harry McCutcheon, Ernest Aikhar, John Craighead, Helena Boldrick, Elmore Roy, Nellie Chambers, Katie Kennedy, Ewart Bailey, Raymond Montgomery, Hazel Barrow, George Green, Lottie French, John Ackers, Edna Gould, Marvin Conney, Agness Morton.

Cheese sold at 11 1/2/100 and 11 1/4/100 at Belleville cheese board on Saturday.

Bad Burn Quickly Healed

"I am so delighted with what Chamberlain's Salve has done for me that I feel bound to write and tell you so," says Mrs. Robert Mytton, 457 John St., Hamilton, Ontario. "My little daughter had a bad burn on her knee. I applied Chamberlain's Salve and it healed beautifully. This salve always always the pain of a burn almost instantly. It is for sale by J. S. Morton."

Fresh Lime

The undersigned has for sale a kiln of first-class lime. Price, 30c. per bushel, at the kiln.

W. F. McCULLLEN, Lot 34, Con. 9, Sidney.

Strayed

Came into the premises of the undersigned on or about the beginning of May, a two-year-old heifer, and three yearling heifers. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.

JAMES PRESTON, Lots 17 and 18, 4th Con, Rawdon.

Stirling's New Store.

The one price to all—all the time

WE HAVE JUST PLACED IN STOCK

10 dozen turnover Collars, worth up to 20c. each. We have divided them into two lots to clear at 5c. and 9c. each.

FANCY DRESS MUSLINS

at 10c., 12 1/2c., 15c., and 25c. per yd. All we ask is for you to see them, and be convinced that they cannot be bought elsewhere for the small price we ask you.

LADIES' BLACK MERINO UNDERSKIRTS.

This is a big snap. The manufacturer wanted to clear them out, and we got them. Extra good value at \$1.50. On sale while they last for.....\$1.19

SUN PLEATED SKIRTS.

These Skirts are steam pleated and will hold their shape. We sell them at.....\$5.00

FANCY PARASOLS

In Navy, White, Black and White, and White Hemstitched. Children's Parasols in white and colored, at.....25c. and 50c. each

MEN'S CRASH HATS,

The cool kind for these warm days, at 50c. and 75c. each. Hard and Soft Felt Hats from.....75c. to \$2.50 each. Children's Straw Sailors from.....20c. to \$1.00 each.

DO NOT FORGET THAT WE SELL GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS

Orders taken for STRAWBERRIES—Fresh every day

G. W. ANDERSON.

Produce taken in exchange for goods or for cash. PHONE No. 29.

KEEP COOL HOW?

By wearing our Summer Footwear. We have a splendid assortment in Men's, Women's, and Children's. Have you heard about our Prices? Good news always travels.

SEE OUR BARGAIN TABLE

We keep our stock clean by carving the prices when we want to see goods move quickly. Prices like these show what we mean by "carving":

Ladies' Patent Leather Boots and Shoes, regular prices \$3.50, \$3.75, and \$4.00, for \$2.00.

Ladies' Dongola Oxfords, \$1.75 and \$2.00, for 75c. and \$1.00.

Children's Strap Slippers, sizes 8, 9, and 10, 50c. up.

Men's Fine Dongola Bala, Blucher cut, \$1.50 to \$1.75.

White Canvas Shoes for Men, Women, and Children. Football and Outing Shoes.

Repairing neatly done. Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

J. W. BROWN RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT

Interior Decorating

We do all kinds of Painting, Graining, Hardwood Finishing, Paper Hanging, Etc., and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every instance. We have the newest and most artistic Wall Paper from leading foreign and Canadian manufacturers, and will be pleased to show you these goods and give an estimate for decorating one room or your whole house.

S. A. MURPHY.

Farm for Sale or To Let

First class Dairy farm, partly situated in the Village of Stirling. Particulars from DR. POTTS, Stirling.

CARLOAD OF McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES JUST ARRIVED

Now is the time to secure your Buggy, as I have just opened up a carload of McLaughlin Carriages, consisting of Steel tired Cornish Box Buggies, Steel tired Piano Box Buggies, Mikados, Democrats, and a good assortment of Rubber tired Buggies.

This is, without a doubt, the finest assortment of Carriages that has ever been shown in Stirling. A call solicited.

Also some Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Harness, etc., at rock bottom prices. A full line of Massey-Harris Farm Implements always on hand. Three Massey-Harris Binders at a bargain.

N. LANKTREE, Mill Street, Stirling.

P.S.—One one-horse Wagon, one two-horse delivery wagon, nearly new, and one horse for sale.

Wedding Invitations

NEATLY PRINTED IN THE BEST STYLE AT THE NEWS-ARGUS OFFICE.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Truly life is full of peril. Not merely the peril that comes with steam and electricity, and gasoline motors, perils by land and perils of water, but the dangers that confront us even when we think we are following the most hygienic laws of nature. Exactly where we stand we know not, for just as we have learned from Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Fletcher that each mouthful of food should be chewed patiently from 20 to 30 times, according to the substance thereof, along comes Dr. Wiley and warns us against the danger of too much chewing. Rather should we tell our food, after the manner of the intelligent dog, for notably in the case of meat much chewing is the forerunner of serious indigestion. And when we have meekly accepted this doctrine up rises a physician, fresh and ruddy from his sixteen days' fast, and tells us not to eat at all, but drink copiously of sparkling water, for eating is a vile habit, productive of many diseases of the digestive organs.

Still bewildered, we are constrained to resort to a cold bath, which is much admired of certain medical gentlemen. On the brink of the tub a Los Angeles expert hails us and assures us that nobody ever did enjoy a cold bath, and that, moreover, it is dangerous as it is unpleasant. We heat the water and again we are checked by an English scientist, who warns us to forbear from soap if we must bathe, because, as the Lancet admits, soap is the cause of "the frequent inability of the Anglo-Saxon to resist disease." Even the fact that if we die we die clean cannot entirely reconcile us to the thought of a premature demise. And so, unfed, unwashed, we go about our daily business or seek in germ infested sheets the sweet oblivion of all that makes life one perpetuum vivente. Assuming that we have slept three hours and a-half, Mr. Edison wakes us up and assures us that in excess of slumber we are despoiling our natural resources and swiftly invigorating general debility. We arise, possibly reluctantly, and await the next expert opinion as to the development of a long and merry life.

Now, in the absence of testimony from Mollusca and old Parr, we must accept every suggestion that is offered or reject them all with "a plague c' both your houses," or try to live up to the teachings of the grandmothers. These were not numerous, but they were explicit and mandatory. They involved the general principle, "Eat slowly; chew your food," without any special enumeration of jaw movements. They maintained the doctrine, "Early to bed and early to rise," without defining the exact hours. They insisted upon the old fashioned Saturday night soak, with soap and plenty of it. And the subjects of this treatment lived to a fine old age or died young, according as Providence decreed, and with no haunting fear that sleep, or meat, or soap was shortening their days. Artemus Ward said, "We air governed 't much," and Artemus passed away before the medical experts and the scientific gentry assumed entire charge of our living and dying, even when quarreling one with the other. What he would say in the present emergency would require probably all the ingenuity of his exuberant spelling.

HALVED PHILEAS FOGG'S TIME.

Englishman Travels Round the World in 40 Days in Spite of Mishap.

Lieut.-Col. Burnley Campbell writes to the London Times that he landed at Dover on June 13 after completing a circle of the world in forty days, nineteen and a half hours. If he had caught the St. Petersburg express at Berlin on June 12 he would have reduced the time by several hours. After making a dash for the express, he sped around the world in the following particulars of his trip:

He left Liverpool on May 3 at 7:20 p.m. by the Canadian Pacific Railroad steamer. He arrived at Quebec on May 10 at 3 p.m. and left by the Canadian Pacific Railroad's overland transcontinental mail train at 5 p.m. He reached Vancouver on May 19 at 5 a.m., and left at 12:30 p.m. on the Canadian Pacific mail steamer.

He arrived at Yokohama on May 26 at 5 a.m., and departed on May 27 at 7 p.m. He reached Asagura on May 28 at 9:30 a.m., and left at 6 p.m. by a Japanese steamer which reached Vladivostok on May 30 at 2:15 p.m.

He took a transiberian train at 7 p.m., and arrived at Harbin on May 31 at 7:25 p.m. He left at 8:30 p.m. and reached Irkutsk on June 4 at 6:30 p.m. He arrived at Moscow on June 10 at 2:38 p.m., and left at 6 p.m. He arrived at Warsaw on June 11 at 9:30 p.m., and left at 11:30 p.m.

He reached Berlin on June 12 at 11:35 a.m., and departed five minutes later. He arrived at Cologne the same day at 9:05 p.m. and left at 11:15 p.m. He arrived at Ostend on June 13 at 7:30 a.m., and left at 11 a.m., arriving at Dover at 2:59 p.m. of the same day.

Lieut.-Col. Campbell was singularly fortunate in making connections, but on May 30 the steamer on which he was travelling ran aground on an isolated rocky island during a dense fog. In the sea of Japan, the ship was completely lifted the ship off and anchored. He made a railway connection at Vladivostok. It had missed that train there would not have been another for four days.

ON THE PEACOCK THRONE

FAT LITTLE MAN WHO IS THE "SHADOW OF GOD ON EARTH."

Speaks No European Language and Is In No Sense an Educated Man.

A new Shah-in-Shah (King of Kings) is seated on the wonderful peacock throne of Persia. He is a fat little man, hardly matching his imposing titles, one of which is, "The Shadow of God on Earth." He is now about 33.

It is a point in his favor that he is fond of hunting and that when he was Crown Prince at Tabriz he frequently went after bears in the mountains. In the gardens of his palace he could be seen practicing marksmanship on small birds or shooting at apples and pears on the palace roof with his courtiers.

In the matter of wives he has been extremely abstemious, considering the matrimonial prodigality sanctioned by his faith. When I was at Tabriz, says a writer in the Ladies' Realm, he had only half a dozen.

But wives are a costly luxury, and perhaps the fact that he was in a chronic state of impotency may have accounted for his harem being so scantily stocked. He was often in sore straits to raise money. His favorite method was to promise titles, to be conferred when he ascended the throne, for so much cash down.

He has never been outside of Persia. He speaks no European language and is not understood in the European sense he has had none. It is unfortunate for him that his lot was cast so long in an inferior province and that he was so much under the influence of the priesthood.

The priests are the bane of Persia, but those of Azerbaijan are the worst of the lot. They are fanatical followers of Islam, narrow minded and bigoted and opposed to everything in the nature of modern reforms which of necessity would

DIMINISH THEIR POWERS.

The inspiring monotheism of Zoroaster, the ancient religion of Persia, survives now in its purity only among those Persian emigrants, the Parsees, who largely control the finances of Bombay.

The new Shah is the eldest son of his father, but there is no law in Persia which vests the succession in the eldest son. The Shah may nominate whom he pleases among his children to succeed him. The second son of the late Shah is apparently a much able man than his elder brother. He is really a clever young fellow, well educated and probably would be an able sovereign.

But the fact that he has a slave mother, while Mohammed Ali Mirza's was a Princess of the Kadjar tribe constituted an obstacle to his succession, though by no means an insurmountable one. Odd as it may seem, the proof that he has given that he is a man of vigor and ability would count against him rather than in his favor.

Heirs to the throne in Persia have a disagreeable way of seeking to obtain possession of the crown before it descends to them in the natural course of events by starting a revolt, or in some other way getting rid of their fathers. The more capable and ambitious the heir the more apt he is to anticipate the decease of his sire.

If the truth were known it would probably be found, too, that Russian influence, which was predominant at the time, had not a little to do with the selection of Mohammed Ali Mirza as the Shah's successor. It is Russian policy to stimulate the rotting process in Persia—to accelerate national decay and disintegration in order that a plausible pretext may be provided for stepping in and taking possession of the land, or at least a big slice of it. And this sort of game can be better played when there is a puppet on the throne than when there is a strong man seated on it.

At Tabriz, which is in the north of Persia and near to the Russian frontier, Russian influence had free play with the new Shah, and the Cossacks have afforded him many object lessons of

MIGHT AND POWER.

But the defeat of the Colossus of the North by Japan has greatly impaired her prestige in Persia. Her impoverishment by the war has damaged it still more. The Oriental is always on the side that pays best, and as Russia no longer pays her influence in Persia is waning.

If the new Shah possesses the characteristics of a capable ruler he has hitherto most carefully concealed them. But whose puppet he is, a puppet or a deceiver, unexpected ability will really make very little difference in the destiny of Persia.

Though nominally an autocrat, the Shah can ordinarily accomplish very little. Even if he did combine intellect, will and energy he would rouse such a swarm of enemies that he would probably be assassinated before he could effect any reforms.

The priests, or mullahs, exercise vastly greater power than the Throne does. The administration of justice in their hands, but it has degenerated into a matter of bribery. The head of the church wields far greater power than the Shah does, and as he lives on Turkish territory the Shah cannot get hold of him.

A good deal has been said of the reforms to be accomplished by the Persian Duma, but there is small chance that much good can come of so long as it is in the hands of the mullahs.

In spite of the fact that missionaries have great freedom in Persia there is scant prospect of the spread of Christianity. The missionaries are tolerated only on condition that they let the Muslims alone and confine their proselytizing to the Armenians and Nestorians, who do not count for much.

THE CAREER OF THE LATE SHAH

showed how far his supposed despotic power fell short of being the real thing. He hated his father's Grand Vizier, who he had deposed, but he dared not depose him immediately. After tolerating him for some time he ventured to ask for his re-

WORLD IN THE MAKING

MATTER FOR MORE OR LESS ASTRONOMICAL SPECULATION.

Curious Stars Which Illustrate the Methods of the Celestial Workshop.

Of recent years the observations of astronomers have revealed the existence of a small number of curiously shaped stars. These strange planets are not round like the earth, sun and moon, but more closely resemble a pear or an egg in form. Ten such stars are now known to exist, five in the northern and five in the southern hemisphere.

This may seem a negligible result to those who are unacquainted with the difficulties that attend the search for such stars. But to those who do know and understand the difficulties the discoveries already made would seem to indicate that there are many more of these pear-shaped stars in the universe than astronomers have yet been able to observe.

The ten stars already discovered, though grouped together under the general title of pear-shaped, represent all degrees of oblateness. Among the most marked of these strange planets are those which are shaped as a torus or a modern cigar-shaped balloon, while others are ovals.

NEARLY SPHERICAL IN FORM.

Although these strangely-shaped lights of the sky are called stars, they are in reality systems, or, more accurately speaking, twin stars. In the case of two of the ten already discovered the component stars are so near one another that they touch, and at the point of contact they merge into each other.

It is very difficult, therefore, to say precisely, what is the shape of these pear-shaped stars. Such a system must be in a state of the most unstable equilibrium; and sooner or later the centrifugal force will prove too great for the slender, overhanging nexus that binds these Siamese twins of the sky together.

Then the connecting link will be broken, and the two worlds will be borne apart. When this takes place there will be for both stars a period of stupendous unrest. From centre to circumference the vast bodies will oscillate in great swelling pulsations, until finally the more powerful of the two gains complete control of the other. Then the lesser of the two will become the satellite of the greater, and will revolve around it, as the moon circles about the earth.

It is the belief of many of the leading astronomers of to-day that the earth and moon were once joined together in this way.

SIAMESE TWIN FASHION.

There are even those who point to the very spot where one satellite broke away from its mother earth. They insist that over the vast spaces of the globe where the Pacific Ocean now reigns in long silver water-breaks the moon gathered to itself a separate existence. Nay, they even tell us that beneath the surface of this spacious stretch of sea, fully three thousand fathoms deep, may still be found the scars which mark the place where a world was born. But the truth of this cannot be verified until the seas run dry.

It was this wonderful birthday! In the beginning of created things is about the only answer that anyone has attempted to give. But if a more positive answer is required, it may be stated that the South African astronomer, Alexander Roberts, has assured, with some hesitation, and with no small uncertainty, that at the very least one hundred million years measure the moon's age as a separate world. It was once so near the earth, even after its individual life began, that it modeled its mountains and seas; but as the years came and departed it drifted farther and farther away, till at last a heave of the ocean, a rising and falling of tides, is all the greeting the earth has to give to its eldest born.

A PEAR-SHAPED STAR

is a world in the formative period; a round globe is the finished product of many evolutions. The substance of these strangely-shaped stars is as diaphanous as a summer cloud; in the space of a few hours their huge bulk, sometimes as much as three hundred million miles in diameter, may expand and contract a range of over a million miles. Storm and strain are the spirits that brood over their vast, tumultuous, shoreless wastes; there is the ceaseless clash of storms, and the surge of sorely tossed, titanic waves. Majestic in the spaciousness, impressive in their stupendous movements, their incalculable human attractiveness and interest lies in their potentiality. They are the worlds of ages separated from the present day by uncomfortable centuries of time. Our own little planet may then be, like the moon, a burnt-out cinder, a dead world, a desolate land of fierce extinctions of heat and cold.

In Ireland men kiss when they meet, but a man rarely kisses a woman.

"Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking?" "Oh, yes. My husband doesn't eat half so much as he used to!"

Client—"I want you to lend me an ear for a moment." Banker (without looking up)—"Yes, but only at 6 per cent, and with two sureties."

"Sir," the sad-faced man said to the heavy-set man who was wearing a long black cigar and reading a newspaper, "would you allow your boy to smoke cigarettes when he grows up?" "I've never given the question a moment's thought," replied the other. "What I never thought upon the effect upon the constitution, to say nothing of the mind of your son, to allow him to smoke the deadly things?" "Never a thought," said the first. "And will you allow him to drink?" "I have never thought about it," "Oh, can such things be? Are you letting your child grow up in the midst of temptation without speaking a fatherly word to—?" "Look here, sir, you mean well, I suppose, but let me tell you that I've been a confirmed drunkard for the last twenty years." The sad-faced man vanished.

NEW MACHINERY CURE

MANY DISABLED WORKERS ARE BEING HELPED.

A New York German Hospital is Doing Wonders for the Poorer Classes.

The German Hospital on Park ave., at Seventy-sixth street, New York, the other day opened the new department of mechanical therapy—for the treatment of persons suffering from stiff joints, rheumatism, contracted muscles and the like. The department is designed especially for the poorer classes, who have to earn their living by the work of their hands, and who, naturally, are most handicapped by physical affliction.

MACHINES, TALL AND SHORT

The doctors in attendance were enthusiastic over the idea offered them, and started right in to weed out the different ailments. At last it became necessary to send word upstairs to admit no more. The room which is occupied by the machines is in the basement of the dispensary building—a large, clean, white-walled chamber, and as the sides are the machines, some of them are tall and some are short and squat. Some of them have wheels to be turned, and others have treadles. They are built of metal throughout and are a mass of weights balanced on rods, with cog wheels and supports. A machine in motion looks like nothing so much as the works of a large clock.

FOR EVERY MUSCLE AND JOINT.

Every one of the ten machines in the hospital is a bit different from the others. There are appliances for the exercise of the fingers, hand, wrist, back and shoulder muscles, knee and ankle joints—in fact, it is not an exaggeration to say that every muscle and joint in the body can be reached by one or another of these machines.

More people appeared the first day for treatment than had been expected. Indeed, it was long after the regular dispensary hours before the last had been sent away. Altogether there were about thirty, all of the kind that really needed help. There were washerwomen, housemaids, barbers, laborers and waiters. It was considered wonderful that so many had heard of the new department already.

A NEVER-ENDING STAIR.

In one corner of the room a girl with housemaid's knee was treading up and down a never-ending stair. The first day she did not move her foot very high from the ground, but next day she did much better. A carpenter who has much climbing of ladders to do was sitting waiting for her to finish. He also had a different knee. A woman of the ghetto, small and ungainly, but with a large family dependent on her exertions, was working an arm back and forth, raising and lowering a mass of weights. The scar, resulting from an operation had contracted the muscles so that she was hardly able to lift her arm out of a certain position. A barber was similarly afflicted. He had fallen and hurt his shoulder; he had gone from bad to worse, and now, while he was capable of lifting any weight, he could not hold his arm up. Consequently he has had to give up his business, and it allowed to go unattended might become a pauper in a few months.

COULD ENDURE THE PAIN.

The patients were all a willing lot and few showed traces of hysterical fear of pain. That is the only thing the doctors have to face in the treatment, for if a patient is really pained by the energy allowed to a machine it can be reduced to such a minimum that anyone with a little strength of will can stand it. But they were undoubtedly amazed at the quiet method of treatment and the fact that a patient was inclined to take it as a joke.

"Vy," he said, "Dis don't hurt me. I don't see vat you call dis peesness. I peen so used to der hair, I don't mind a liddle ding like dis."

Whereupon the doctor gave him a machine that pulled somewhat harder. While the cures effected by the treatment are not as startlingly quick as some reports have alleged them to be, they do enable people to recover in far shorter spaces of time than they would ordinarily, and trivial accidents, such as a sprained wrist can be fixed up in a few days.

THUMB-BELL OR FINGER-HAT.

It Takes 20 Men and Costly Machinery to Turn Out a Thumb.

What is a thumb-bell? Don't you know? It is a thumb-bell. The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumb" and "bell," being worn on the thumb, as sailors still wear it. The Germans call it "finger-hat."

Thumb-bells were first made in Holland in 1605 by John Lofting. Loftings (thumb-bells were made of either iron or brass).

Gold, silver, iron, ivory, steel, and lead are used in making thumb-bells. It takes twenty men, besides a great amount of costly machinery, to make a thumb-bell. In the ordinary manufacture, thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape.

The Queen of Siam owns a thumb-bell which was a present from her royal husband. It is made in the shape of a lotus bud of the finest gold, and is studded with diamonds, which are so arranged that they form her name and the date of her marriage.

Opportunities are like bees, in that you have to know just how to take hold of them.

The difference between a politician and a statesman is that a politician gets what he wants.

When a man announces that he understands women, he is fixing to have them make a fool of him.

A FLOATING ISLAND

EVERY ONE knows that great emerald, the alligator, that lives in Florida. Part of the time its home is in water, part of the time on dry land. In warm weather it plays in the river or bayou, or rolls about on the sand and mud, showing itself on the banks of the stream; but when winter comes it buries its great body in the mud and settles down for a long sleep. It has no love for cold weather, and no notion of making itself uncomfortable, when it can just as well take a good, long cold-weather nap. Not such a bad plan, is it?

Sometimes it happens that the seeds of grass and weeds are blown into the wet soil, and quickly spring up, green and fresh, on the back of the alligator. As a rule, these tender plants are shaken or washed off when the great creature wakes up and rolls into the water; but now and then the mud clings, the young plants stick fast, and when the half-awakened monster floats down stream, it looks like a moving island. A poor little plover once made a mistake and built its nest on a sleeping alligator. Some boys who were out fishing saw the bird sitting about the mud weeds and water grasses, and thinking there must be a covey of the pretty creatures and a settlement of nests there, they crept their tackle and snags into the water, and then, bumping up against the sleeping animal, rolled down side to side. The alligator was so frightened that it woke, it found out how hungry it was, and also how dry. It then, with one wild snort, plunged down into the water, and the bayou and wash of the island, grass and nest, so the little plover had to seek another home. E. A. MATTHEWS.

WHAT BIRDS SAY

Those who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are as distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

Robin—"Quick! Quick! Do you think what you do, do you think—what you do, do you think?"

Bluebird—"Purty! Purty! I-oh-purty, Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it!"

Bobolink—"Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link."

Crow—"Caw-w!"

Cardinal—"Teal teal teal!"

Bobwhite (quail)—"Bob-bob-white! More-more-white!"

Golden-crowned yellow bird—"Ker-chee-ker-chee, where, where, where."

Hummingbird—Mouselike squeak.

Oriole—"Will you? Will you really, really, truly?"

Song sparrow—"Oit, oit, oit, chip, chip, chip, chee-chee-wiss, wiss, wiss."

Thrush—"Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up!"

Bluejay—"Jay, jay, jay, whee-dee, whee-dee."

Scarlet tanager—"Chip-chip! Pahaw! Wait-wait-wait for me, wait!"

Blackbird—"Kong-quer-ree" or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee!"

EGGS THAT JUMP

YOUR friends will be mystified completely if you do this trick very carefully.

Take a number of eggs; remove the yolks and whites, so that only the shells remain.

To each of these shells paste one end of a strand of the rubber tape the other end of one of your fingers.

In doing the trick, be sure that your audience are far enough away to be unable to see the silken threads.

Now say that you will be able to make the eggs leap into the air by magnetizing them with your fingers.



THE SECRET OF THE TRICK

Of course, as you move a finger upward and downward, the shell attached to the other end of the strand of silk will move up and down. You can gain a pretty effect by making them dance in time to music.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

No soul can grow without solitude. Often a hot old town is due to a cold old church.

Every occasion for pessimism is a call to improvement.

They who grow in grace surely will grow more gracious.

If you cannot stand ridicule you never will earn applause.

It is no use preaching about happiness with vinegar in your voice.

Folks who always are looking for faults always find 'em far sighted.

The last religion in some men the more theology they can hold.

You are not likely to make straight truth by twisting scripture texts.

There's more affection in hunt truth than in the caresses of affection.

When men have bound their eyes they always open but their ears are introverted.

When a church really has a worthy work she will not wait for workers.

Heaven heeds not the prayer for strength that has no objective in service.

The finest pictures on memories' walls are those seen through the mist of tears.

You may know a man's power when you know the things that provoke him.

You cannot establish your citizenship in heaven by deducing your taxes here.

The man who actually has free salvation always is anxious to pay something for its extension.

It never has been explained why the Sunday delight looks wetter than a Monday downpour.

Which a paradise this world would be if every man was as good as he would have the rest of us be?

Some Christians, faithfully obey the injunction to deduce your taxes here, but they are watching for faults in their neighbors.

When a man is guided wholly by his past as runs around in a circle like a hen trying to find out where to go following its tail.

HINTS ON POTATO GROWING

Special Investigation by the Provincial Department of Agriculture

The Ontario Department of Agriculture is making an investigation into the potato industry of the Province by Mr. H. B. Smith, B.S.A. After visiting the most important potato-growing sections of Ontario, he is preparing a special report for publication. Pending the free report, which will probably show a more serious state of affairs than is generally supposed, the following recommendations are put out with a view to impressing upon farmers the necessity of immediate action. The treatment of potatoes to prevent the rot is a matter of extreme importance.

"Ontario produced fewer potatoes in 1906 than she ever produced in any single year in all the time the Provincial Department of Agriculture have been collecting information concerning the acreages annually devoted to farming crops. Within the past few years the area planted to potatoes in this province has decreased by 50,000 acres; the product by approximately 6,000,000 bushels. Present indications are that the crop of 1907 will be lighter than last year's with the high prices that have ruled for some time strongly maintained. Farmers, on the right kind of soil, who have planted a good acreage to this crop this spring, will, if they are able to successfully bring their crop to maturity, reap larger returns from potatoes than they could likely derive from any line of farming in which they might engage, and it is to point out briefly one or two little things that in these days must be attended to, if potato growing is to be successfully accomplished, that this article has been prepared.

Inability to cope with the rot has been the great cause of failure in potato growing in Ontario, yet five dollars or even less, will cover the entire cost for material and labor required to treat one acre of potatoes with Bordeaux Mixture, and this mixture properly made and constantly and intelligently applied is a certain preventive of rot. From experiments officially conducted at Guelph, at Ottawa, and at practically every experiment station in the United States, and from the practical experience of growers everywhere, Bordeaux Mixture has proven the only effective remedy for potato rot. At Ottawa during the past three years, the average increase in yield from spraying with this mixture was 94.5 bushels per acre.

Bordeaux Mixture for potato spraying is made from the following formula: Copper sulphate (blue stone or blue vitriol) 6 pounds, unslaked lime 5 pounds, water 40 to 50 gallons.

As it is inconvenient to weigh the lime and copper at the time of mixing and quite impracticable to keep a supply of ready-made Bordeaux on hand, stock solutions of the copper and lime are usually prepared ready for mixing as required. To prepare material sufficient to treat one acre of potatoes four times, proceed as follows: Place 72 pounds of blue stone in a bag or basket and suspend it near the surface in 30 gallons of water in a barrel. It will dissolve in a few hours, and every gallon afterwards dipped from this barrel will contain exactly 2 pounds of blue stone. For the lime stock mixture take 60 pounds of fresh unslaked lime and 30 gallons of water. Shake the lime by the use of as little of the water as possible, and when all is broken down, bring the solution to standard strength by adding what remains of the 30 gallons of water. Every gallon of lime mixture now contains exactly 2 pounds of lime. These mixtures, if kept under cover and evaporation prevented, will retain their strength all summer.

In making the Bordeaux it is important to remember that these strong "stock" mixtures must never be brought together. Pour 3 gallons of the blue stone solution into a 40-gallon barrel (an ordinary barrel holds between 40 and 50 gallons), half fill the barrel with water, add 2 1/2 gallons of the lime solution, fill up with water, stir thoroughly and the mixture is ready for use.

For applying, a spray pump will be found economical of labor and materials, and the gain in product from one year's spraying of one acre of potatoes will usually pay the entire cost of such an appliance, but if none is at hand, Bordeaux may be applied after the same manner as Paris Green would be applied in solution for bugs. The object is to keep the crop covered with the mixture during the season in which blight is liable to occur, and while modern spraying machinery does this a little better than anything else, there are scores of farmers in Ontario who are obtaining quite satisfactory results from applying the Bordeaux by whatever means are at their disposal. In preparing the mixture where any kind of power sprayers are to be used, always strain the lime solution when mixing with the blue stone. The lime sometimes settles lumpy and clogs the nozzles. If required Paris Green may be applied with the Bordeaux, adding half a pound of Paris Green to each barrel of the mixture. Spraying should begin about July 15th and the vines kept covered till September. Four applications as required, will usually accomplish this. Some have got spraying just at the time the disease begins to spread, and as we gain in spraying experience, the number of applications may perhaps be decreased, but ordinarily, it is best to use the mixture at least four times.

Bordeaux is the only effective remedy yet devised for the control of potato blight. It is easy to make and easy to apply, and when properly made and thoroughly applied is certain to be effective. The only precautions to observe in making are to use pure fresh materials and mix these in correct proportions and in the proper way, and in applying to keep the mixture on the vines during the season that blight is likely to appear.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, June, 1907.

THE TROUBLES OF RUSSIA

War Department Headquarters of Revolutionaries.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The police on Tuesday night searched a department of the War Ministry and found it to be the headquarters of one of the revolutionary groups. Much illegal literature was seized. The building was cordoned by police during the search, but only one arrest was made.

ATTACK ON GUARD HOUSE.
A despatch from Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, says: The attack on the guard house and detention prison here, which began June 24, was resumed on Tuesday night by revolutionaries, who occupied the surrounding houses. They opened a heavy fire on the guards and the latter replied with volleys. During a fusillade lasting over an hour, a cab driver was killed. The prison of Krasnoyarsk is one of the leading places for political prisoners on their way to more distant places of Siberian exile.

SIXTY OFFICERS ARRESTED.
A despatch to a London news agency from Odessa says it is authoritatively reported that sixty officers of the southern military district, several of them connected with the Odessa garrison, have been arrested.

BOMB OUTRAGE.
A despatch from Tiflis says: A wagon containing \$125,000, escorted by Cossacks, had reached Erivan Square, on Wednesday, when a bomb was thrown and an explosion followed. Two employees of the Imperial Bank were killed and others injured. The money bags disappeared.

TERRORIST ATTEMPT FOILED.
A despatch from St. Petersburg says: An attempt was made on Tuesday night by terrorists to force an entrance into the magazine of the proving grounds near St. Petersburg, containing a large amount of explosives. A sentry was fired at and wounded by the men engaged in the attempt, but the shots caused a patrol to hurry to the spot, and the terrorists fled.

TORPEDO BOAT DAMAGED.
During the manoeuvres on Wednesday the torpedo boat Ubodimsky struck a mine, which exploded. The damage done was slight, owing to the deterioration of the mine.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.
Toronto, July 2.—Call board quotations are:—
Wheat—Ontario—No. 2 white, 91 1/2c asked, outside, 89c bid. No. 2 red, 89c bid, outside, 89 1/2c bid west; No. 2 mixed, 91c asked.
Barley—No. 2, 53c bid, 48c bid for one load, September or October shipment; No. 3 extra, 48c bid, October shipment; No. 3, 50c bid.
Peas—No. 2, 81c asked, outside.
Oats—No. 2 white, 46c asked, outside; 45 1/2c asked on a 6-cent rate to Toronto; 44 1/2c bid.

Other prices are:—
Wheat—Ontario—Unchanged; No. 2 white winter, 88c to 89c; No. 2 red or No. 2 mixed, 88c to 89c.
Wheat—Manitoba—Lake ports, No. 1 hard, 95c; No. 1 northern, 95 1/2c; No. 2 northern, 91c.
Oats—No. 2 white, 44 1/2c to 45 1/2c, outside; Manitoba, 45c to 45 1/2c, outside.
Corn—No. 2 yellow American, 60 1/2c to 61c.

Barley—Nominal; No. 2, 53 1/2c to 54 1/2c; No. 2 extra, 51 1/2c to 53 1/2c.
Peas—No. 2, 77 1/2c to 78 1/2c.
Rye—70c.
Buckwheat—60c.
Flour—Ontario, 90 per cent patents, offered at \$3.55; Manitoba first patents, \$4.75; seconds, \$4.15 to \$4.20; bakers', \$4.10.
Bran—\$18 to \$19.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Butter—Prices show no further change. Creamery prices: 40c to 42c do, sold 12c to 13c Dairy, prints 17c to 18c do, sold 17c to 18c Cheese—12 1/2c for large and 13c for twines, in job lots here.
Eggs—17c to 18c per dozen in case lots.
Beans—\$1.50 to \$1.55 for hand-picked and \$1.35 to \$1.40 for primes.
Potatoes—Delaware, \$1.30 to \$1.35, in car lots on track here. Ontario, \$1.10 to \$1.15.
Baled Hay—\$14 to \$15 for No. 1 timothy and \$12.50 to \$13.50 for secondary grades.
Baled Straw—\$7 to \$7.25 per ton in car lots on track here.

PROVISIONS.
Dressed Hogs—Easy at \$9.50 for light weights, and \$8.75 to \$9 for heavies; fat, \$9.50 to \$10.
Pork—Short cut, \$22.75 to \$23 per barrel; mess, \$21 to \$21.50.
Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long cured bacon, 11c to 11 1/2c for tons and cases; hams, medium and light, 15 1/2c to 16c; heavy, 14 1/2c to 15c; backs, 16 1/2c to 17c; shoulders, 10 1/2c to 11c; rolls, 11 1/2c; out of pickle, 1c less than smoked.
Lard—Steady at these prices: Tierces, 12 1/2c; tubs, 12 1/2c; pails, 12 1/2c.

MONTEAL MARKETS.
Montreal, July 2.—Rolled Oats—From \$2.25 to \$2.27 1/2c per bag. In a jobbing way \$2.30 is asked.
A fair trade is passing in oats on the local market. Holders are asking 49c to 49 1/2c per bushel for No. 2 white Manitobas, 48 1/2c to 49c for No. 2 Ontarios, 47 1/2c to 48c for No. 3, and 46c to 47c for No. 4.

There is a good demand for all lines of millfeed, and grain and shorts are firm at unchanged quotations.
Domestic trade is responsible for the bulk of the business that is passing in haled hay and prices are steady.
Provision Market—There was only a fair demand and prices dropped 15c to 25c per hundredweight, with sales of select lots weighed off cars at \$7 to \$7.25.
Cheese and Butter—Cheese experienced a decline this morning. In the butter market prices were unchanged. Townships 20 1/2c to 21c, Quebec 20 1/2c to 21c, Ontario, 20c, Ontario dairy 17 1/2c to 18c. The cheese market prices dropped to Ontario 11 1/2c to 12 1/2c, townships 11 1/2c, Quebec 11 1/2c.
Eggs—Prices were 16 1/2c wholesale and 18 1/2c to 19c small lots.

RUFFALO MARKET.
Buffalo, July 2.—Flour—Quiet. Wheat—Spring strong; No. 1 hard, \$1.03; Winter firm; No. 2 white, \$1.02. Corn—Firm; No. 2 yellow, 57 1/2c; No. 2 white, 57 1/2c. Oats—Unsettled, weak; No. 2 white, 48 1/2c; No. 2 mixed, 45 1/2c. Barley—Quiet; Western offered 78 to 85c. Rye—Steady and strong; No. 1, 91c asked c.i.f.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.
New York, July 2.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 97 1/2c in elevator and \$1.00 1/2c f.o.b. elevator; No. 1 northern Duluth, \$1.03 1/2c f.o.b. elevator; No. 2 hard winter, \$1.02 1/2c f.o.b. elevator.

CATTLE MARKET.
Toronto, July 2.—Export trade continued quiet. Very few cattle were offered, and the demand was only middling. Quotations were easier, choice steers from \$5.60 to \$5.75. Medium grades are dull.
Light offerings and a better demand were the features of the day's trading in butcher cattle. Extra choice sold from \$5.25 to \$5.50. Medium quality was unchanged at \$4.50 to \$4.75. Choice cows sold from \$3.50 to \$4.15; common cows, \$3 to \$3.25.
Buyers of stockers and feeder cattle reported a good demand for good quality. Choice were quoted from \$3.75 to \$4; common from \$2.50 to \$3.
Much cows were dull at \$3 to \$3.50 for choice and \$2 to \$2.50 for common. Veal calves were quiet and unchanged at 3c to 4c per lb.
Export trade was quiet from \$5 to \$5.25, and lambs from \$2 to 2c per lb.
The market for hogs was easy, as a result of heavy deliveries, but no further declines were registered. Buyers quoted calves at \$6.75, with prospects for lower levels.

John Leovig, an employee of the White Bear mine at Rosland, fell 700 feet down the shaft and was killed.
Fire at Little Central destroyed the Methodist Church and several other buildings on Friday.

WENT DOWN EMBANKMENT.

No. 2 C.P.R. Express Wrecked Near Medicine Hat.
A despatch from Calgary says: Shortly before 6 o'clock on Sunday night, No. 2 express, eastbound, was wrecked at Brook Station, 96 miles west of Medicine Hat, and Express Messenger William McKinley of Orangeville, Ontario, was killed through the explosion of the acetylene gas tank. His leg was blown off and he died a few hours later. Eight passenger cars were burned, as there were no means available to quench the fire, and no way of cutting the train, as the engine was on the wrong side of the fire. A broken wheel on the second baggage car is said to have caused the derailment, as this was the first car to leave the track, dragging with it two colonist cars, a first-class coach and diner, in the plunge down the embankment. Another coach left the rails and ploughed along the ties, ripping them into matchwood. Baggage men McDonald was thrown about in the baggage car and stunned, but was able to crawl outside. None of the passengers suffered severe injury.

GRAPES ARE PLENTIFUL.
The Prospects in Niagara Fruit Belt are Good.
A despatch from Thorold, Ont., says: Nothing so far has been published about the grape crop in the Niagara fruit belt, and it will be interesting to learn that the prospects for grapes this year were never better. A grape-grower said on Monday that this has been an exceptionally favorable spring for grapes, and the vines are looking exceptionally well now. "I may say that the grape industry is in much better shape around here now than it was two or three years ago. Then it was beginning to look a very serious matter for the grapes by reason of the fungus diseases which threatened their destruction. Efficient spraying has, similarly to the case of the peach trees, saved the grape vines of the fruit belt, and now the only thing we have to fear is the weather. The grape rot is largely due to the weather, it coming from too much dampness."

NEWSPAPER MAN A HERO.
Mr. Harry W. Anderson Makes a Gallant Rescue.
A despatch from Blenheim says: Had it not been for the prompt and heroic action of Mr. Harry W. Anderson, a Toronto newspaper man, and officer of the Press Club, a drowning accident would have occurred at Eriean. Monday afternoon while out boating, Miss Kate Gamage of Blenheim upset and sank in the waters of the lake. There were cries for help, and Mr. Anderson, who was on the pier nearby, threw off his coat and plunged to the rescue. He swam out to the drowning lady and succeeded in grasping her as she rose the second time. It was some time before help was secured from shore, but finally a boat was launched and rescued and rescuer were finally landed, both badly exhausted. Miss Gamage was some time in recovering.

INCREASE IN CUSTOMS.
June Shows an Increase of Over a Million Dollars.
A despatch from Ottawa says: The customs revenue of the Dominion for the month of June shows an increase of \$1,229,032 over June, 1906. The total revenue for the month was \$3,321,444. For the three months of the current fiscal year the revenue was \$15,123,092, an increase of \$2,964,391 over the corresponding period of last year.

PICKPOCKET'S HAUL.
Thousand Dollars Stolen in Winnipeg Building.
A despatch from Winnipeg says: Pickpockets are busy here, and numerous thefts are reported. J. J. Miller, an Iowa speculator, was relieved of a thousand dollars in the elevator in the Bank of Hamilton building on Wednesday afternoon just after he had cashed a draft.

STEAMER BURNED.
Explosion of Lamp Started Fire in Engine-room.
A despatch from Saint Ste. Marie says: The steamer Batchewana, of the Ganley Tug Line, was totally destroyed on Wednesday night in one of the first marine disasters of the season at Copper Mine Point, fifty miles west of the "Soo" on the Canadian side. At ten o'clock the vessel was discovered in the engine-room, due to a fault in the machinery. A fire broke out and spread rapidly, compelling the engineers to make a hurried exit, leaving the engines in operation. The vessel was immediately turned to the shore one mile away and beached, the crew of fifteen men, under Capt. James Gandy, all escaped and safely. They reached the "Soo" on Thursday morning on the tug Shamrock none the worse for the incident. The Batchewana carried a cargo of iron ore from the Helen Mine for the Algoma Iron Works at the "Soo." The boat was partly insured, but the Ganley Line will lose heavily on the disaster.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.
Henry Lockyer Committed for Trial at Stratford.
A despatch from Stratford says: Henry Lockyer, who in a fight here some weeks ago struck the blow which killed a North York man, was brought before Magistrate O'Leary on Friday. Medical and other evidence, which was presented, was held in abeyance, and the coroner's inquest was held, and the prisoner committed for trial on the charge of murder. Counsel for the defence tried to have the charge changed to manslaughter, but the court held that the jury might if they wished make a change in the charge. The trial will likely take place at the Fall Assizes in September. Bail was refused.

THE PERILS OF LABOR

No Less Than 91 Fatalities Reported During May.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Reports to the Labor Department show that the number of trade disputes during May was 49, an increase of twelve over the corresponding month of 1906. The loss in working days was approximately 88,325 as compared with 45,675 in May of last year. The increase is largely due to the strike of coal miners in the west, and of longshoremen in Montreal. There were about 41 firms with 11,697 employees affected by the various disputes.
There was a marked upward tendency in wages in nearly all lines of industry during the month. The number of new

agreements with respect to wages reported to the department was considerably in excess of that during the corresponding period in any previous year since 1903. Nearly all the new agreements were on the basis of higher wage schedules. In the majority of cases the increases were obtained as a result of amicable negotiations and without friction between employers and employees.
During May there were 287 work people injured in industrial accidents. Of these 91 were fatal and 196 resulted in serious injuries. Railway accidents were responsible for twenty fatalities and thirty by them were injured.

IT IS SIR MORTIMER.
Lieut.-Governor Among Recipients of King's Birthday Honors.
A despatch from London says: The King's birthday honors include the following:—
Baronetcy—Col. Ivor Herbert, ex-Major-General, Canada.
Knighthood—Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop, Chairman of the Allan Line.
Order of St. Michael and St. George—Grand Cross—Sir William MacGregor, Governor of Newfoundland.
Knight Commander—Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick.
Companions—Mr. James Stewart Pitts, Newfoundland; Captain R. H. Anstruther, Royal Navy; Mr. Alfred Ducloux Decelles and Mr. Martin Joseph Griffin.
Knight Bachelor—Lieut.-Governor William Mortimer Clark and Mr. F. C. S. Langelier and Mr. Robert Gillespie Reid in recognition of services to Newfoundland.

STARTLING EVIDENCE.
Cook of the Crystal Stream in Fear of Fire.
A despatch from St. John, N.B., says: A sensation was caused on Wednesday at the inquest at Cole's Island into the burning of the Crystal Stream, in which four men lost their lives, by the testimony of Mrs. May Coleman, cook on the steamer. She said she was in fear of fire, and this was chiefly because Mrs. Chase, the stewardess, had told her vengeance against the Crystal Stream had been threatened, if it took ten years. She thought Captain G. H. Perry of the steamer Aberdeen, who formerly was on the Crystal Stream, was the man meant, as having threatened the steamer. Captain Perry was shown this statement on the arrival of his steamer here on Wednesday, and he denied it strongly. He imputed a motive to Mrs. Coleman, saying he was influential in having her discharged from the steamer Star some years ago.

THE MAIL SUBSIDIES.
Amount Paid Out During Last Fiscal Year Totalled \$1,428,876.
A despatch from Ottawa says: During the short-term fiscal year ended March 31st the mail subsidies paid out by the Dominion amounted to \$1,428,876, as against \$1,275,560 in the full fiscal year 1905-6. Of this \$460,666 was for the mail service in England. The subsidies to the Atlantic mail service in the last fiscal year amounted to \$373,916, as against \$282,300 in the previous year. The bounties paid during the fiscal year had a total of \$1,581,933, made up as follows:—Iron and steel, \$1,229,801; petroleum, \$256,553; lead, \$1,904; binder twine, \$13,555.

CANADA AND SOUTH AFRICA.
Trade Between Two Countries to be Developed.
A despatch from London says: Sir A. Jons, referring to his grant of free passage to commercial travellers between Canada and South Africa, says: there should be an enormous trade between the two countries. The Elder Dempster Company would do all they could to develop it.

A REAL WHISKEY WAR.
Three Moonshiners Dead and Twenty-three Captured.
A despatch from Asheville, North Carolina, says: Three moonshiners killed, twenty-three captured and a dozen or more illicit distilleries destroyed is reported by an Asheville raiding party of revenue officers, on Tuesday, headed by J. Will Roberts, at Piedmont, N. C., a highly notorious section of the mountains. Roberts' raiding party consisted of thirty or forty men heavily armed with Winchester. The moonshiners gave fight and fired upon the revenue officers from ambush. Hundreds of shots were exchanged. Several thousand gallons of whiskey were seized by the revenue officers.

MARK TWAIN AT OXFORD.
Receives Degree, Along With Many Distinguished Men.
A despatch from Oxford, England, says: With thirty men distinguished in politics, religion, art, science or letters, including Premier Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Chancellor Loreburn, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Lowther, General Booth of the Salvation Army, Rudyard Kipling and the Archbishop of Armagh, Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) received a university degree here on Thursday. United States Ambassador Reid received the degree of doctor of civil laws, as did General Booth.

200 DIE IN HURRICANE.
Immense Waves Devastate Many Parts of the Carolines.
A despatch from Sydney, N.S.W., says: The German steamer Germania, which has arrived here, reports a hurricane, accompanied by immense waves, which swept the Caroline group. Many islands were devastated, and it is estimated that at least two hundred natives perished.

FIVE MEN KILLED.
C. P. R. Express Dashes Into a Chinese Special.
A despatch from Winnipeg says: No. 57, regular west-bound C. P. R. express, and a Chinese special going east, collided at Butler, 275 miles east of here, shortly after 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon. The accident resulted in the death of five Chinamen on board the special and the serious injury of N. E. O'Connor, of St. John, N. B., a guard on the special, and a number of Chinamen. The cause of the wreck was a misunderstanding order. The injured have been taken to Fort William.

GRATUITY TO LORD CROMER.
British Government to Present Him With \$250,000.
A despatch from London says: It is stated that the Government will award Lord Cromer, who lately resigned his post of British and Consul-General in Egypt, the sum of \$250,000 in recognition of his services in that country.

FOREIGNERS SWEAR ALLEGIANCE
A Marked Increase Shown in Naturalization Statistics.
A despatch from Ottawa says: The returns of naturalization in Canada for 1906 have been tabulated by the Secretary of State's Department, and show that a very large proportion of Canada's new citizens from foreign countries are taking the oath of allegiance. During the year the naturalization totalled 10,342, as compared with 6,632 for the previous year, an increase of 56.10. The Naturalization Act requires three years residence in the Dominion before papers of citizenship can be taken out. Taking into consideration the fact that only the heads of families and young men over 21 years of age of foreign birth need to take the oath of allegiance, the total of 10,342 for last year probably represents a foreign immigration of thirty to forty thousand. And since three years' residence is the period it will be seen that almost the whole foreign immigration of 1903 has become naturalized by law.

The total naturalizations of immigrants from United States were 3,888, which, compared with the immigration figures of 1904, show that nearly all the American male settlers in the West are taking the oath of allegiance to the British Crown.
The total immigration for the month of April was 41,661, as compared with 35,314 for April of last year, an increase of 23 per cent. For the ten months, July 1 to April 30, the immigration was 461,718, compared with 424,031 for the corresponding months of the fiscal year, an increase of 4,687 or 1.1 per cent.

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You can get just what you want here to give you FOOT COMFORT this very warm weather, and at the **Lowest Prices** in Stirling.

SPECIAL VALUES in

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- Ladies' Dongola Shoes from 50c. up.
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- White Canvas Shoes from \$1.25 up.
- Children's Toe Slippers from 50c. up.
- Women's Prunella Slippers, and Gaiters from 50c. up.
- Carpet Slippers at 25 cents.

OUR SHOE DRESSING

Gives the best satisfaction. Colors, white, black, and tan, from 5c. up.

GIVE US A CALL.

We sew all rips free at

CEO. E. REYNOLDS,
SHOE KING.

P. S.—Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.



THE OSAGE MONSTER.

How a Steamboat Whistle Affected Missouri Pioneers.

STORY OF A HISTORIC HUNT.

Armed For the Fray, the Frightened but Determined Old Settlers Sought the Ferocious Beast With the Fearful, Screeching Voice.

The first steamboat that ever turned her prow against the muddy Osage waters was the Flora Jones in the spring of 1844. There was no commercial club in those days to stimulate river traffic, no telegraph or telephone to herald to the hardy pioneers the approach of the boat—only the unearthly shrill screech of a banshee-like whistle, enough to blanch the cheek of the simple minded folk who had lived far from the world's progress.

The little boat went up as far as Harmony, Mo., in Bates county. History records the fact that when the Flora Jones puffed her way along the St. Clair county shores and the wall of her siren was tossed back and forth by the limestone bluffs many of the old settlers were not only frightened figuratively out of their boots, but literally out of their homes. Matthew Arbuckle, a pioneer, tradition tells us, was plowing in his field about a mile from the river when the wall of that whistle struck his ear. He unhitched his horse from the plow, managed to get on its back and, wild with terror, struck for the hills. In one hour he was at Papinville, fifteen miles distant, the horse white with foam, the rider white with terror. He had barely strength to tell of "an awful animal" from which he had made his escape. He had not seen the fearful beast, he confessed, but he had heard its voice, by which he knew it to be a monster of terrific proportions.

Arbuckle's neighbors were brave and, though much disturbed by his account, determined upon a campaign of extermination. They had defended their homes against Indians, and they reasoned that no wild animal, however ferocious, could withstand their rifles. They gathered at Uncle John Whitley's. He had been service under Jackson at New Orleans. His home was up the tortuous stream from Arbuckle's farm.

The next morning a crowd of hardy pioneers, with guns and dogs, were ready at Uncle John's. The gallant band numbered among its members Uncle John Whitley, James Breckenridge, Benjamin Morris, William Bacon, Hamilton Morris, Benjamin Burch, William Roark, Frank Roark, Benjamin Snyder, Snowden Morris and Matthew Arbuckle.

They were agreed that there should be undertaken a quest for the mysterious monster threatening their homes and families.

Just before the signal to start was given Mattie, a daughter of Whitley's, went down to the river, 800 yards distant, for water. In her absence the Flora Jones, which had tied up for the night at a bend in the river below, again sounded the terror inspiring whistle.

"Charge, men!" roared Whitley, seizing his gun. "Matt went to the river for water, and I reckon she's dead afore we get to the river."

The crowd rushed to the river, determined to rescue the girl if she was yet alive. But Matt, it is hardly necessary to state, was not on the way. She was headed homeward, her hair streaming behind and her face blanched with fear.

With their weapons ready for instant action the determined hunters continued riverward. The crew of the Flora Jones, proud of her whistle, continued to sound it at frequent intervals, and its reverberations rang from bluff to bluff unceasingly. Each fresh blast added to the uneasiness of the band of settlers. Frequent councils were held. The failure of the dogs to take the scent nuplused them.

The hunters scoured the Osage thickets all day. Breckenridge lost faith in hounds and declared that he would go to St. Louis for Newfoundlanders. Meanwhile the Flora Jones had proceeded up the river to Harmony, and her whistle was no longer heard. As night came on a storm broke, and the hunters took refuge in a cave.

With the return of dawn there began again the hideous wall of the mysterious monster. The Flora Jones was making an early start on her return trip down the river. Nearer and nearer sounded the whistle, until the hunters, who had tumbled hastily from their cave, could distinguish a puffing and blowing, supposed to be the snorts of the advancing foe.

The moment of decisive action seemed at hand. The hunters rushed to the river bank. Each selected a tree to stand behind and looked to the priming of his gun.

An instant later the Flora Jones rounded a bend and loomed into view. Upon her deck was a gay crowd of passengers watching the early sunrise flooding the water with ray light. Uncle John Whitley, Jimmy Breckenridge and their band of heroes were too astonished to answer the friendly hail as the boat swept down to the next bend, her whistle mocking their pant faces.

Little was said as the hunters tracked homeward. Unconsciously each sought out his home. And so ended the historic hunt for the monster of the Osage valley.

There is no open door to the temple of success. Every one makes his own door, which closes behind him to all others.—Marden.

PLANTING TROUT.

One Point on Which the Old Man Wanted More Light.

It was the policy of the officers of a certain railroad line in all their advertising matter to place great stress on the excellence of the trout fishing to be reached by their lines, and in order to provide the trout it was necessary from time to time to plant the advertised streams with fry.

On one occasion an old gardener named Connelly, who had charge of the station grounds, was sent out with the cans of fry, procured from the state hatchery, and a railroad map marked to show exactly where to plant the tiny fish.

Connelly returned that night, however, with part of the fry still unplanted. He needed further instructions from the general passenger agent, who had marked the map.

"Say, mister," said Connelly, scratching his perplexed head with one hand and pointing to the can with the other, "shall I plant thim fish wid the tails up or down?"

"Why," shouted the irascible agent, "you thunderin' blockhead!"

"Alay, alay!" murmured Connelly. "Of'm no such blockhead as ye'd think. The shot on the map where ye told me to plant thim trout is all bawled down to mud. If thim small fish is to go in that stream at all, at all, 'tis van by wan they'll have to go in, like bams. All I'm askin' is, is it, is it heads up ye'll have thim, or tails?"

NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE.

Where Cents Are Common and Big Bills Are Eyed With Suspicion.

"When you think of the millions in New York and the money spent on Fifth avenue and Broadway," said the woman, "it is pitiful to see the dearth of it on the east side. It is noticeable most of all in the change they give you—always pennies. Go to the grocery, and you come back with your pocketbook filled with pennies. For a penny you are not cart wheel pennies such as they have in England or you would have to call a messenger boy to carry them home for you."

"I went into a little place near First avenue the other day to have my face massaged. The masseur was an accomplished Austrian. He did the work beautifully, but when I handed him a dollar—it was 50 cents I owed him—he handed me back 20 cents of the change in pennies. I don't know why, but it seemed a pitiful thing to me that he shouldn't have had that much silver in change in the house."

"They stare at you aghast, these east side people, if you ask them to change a five dollar bill. They are afraid it may be counterfeit. And as for a ten—they won't change a ten at all on First avenue."

He Was Overdue.

The master of a large southern plantation would fire off a small cannon every evening at 6 o'clock as a signal to the people living on his land. One evening at the time for the usual boom the master was away. Two of his negroes, John and Jim, had long desired to fire the cannon, but had never had a chance to do so. They decided to make the trial on this afternoon, but thought that it would be best for them to have the cannon make no sound. It was decided that Jim should hold a water bucket over the mouth of the cannon while John applied the fuse. The place was touched off, there was a great boom, and John looked up to find that his friend was gone.

When the master returned John was very busy in the field. "John," said he, "where is Jim?"

"He went down to the spring after a bucket of water, sah."

"When is he coming back?"

"Well, sah, if he come back like he went, he's sure due beah now."

Wouldn't Tip, So He Grew a Beard.

I knew a man who was a conscientious objector to tipping barbers and could not shave himself. He told me once that, according to careful calculation, he had been forced to travel considerably more than 100 miles during one year in order to find new barber shops where his unbending attitude on the tip question was unknown and to spend rather more than \$5 in bus and cab fares in doing so. Finally, having exhausted the whole of inner London and most of the suburbs, he had to give up the struggle and grow a beard.—London Truth.

What Strawberries Really Are.

The pulpy portion of the strawberry is not really a fruit nor even a berry, but is a cluster of dry seeds slightly imbedded in a mass of pulp. The little seeds are the true fruit. It is surprising that the pulp enlarges; that it does not remain small and dry. By some wise provision of nature the pollen not only directly gives life to each seed on which it falls, but also stimulates the surrounding portion of the receptacle (originally small and hard) to grow into the soft, juicy and lustrous form.

More Speed Mania.

Miss Polly—Just to think, Aunt Matilda, Jason Hardapple ain't been calling on Sue Wiggs but two years and last night he actually proposed. Aunt Matilda—Do tell! I declare this here speed mania has reached Bacon Ridge at last.

Obedient Instructions.

Man of the House—Verena, I told you to call me at 7 o'clock sharp this morning. Domestic—I called so as sharp as I could, sort, but I couldn't wake ye.

Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same.—Emerson

A CLEVER BURGLAR.

How He Fooled a Man Who Thought He Couldn't Be Robbed.

"B. P. Hutchinson said to say no burglar ever could get into his house without waking him," said a central station detective the other day, according to the Chicago Record-Herald, "but it remained for Chief Simon O'Donnell to put one over the famous trader."

"You know, Mr. Hutchinson was famous in Chicago's commercial life years ago and was known popularly as 'Old Hutch.' He prided himself on the fact that burglars never had got into his house and often boasted of the fact to his intimates. One day while he was at lunch with Chief O'Donnell and a number of other friends the company fell to discussing a crime that had been committed the night before."

"I'd like to see anybody get into my house," Mr. Hutchinson said. "Why, I hear every tick of the clock all night." "I'll bet you a dinner for this crowd," said the chief, "that I can produce a man who will enter your house and you will not know of his visit till morning."

"Mr. Hutchinson accepted the wager, and it was agreed that he was to let the chief have a hatchkey, so that the burglar could get in without being disturbed by some patrolman. Mr. Hutchinson also agreed to leave some article of value in the parlor where it could be found readily. The chief said the robbery would be committed within the following week."

"Three days later Mr. Hutchinson awoke in the morning and discovered that both sheets of his bed, which had been in place when he retired, were gone. So was a little antique clock he had left on the mantel. He hurriedly dressed and hastened after breakfast to the chief's office. O'Donnell saw him coming and, as he entered the office, greeted him with:

"Mr. Hutchinson, I have two sheets and a clock that belong to you. We will have the dinner today."

"The burglary was done by a former criminal who at the time had reformed. He did the job at the request of the chief. How did he get the under sheet? He rolled Mr. Hutchinson over, rolled the sheet after him and then rolled him back."

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

The Australian water lizard walks erect.

The tree frogs of South America sing as musically as birds.

Sheep in time of famine eat the wool from one another's backs.

Gamecocks sometimes take to catching mice, which they devour greedily.

An eagle can live twenty-eight days without food, while a condor is said to be easily able to fast for forty days.

A decapitated snail kept in a moist place will, it is claimed, in a few weeks grow a new head quite as serviceable and good looking as that which was taken away.

The chameleon's eyes are situated in bony sockets projecting from the head. By this curious contrivance the peculiar little animal can see in any direction without the slightest motion save of the eye.

Ivory as a Tonic.

"Some physicians," said a druggist, "give an infusion of ground ivory and milk in the spring to stimulate and strengthen listless patients. It is a good remedy, for all I know to the contrary. Certainly it is an ancient one."

He opened a medical magazine and pointed to this quotation from Schroder's Zoology, a work published in 1637:

"Elephas (elephant)—His teeth are only used in medicine and vulgarly called ivory. The virtues: It cools and dries, moderately binds cuts, strengthens the inward parts. It is good for the jaundice, it takes away pains and weakness of the stomach, it heats the epileptic, resists poisons, drives off spring melancholic. The dose is half a dram."

His Was Harder.

It was in a country tavern, where a newly arrived commercial traveler was looking forth.

"I'll bet my case of samples," he said, "that I've got the hardest name of anybody in this room."

An old farmer in the background shifted his feet. "Ye will, will ye?" he drawled. "Waal, I'll have to take ye up. I'll bet \$10 against your samples that my name'll beat yours."

"Done," cried the salesman. "I've got the hardest name. It is Stone." "Mine," he said, "is Harder."

Starting It Early.

Starting with his bride on their honeymoon, a man entered a railway office and, as always in the past, bought only one ticket.

The bride noticed the oversight at once.

"Why, you bought only one ticket, dear," she said.

"That's so, dear," he answered. "I forgot all about myself."—Tit-Bits.

An Expert Accountant.

"Do you not think, Miss Snaffles," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?"

"Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. Giles, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figures."—London Mail.

The Test.

"Come in here, I wish to tell you a place of gossip Mrs. Smith told me."

"Is it good?"

"Is it? I had to promise not to tell a soul before she would tell me."—Houston Post.

HARDWARE!

"Standard" Coal Oil Stoves

This is without doubt the finest oil stove on the market. Always kept in stock, one, two and three burners. Blue flame, no smoke or bad smell. Cost of coal oil for getting a meal from one to two cents.

Call and see them.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.



OUR TAILORING

insures satisfaction as to the Style, Fit and Fabric of any garment you may order. Each coat, suit and overcoat is fashioned with care and skill.

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JOHN M. MCGEE,

Next door to H. Warren & Son's Hardware Store.

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Stirling News-Argus

is published every Thursday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year. (If paid in advance. If not so paid, \$1.25 will be charged.)

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for

business they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, \$10 per year; \$8 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. One inch, \$8 per year; \$6 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. Half inch, \$4 per year; \$3 for six months; \$2 for three months; \$1 for two months; \$1 for one month. Advertisements of twenty lines.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertiser without extra charge. First insertion, 5c. per line each subsequent insertion 1c.

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JOHN PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

S. S. No. 22, Sidney, Promotions

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II to III—230—A Keating 454, B Richardson 387.

Visitors in June—Miss Ida Weaver, Rev. F. A. Robinson, Miss M. Lowe, Prof. Maurice, Misses I. and G. Broadworth, Mrs. A. Green.

Highest conduct marks—E. Carlisle. Average attendance—32,315.

M. I. McMullen, Teacher.

Frank C. Ritz, of Thurlow, was drowned in the Moira near Foxboro, while fishing on Monday. He was nearly fifteen years of age.

The Provincial Board of Health will attempt to improve the sanitary conditions in cheese factories.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain center. Its effects are charming, pleasant, delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.

It's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Brush your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain your eye? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's

Headache

Tablets

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All Difficult and Chronic Diseases diagnosed and special treatment given.

DISEASES OF LUNGS, THROAT, EAR AND NOSE. FITTING OF GLASSES.

DISEASES OF WOMEN, PILES, CONSTIPATION, Prostatic Diseases of Men, Rectal Troubles, Catarrh of the Nose and all Acute and Chronic Diseases treated by the most approved, scientific principles.

All in doubt of their ailments should have an X RAY Examination.

Dr. ELGIN TOWLE, M.B., M.D.C.M., Physician-in-Charge.

Office Hours 12 to 3 p.m. Drug Store in connection.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Showing the Successive Changes in the English Language.

Few scholars even are aware of the great changes through which the English language has passed in successive centuries. Following are specimens of the Lord's Prayer as used at various periods in English history:

A. D. 1158—Fader ure heune, haleweide beith thi menne, cunin thi kuneriche, thi will beoth idon in heune and in erthe. The eurye dave biend, gif oue thilk dave. And vorzif ner detters as vi yoursifen ure dettours. And lene us nouht into temtation, bot deloyeur us of yvill. Amen.

A. D. 1300—Fader ure in hevene, halewyn be thi name, thi kingdom come, thi will be done as in hevene and earthe. Oue urche dave bred give us to dave. And forgive ure dettes as we forgive ure dettours. And lead us nor in temtation, bote deloyeur us of yvill. Amen.

A. D. 1370—Oure fadir that art in heunes, hallowid be thi name, thi kingdom come, be thi will done in earthe as in heune, geve to us this oure bred our other substance foregone to use oure dettis as we forgave to oure dettours, lode us not into temtation, bot deloyeur us yvill. Amen.

A. D. 1524—O our father which arte in heven, hallowid by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. They wyll be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heven. Give us this dave oure dailie brede. And forgive us our trespasses even as we forgive our trespassers. And lead us not into temtation, bot deloyeur us from evell. Fy thyne is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1561—Our father which are in heven, sanctified by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heven, in earth also. Give us today our superabundant bread. And forgive us our dettes as we forgive our detters. And lead us not into temtation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1711—Our father which are in heven, hallowid by thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heven. Give us this day our dailie bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temtation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

FREE TO YOU.

If you have Rheumatism, any Kidney or Bladder Trouble, or think that these organs are affected, write for our valuable booklet. Free to you, and tells all about

Bu-Ju

The Gentle Kidney Pill.

The Clifton Chemical Co. Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

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STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 43.



PLENTY
OF
PEOPLE

Have yet to buy suits. They have lost nothing by waiting, as the choice is still large enough to meet the ideals of the BEST DRESSERS.

To be WARD clad is to be

SWELL CLAD

Call and choose the cloth. The price is right; the Fit, Finish and Workmanship is right.

**OUR READY-TO-WEAR
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Is overflowing with new and up-to-the-minute patterns and styles in the special

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CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and
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**Rain Coats
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You are invited to meet the expert Corsetier of BIAS CORSETS, LIMITED, who will be pleased to fit you and demonstrate the truly wonderful effects of Bias Fitting. Fitting and consultation free. No obligation to buy. MISS FITZGER will be with us from

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**The Mutual Life Co.
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Results Speak Louder Than Words.

Total Payments for Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Surrendered Policies, etc. - - - \$ 7,476,529.26
Add present Assets - - - 10,385,539.84
Amount paid to policyholders and held for them - - - \$17,862,069.10
Total Premiums received - - - 17,338,715.05
Excess of Assets and Payments to Policyholders over Premium receipts - - - \$523,354.05

S. BURROWS,

AGENTS WANTED.

General Agent, Belleville.



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TWO GEMS

Ward's for Hats . . .

Any kind of a Hat—

The Hat you want,

The Hat we want to sell,

The Best Brands in the Hat Kingdom,

You will find here.

We burn our old styles and sell up-to-date Hats, Caps, Etc., at

The King's Visit to Ireland

Few announcements could be more welcome than that of another visit of the King and Queen to Ireland. What ever may have been the merits of the late reign in other respects, it was unhappily marked through almost its whole course by a persistent omission to perform the most practically essential of all the duties of British Royalty at the present day, that of cultivating the respect and affection of the Irish people; a people eminently warm-hearted and open to personal impressions. Danger to Royalty in visiting Ireland there would have been absolutely none. It is a fact not less calamitous than startling that before George IV, the Irish people had never seen their King, except as an invader. George IV was received with rapturous demonstrations, in which O'Connell joined. The political part of the Home Rule movement is the artificial work of political aspirants for whom the field has been left vacant. They have taught the people to connect their agrarian troubles and sufferings with English rule, and thus to make the name of England hateful to the Irish people. The best antidote to disunion would have been a counterpart at Kilmalham of Osborne and Balmoral. If such a remark sounds like Toryism the answer is that every race as well as every unit of humanity must have its childhood.—"A BYSTANDER," in Weekly Sun.

The Cigarette Evil

The industrial census placed before the Government a few days ago showed among other things that the consumption of cigarettes in this country had almost doubled. This may be regarded by some as a mark of prosperity in the matter of industrial development, but by the honest-minded man it must be regarded with considerable alarm.

It is doubtful if we have in Canada to-day a greater evil than that created by the cigarette. We read every little while of some one dying as a result of the excessive use of cigarettes. They undermine the system, and what is far more serious, they inspire a mania which is in itself the barrier to reform.

The W.C.T.U. is waging a campaign against the cigarette evil, which has been marked by earnest and consistent efforts. Though success has not been attained, still it must be conceded that things point in a more promising direction. The matter has been before the house on two or three occasions, and though at one time it looked as though the desired end would be accomplished, still the lack of courage on the part of the majority spelled temporary defeat. The Union is pressing forward with renewed energy, and it is a healthy sign to notice some of our public men throwing in their lot with the movement.

The cigarette evil is one that is growing in seriousness. It is the danger attending young manhood that could easily be stamped out without seriously affecting any interests. Its elimination means the establishment of healthier interest of the whole we should commendations for our young men, and in bat the evil with an earnestness that will inspire success.—Ontario.

The Trent Valley Canal is progressing slowly but surely towards completion. On Saturday the lift lock at Kirkfield was formally opened by the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General. This lock opens a passage between what is known as the "height of land" section in Victoria county, 596 feet above Lake Ontario and 800 feet above sea level, and the lower stretch flowing into Lake Simcoe. This now gives uninterrupted water communication from Barrie and all points on Lake Simcoe, to Healy's Falls. There are still about fourteen miles of canal to construct to unite the waters of Lake Simcoe with the Georgian Bay; and the portion from Healy's Falls to Trenton.

The Doctor Away from Home When Most Needed

People are often very much disappointed to find that their family physician is away from home when they most need his services. Diseases like cramp colic and cholera morbus require prompt treatment, and have in many instances proven fatal before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. The right way is to keep at hand a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. No physician can prescribe a better medicine for these diseases. By having it in the house you escape much pain and suffering and all risk. Buy it now, it may save life. For sale by J. S. Morton.

Take the Postmaster's Word for it

Mr. F. M. Hamilton, postmaster at Cherryvale, Ind., keeps also a stock of general merchandise and patent medicines. He says: "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is standard here in its line. It never fails to give satisfaction and we could hardly afford to be without it." For sale by J. S. Morton.

Women's Institutes

One of the most significant and promising movements in the farm life of Ontario has been the steady yet rapid growth of Women's Institutes. Begun eight years ago, with two districts organized, one Institute in each, Women's Institutes now occupy seventy-eight districts in Ontario; there are four hundred and two Institutes altogether, with a total membership of over eleven thousand. The summer meetings begin with the first of June, and end about the middle of July. When it is remembered that Women's Institutes are intended to show how labor may be saved in household work, and to supply farmers' wives and daughters with an opportunity for affording each other mutual instruction and encouragement in house-making, housekeeping, sanitation the proper care of milk, and kindred subjects, and, most important of all, in the ethical relations of life and the cultivation of a social, neighborly spirit, it will be understood what an influence these Institutes are already exerting, and what an extraordinary influence they promise to exert. They are a living demonstration of the fact that the final problem of the farm is not the doubling of crops—excellent as that endeavor is—but the doubling of the desirability, the comfort and the standard of farm life. The organization of Women's Institutes by the Provincial Government, under the leadership of such men as the Deputy Minister, Mr. C. C. James, and Mr. Putnam, Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, shows that the Department of Agriculture recognizes its work to be not merely with products, but finally with the conditions of life on the farm. The Women's Institute is an extension of the work for Women in the Macdonald Institute. It aims at fitting woman to be mistress of her share in country life.

Hail Large as Eggs

Prince Edward county was visited on Monday afternoon by one of the most terrific hail storms experienced in years. The storm was particularly severe in the second and third concessions of Ameliasburg township, where hundreds of dollars' worth of damage was done. Nearly all the windows on the west side of the residences were broken, as well as all the windows on the west side of the Methodist church in the village. Many valuable windows in the village, were destroyed, and fruit trees suffered to a large extent. The storm broke out shortly after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and hail stones picked up after the storm measured 1 1/2 inches in diameter, and weighed over two ounces. Nearly all the hail stones were large ones. The storm was followed by heavy thunder, lightning and rain.

For those who are taking a lengthy rest from business, or for those who are unable to leave it suggestions as to the best way to get the most good out of spare time are always interesting, and sometimes helpful. "Vacation for Business men," dealing with the best and most helpful way to spend a holiday; and "A Busy Man's Vacation," showing how a person can get rest and recreation at their own doors, are both interesting and helpful. Both these articles are to be found in the July Oatling Number of Busy Man's Magazine. In addition to these, there are several others of interest to those about to take an outing, such as, "In Evangeline's Country," an entertaining account of a trip in picturesque Nova Scotia; "In a Border Mining Camp," and John Bull's Breadbasket," on Western Canada, the farming country. Other articles of popular interest also appear, among which are, "Government Ownership in Canada"; "The Farce at the Hague," a character sketch of Chas. R. Hosmer, Telegraph Operator; "Telegraphing Pictures"; "Inventions we owe to Savages"; "A Revolution in Travel" (the latter giving a little idea of the Monorail System); "Old Age Pensions in Germany"; "Even Temperament as a Business Asset"; "Succulent Dinners that Swim the Sea"; and other miscellaneous matter of equal merit. The amount of fiction is rather larger than usual this month, and no better can be said of it than that it is up to the usual standard.

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Interest at best current rates paid quarterly.

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Sterling Hall's MIDSUMMER BARGAIN SELLING

We want this big Store to be busy during July and August, and in order to make it so we have ready a swarm of humming bargains in every department. Only a very few of these are mentioned below. Watch the price tickets throughout the Store—the sure indicators of many others.

Savings in Hosiery

25 doz. Ladies' fast black one and one ribbed Cotton Hose, sizes 7 1/2 to 9 1/2, regular value 15 cts. on sale at 10 cts. pair
10 doz. Men's grey union Sox, ribbed tops, regular 15c. on sale at 10 cts. pair

Sweeping Out Prices in Stylish Dress Goods Remnants

200 yards of Remnants in fashionable Dress Goods, in lengths of 3 to 5 yards, at one-half regular prices:
50c. Goods for. 25c. per yard
75c. " " " " " 37 1/2c. "
\$1.00 " " " " " 50c. "
\$1.50 " " " " " 75c. "

Lace Curtains Reduced

20 pairs fine Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long by 54 inches wide, regular value \$1.00. on sale at 73 cts.
20 pairs Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long by 60 inches wide, regular \$1.25. for 89 cts. pair

Deep Price Cutting in

Table Linen and Towels

Heavy half bleached linen Damask Tabling, 70 inches wide, worth 50c. yard. very special at 38 cts. yard
Heavy cream linen Damask, 60 inches wide, regular value 40 cts. on sale at 28 cts. yard
10 dozen heavy linen Damask Towels, size 19 x 37 inches, well worth 35 cts. pair. on sale at 25 cts. pair

Parasol Prices Reduced

The backward season has made the parasol trade a little slow, but our deep cut prices should make swift selling. Latest New York styles in black, white and fancy. at 20 per cent. off regular prices

Bargain Tables

Take a look at our 5c, 10c, 15c, and 25c. Bargain Tables for real snaps. Besides China and Glassware you will find many useful notions and nick-nacks.

Notions at Low Prices

Silco Crochet Cotton, best colors, reg. 5c. spool at 3 cts.
Six pairs Boot Laces. for 5 cts.
10 ct. Letter Pads. for 5 cts.

Campers' Comforts

Get ready for the lake or riverside by mending your tents.
White Duck in 7, 8, 10 oz. weights, at 15 to 25c. yd.
Awning, stripe. at 20 to 30 cts.

W. R. MATHER,

Direct Importer of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and
Retailer of Everything to wear for Everybody.

Clubbing List.

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:
The Weekly Globe. \$1.80
The Weekly Mail & Empire, with premium picture. 1.80
The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with premium picture. 1.70
" " with picture and book. 1.85
The Weekly Sun. 1.80
The Toronto News (Daily). 2.25
The Toronto Star (Daily). 2.25
The Toronto Globe (Daily). 4.50
The Farmers' Advocate, weekly \$2.25
We recommend our readers to subscribe to the Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, the best Agricultural Journal in America.

CHINESE LAUNDRY

LEE YONG wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Laundry work in the best style, and guarantees all work to be finished equal to the best city laundries. Give me a trial and you will be convinced.
LEE YONG,
Front Street, Stirling.

MEAT SHOP

Under new management. The business formerly carried on by A. H. SEELEY, is now changed to

SEELEY & HATTON

We are prepared to supply the public with first-class Meats of all kinds at lowest cash prices.

Lax-ets 5c Sweet to Eat
A Candy Bowl Laxative.

THE TRAGEDIES OF STEEL

PITTSBURGH CORONER'S LOG BOOK OF CASUALTIES.

Fifty Per Cent. of Fatalities Comprises Human Sacrifice to Industrial Progress.

The grim and tragic side of Pittsburgh's industrial supremacy, as reflected in the county coroner's log book of violent deaths, is beginning to arouse a feeling of horror at the frightful cost of the wealth which its millionaires are piling up.

When the coroner closed his log for 1906 he found that in the year he had been called on to record a total of 2,666 deaths. Of these 919 were the result directly of accident in mill, mine or on railroad, the industries most essential to the city's progress. Sufficiently more of the total number of deaths in the city were indirectly attributed to the same causes to make more than 50 per cent. of all deaths the cost in human life of the steel and money made in Pittsburgh for 1906.

Appalling as these figures are, the chances are that a new record will be established this year. Already in the five months that have been recorded in the coroner's log, and of these 244 came suddenly and violently in the mills and mines and on the railroads that gridiron the city. In the same period last year, the total number of deaths recorded was 1,015, and those laid at the door of the city's industries numbered 340.

250 DEATHS EVERY MONTH.

While in the aggregate these figures may seem abnormal they are recorded so regularly that their magnitude is scarcely realized. The average number of deaths reported to the coroner is about 250 a month, and there is little variation from this from year to year.

Comparing the loss of life by accidents with the tonnage and production of the Pittsburgh district, one life has been snuffed out for every 50,000 tons of coal that is shipped, and the annual shipment is about 50,000,000 tons. For every 3,800 cars that carry freight out of or into Pittsburgh, one soul has given up the ghost. This is exclusive of cars that are carrying freight through to other points.

Every 7,600 tons of the 7,000,000 tons annual production of iron and steel have been put out at the cost of the life of one of the manipulators somewhere in its manufacture, and of the 800,000 tons annual output of steel rails every 87,000 tons have been put upon the market only after some one of its producers has laid down his life.

FLESH AND BLOOD IN RAILS

Although the coroner's log is the saddest kind of a casualty list, it is possible to glean from it some idea of the manner in which death comes to the workers. Most metal forgings, perhaps, offend in the record. "Burned by molten steel and died." That is the obituary of scores. Often a blast furnace bursts. That scatters death and sometimes a fate worse than death, which does not figure in the coroner's log.

The upsetting of a huge ladle of molten steel is no uncommon thing in the mills. Men work there at a frantic pace. Demand runs far ahead of the output of the mills, and no time is wasted in the making of steel. Men who work always alongside of death are not especially careful. Thus, often, the ladies spill over. Sometimes in these spills a man vanishes. But the rolls go out.

Then there are the giant rollers that crush out steel plate, and often human lives, and murderous machinery that is everywhere a death trap for the unwary workman. The record contains also the names of men who worked, for an instant, too near the

GREAT ELECTRIC CRANES, those huge mechanical arms that, with almost human precision, pick up massive pieces of structural steel about the plants and place them wherever may be indicated at the simple moving of a lever.

The mines and the railroads supply their quota of steel. Men log, falling shale, gas explosions, derrick, falls from scaffolding, in the shunting cars, and other accidents on the rail all help to swell the cost in human life.

PAPER PAIRS FOR MILK.

Latest London Contrivance for Securing Pure Milk Supply.

For years London's milk supply has been blamed by medical men and health officers for a great deal of the infant mortality.

Now the dairy companies are to deliver milk at the doors of houses in paper pails or pithers, which are said to be absolutely proof against germs and water.

The paper pails are being made at a new factory at the rate of 500,000 daily, but they will require to be turned out at the rate of some millions daily if the demand is to be met.

These milk pails, made from wood pulp, can, of course, be used only once. But they will be cheaper than metal cans, pithers, or glass bottles, for one reason, because all labor of cleaning and sterilizing will be saved.

The pail is a simple contrivance, twelve times lighter than the ordinary milk can, is strongly made and is finished off, after being rendered waterproof, by being sterilized in a furnace heated up to 500 degrees Fahrenheit. Every pail has a close fitting flanged cover which can be quickly adjusted, and when fixed, effectually seals the milk from any outside influence.

Success is pretty certain to come in the form of an alarm clock.

The hottest city in the world is Pisco, in Peru. It is 14,257 feet above the sea, and it nearly always freezes there in the shade. Pisco is famous for its rich silver mines.

STRANGERS AT ALTAR

PARTED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Amazing Romance of Real Life—Bride Married to Oblige a Brother.

A romance of real life, unsurpassed by the most improbable of sensational novels, was revealed in the London law courts the other day.

It was related by Mrs. Ada Olivia Sophia Brine, who claimed £484 from her husband, Mr. Harry Brine, of East Cotes.

Mrs. Brine's extraordinary story may be summarized as follows—

She married a man in order to oblige his brother, with whom she was in love.

She never met the bridegroom before her wedding day, and they parted immediately after the ceremony.

Through the medium of an advertisement she met Mr. Brine, who arranged a divorce and married her.

She was imprisoned by him in a house, cruelly treated, and made to sign cheques, but escaped.

Mr. J. Willis, for the lady, stated that she first married a Mr. Crampson, who left her money. In addition to this she had £200 to £300 a year under the will of her father, Mr. Carus Wilson.

Her second husband was a Mr. Witt, but there were divorce proceedings. Mr. Brine, who had been a trustee of her settlement, being the co-respondent.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Mrs. Brine, who is an elderly Irishwoman, said she was divorced from Mr. Witt in 1903. They parted on the day they were married, and she never lived with him.

She met Mr. Brine after seeing an advertisement in a Sunday newspaper. He continued. He found out that she had not lived with Mr. Witt, and said he could "get her out of it" if Mr. Witt was paid.

A divorce was "worked up" by Mr. Brine, Mr. Witt accepting a large sum and handing her over. She also paid the expenses of Mr. Witt's petition.

He treated her, kept her locked up, and forced her to sign cheques, but I escaped with one of his daughters," she added.

Cross-examined by Mr. Bower, K.C., she said she "started the matrimonial correspondence" for fun.

"Why did you marry Mr. Witt?" she was asked.

"Must I really say that?" the lady pleaded.

"Well," said Mr. Bower, "I suppose you married him because you loved him."

"I never met him before in my life," was the surprising reply.

LOVED HIS BROTHER.

"I never heard such a thing in my life," exclaimed Mr. Bower, and Mrs. Brine explained, amid roars of laughter, "I knew the family well, and I loved his brother, Francis Witt. It was for the sake of the brother that I married into the family."

Mr. Bower then questioned Mrs. Brine with regard to her relations with her husband. "Is this your diary?" he asked, holding up a book.

"Yes," she answered, adding dramatically, "What a mean thing to take a woman's diary. I had lost it for years, and here it is."

Counsel then read the following extracts—

"B. and I inseparable. The two of us wandered away to seaward. Found a nook, where we rested till sundown and after. The hush of peace was over land and sea."

"Sabbath. B. took a little boat round to C's farm. We alighted, and spent the long search of flowers. Found a book on the stars."

"My lover and I went out. He brought me a melon and a bottle of ale. Our hearts are inseparably fixed."

"Our courtship was very sweet," said Mrs. Brine. "It was when he was my husband that he became a devil."

Mr. Brine denied his wife's allegations, and said he had spent the money in accordance with her instructions.

Judgment was given for Mr. Brine with costs.

SOMETHING LIKE A HEN.

Yes see, my brother Sam was a natral genius, and war allus tryin' some way ter invent ter make hens lay, 'one day he rigged a machine that did the thing he wanted. It war natral more or less than a hen's nest with a few bottom. When the hen got on that 'ere nest, and layed, the egg dropped through inter a basket. Arter Sam got the thing fixed, he put it inter the hen house, an' stood outside, an' peeped through a crack to see the thing work.

The first hen that went on tew it war the old yaller hen. Sam said arter she'd laid she got up an' commenced ter cackle, but happenin' ter look down she didn't see nothin'. Thinkin' she'd made a mistake, she shut up her noise, an' set down agin an' laid, another egg. This time she looked afore she begun ter cackle, but the egg had gone through. Sam said the old hen looked mad, and set down agin an' laid another—but no egg, it warn't there.

Arter she'd laid ar-fra-denz Sam went terin' inter the house, yellin' hoo-hoo, an' writ out an application for a patent, an' saddled the old sorrel mare, an' went galopin' away tew the Patent Office, ten miles off. About sunset he came back and asked me ter help him gather the eggs. Well, gentlemen, we took out six dozen hard-shelled eggs, which the old yaller hen had laid that afternoon. I told Sam we ought ter take the old hen off and give her some corn.

"Agreed," said Sam; but when we came ter look for her all we could find was her bill an' claws an' a few feathers. The fact is, the old hen had laid herself full away.

"Did Sam get a patent?"

"No," the Patent Office man said they dur'n't give him one, as they was afra'd it would exterminate the whole feathered tribe on the face of the earth; an', besides, the supply of eggs would hev exceeded the demand."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN DILL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The King has approved of the West Indian Battalion Royal Garrison Artillery being disbanded.

Hundreds of Lancashire colliers have gone out to New Zealand, and many of them are now waiting home for clogs to be sent out to them.

Pygmies brought from the forest of Ituria, in Central Africa, by Lieutenant Colonel J. Harrison, appear at Earl's Court Exhibition.

Sir Alexander John Arbuthnot, formerly a member of the Council of India, died in London in his eighty-fifth year, after undergoing an operation.

For striking a petty officer, who reported him, Arthur Tucker, seaman, of H.M.S. Illustrious, was sentenced at Chatham to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Liverpool sailors have decided to ask the Steamship Owners' Association for an all-round increase in wages and the establishment of a Conciliation Board.

Westminster Guardians decided to supply to an aged inmate of the workhouse, named Thomas Johnson, a set of false teeth and a false palate, at a total cost of £4.

Because they played a game of dominoes on Sunday, two inmates of the workhouse have been sentenced by the Hampstead guardians to two days' dietary on bread and water.

George Benwell, thirty-eight, firewood merchant, of Kingston-on-Thames, committed suicide by leaping from the King Charles Bridge at Surbiton to the railway below, a distance of forty feet.

Depression following a lawsuit decided against him was suggested at the inquest as the cause of the suicide of Mr. Woolf, furniture dealer, of Ravenscroft Park, who shot himself in an hotel at Dover.

Mr. Justice Bingham, at the New Bailey, sentenced James Ashton, a lad of sixteen, to ten years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of William Garrett Dunlop in the City Road on the night of the final contest for the English Football Cup.

About 300 girls employed at the Pool Wall collar and shirt factory at Taunton, have gone out on strike owing to the price of cotton supplied to them for work being raised. The strike of painters at Staunton has now been in progress for a month.

After thirty-eight years' service, during which he has walked 209,412 miles, and has never been late on duty, Richard Searns Goodman, a rural postman, attached to Newport Pagnell (Bucks), has been presented with the Imperial Service Order medal.

Mr. Douglas Sladen writes that within fifty yards of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens his son on Thursday came across an ordinary ringed snake, between two and three feet long, coiled up and asleep. When poked with a stick it made no attempt to get away.

Constable Woodcock was called to the rescue of a girl named Sarah Barrett, who was struggling in the river at Chelsea, but, owing to the strength of the current was forced to let her go. As she sank the girl seized the officer's leg, and he then succeeded in dragging her to the surface and swam with her to the shore.

Colonel Mathias, Gordon Highlanders, who served in the Sudan operations, in the Chitral campaign, including the storming of the Malakand Pass, the Tirah campaign, in which he led the first assault at Dargai, and was wounded and made an A.D.C. to the late Queen, has retired under the age regulation.

Whilst the verger at St. Leonard's Parish church, Bilston, was going his rounds on Sunday evening lighting up the gas, prior to the service, there was a terrible explosion of gas, and the tower of the sacred edifice was partially wrecked. The accident is supposed to have been due to a leakage of gas in the vicinity of the organ.

Old Scotland Yard, for nearly a hundred years the headquarters of the London police, is about to disappear, to make way for the construction of a grand new thoroughfare, extending from Whitehall to Northumberland avenue, and with it one of the most familiar landmarks of the British metropolis, a landmark enjoying a world-wide celebrity, will vanish.

SUICIDE FROM BARBARITIES.

Systematic ill-treatment of Soldiers in Austrian Army.

The large number of serious cases of ill-treatment of soldiers which have recently been reported have caused a considerable scandal in Austria.

Within the last few weeks, three cavalry soldiers belonging to different regiments have committed suicide on account of cruel treatment. One of them, a Hussar, shot himself within hearing of Archduke Josef, who was reviewing his regiment at the time. The archduke ordered an immediate enquiry into the circumstances.

A young recruit in the dragons wrote a pathetic letter to a Bohemian newspaper describing how he was constantly beaten and knocked about because he could not ride. "The officers continually call us 'cattle' and 'swine,' and treat us as such." The letter concluded: "I am going to kill myself before this letter can be printed, as I can stand it no longer." The letter and the man's suicide appeared at the same time.

ORGANS FOR WARSHIPS.

It is announced that warships carrying shipboard organs to be supplied with organs in future. Four new cruisers of the Achilles class are to be supplied forthwith, and six other vessels have been selected for a like distinction. The change is regarded by the Admiralty as a desirable improvement, and the little organs it is thought the organs will give a more impressive setting to the services held on board ships than the band accompaniment.

\$55,000,000 FOR BEER

BUSINESS OF SELLING DISSIPATION IN CHICAGO.

Estimate of the Breweries and Saloons of Beer Drunk During Last Year.

"Why have the primary and basic guarantees of civilization broken down in Chicago? Why has that city, year after year, such a flood of violent and adventurous crime?" asks a writer in McClure's Magazine.

The answer can be simple and straightforward: Because of the tremendous and elaborate organization, financial and political, for creating and attracting and protecting the criminal in Chicago.

FROM BUSINESS STANDPOINT.

The dweller in the city, true to the instincts of city life, has made dissipation a financial transaction, has found it a great source of gain. Ethically considered this thing is hideous beyond belief; socially considered, it is suicidal. But to be understood intelligently, it must be considered in neither of these lights, for its methods and motives are purely business-like, it must be considered purely from a business standpoint.

LEADING BRANCH OF BUSINESS.

The leading branch of the great business of selling dissipation in Chicago, is naturally, that of the sale of alcoholic liquors. In the year 1906 the retail liquor trade in Chicago was more than \$10,000,000. They were probably about \$15,000,000.

There are 7,300 licensed liquor sellers in Chicago, and in addition about a thousand places where liquor is sold illegally.

The city spends at least half as much for what it drinks as for what it eats, not counting the cost of cooking and serving of food.

CAN START WITH \$200.

Up to last year, no man with two hundred dollars, who was not subject to arrest on sight, need go without a saloon in Chicago, nor for that matter, need he now. With that two hundred dollars as a margin, the brewery sorts him out a set from its stock of saloon fixtures, pays his rent, pays his license, and supplies him with beer. He pays for everything in an extra price on each barrel of beer. The other supplies of his saloon—liquor and cigars—are bought out of his two hundred dollars cash capital.

There is now one retail liquor dealer to every two hundred and eighty-five people. Disregarding unlicensed dealers in the laboring wards, the licensed saloons run as many as one to every hundred and fifty.

In the stock yards, just forty-eight saloons in opposing rows of staggering wooden buildings down a distance across which a strong man could throw a stone.

SELL BEER OR DIE.

The breweries own or control the great majority of the saloons of American cities. They have a distinct policy: If there are too many saloons as there can be supplied them, this is what has been done in Chicago. Fully ninety per cent. of the Chicago saloons are under some obligation to the brewery; with at least eighty per cent., the obligation is a serious one.

The brewery, under present conditions in Chicago, must sell beer at all cost, or promptly die. This is because the brewing business has been over-capitalized and over-built there for at least ten years, and at the present time, a full third of the capital invested in the forty companies and fifty plants is not earning dividends. Under these circumstances the breweries of Chicago can have but one aim—to fill Chicago with beer to the point of saturation.

RAISING FEE NO AVAIL.

Reckoning it out by population, every man, woman and child in Chicago drank in 1906, two and one quarter barrels of beer—that is seventy-gallons—three and one-half times the average consumption of the United States.

The main object of the brewing business is well fulfilled: The consumers of Chicago expended not less than \$55,000,000 for beer in 1906.

A year ago the license fee was raised from five hundred to one thousand dollars. It was hoped that this would wipe out the criminal saloon, but it did not. The result was that a few hundred poor wretches little better than the workman's ward staggered down and died, but the man with the side line of prostitution and gambling naturally survived, and had the benefit of the other's failure.

A more terrible feature than even the crimes in its immensity caused by the drink traffic, is that the children are as quickly and as surely rotted as their parents, by the influence of the saloon upon the neighborhood of their homes.

WAR DOGS FOR TURKEY.

Major, Richardson, of the British army, who recently took three ambulatory dogs to Turkey and instructed the Albanian soldiers of the guard at Yildiz in their use, has been created by the Sultan a commander of the order of the Medjidieh. The Sultan, who witnessed the performance of the dogs in his private grounds, expressed great delight at their work. Major Richardson says that the Sultan is a good sportsman, with a thorough knowledge of dogs. The Sultan has been adopted for the Turkish Army.

TO SAVE PENS.

The millionaire, before filling his inkwell, dropped in two or three old pens, poured the writing fluid upon them, and then he said, "I practise pen economy, prolonging three or four times the life of all my pens. You see the corrosive power of the ink, which is immensely strong, vents itself on the old pens kept in the desk and has little or no strength left wherever it is to attack the pen I have in use. Try this scheme, young man, and you will find that your pens will practically never wear out."

CADET PRINCE EDWARD

LEARNING THE ROPES AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE.

The Future King of England Tumbles Into Line With 400 Cadets.

A first term cadet was strolling in the grounds of the Royal Naval College at Osborne recently, when he was met by a fourth-term cadet, who, noticing that the younger boy was fresh to the place, spoke to him.

"Hello," he said, "you are a first term?"

"Yes," said the new boy.

"What's your name?"

"Edward."

"Edward what? Haven't you got any other name? What's your full name?"

"Edward of Wales."

"The older boy whistled.

"Oh," he said, "you're the chap, are you," and he walked on.

There is no snobbish spirit at the Royal Naval College, and Princes are judged by their personal merits alone. Indeed, Prince Edward of Wales, mainly little fellow that he is, is under the disadvantage of having to encounter lads who shrink from the suspicion of favoritism towards a highly-placed school-fellow. That Prince Edward is accorded no special favor is demonstrated by the fact that many of the four hundred cadets at the college do not know him.

TYPICAL CADET.

Prince Edward is just a typical cadet among cadets, fighting the battles every boy has in school life, and enjoying himself greatly the while. He dropped into the ways of the school very quickly, and from the first showed a hearty enjoyment of it, which, soon after half-past six, the cadets start the day. He early became an adept in the rush for meals at the sound of the bugle. From 7 to 7.45 the boys are at study, and then, when the bugle sounds, they leave their lessons and go to the double for the dining-hall. Prince Edward, as becomes a lusty boy, is with those in the van.

It is regarded by the college authorities as the highest commendation of a boy that he is just an ordinary cadet. Only once was he guilty of a boyish informality, and it was in his first days and on an occasion which would try the heart of any schoolboy away from home.

EDDY SKIDDOED.

An official was taking him round the engineering shop, explaining some of the things he would have to learn in the future, when the news came that his father the Prince of Wales was in the college. Prince Edward forgot the machinery and forgot the official, and fled as fast as his legs could carry him to see his father.

During the six weeks at the college one of his most exciting experiences has been a visit to the Dreadnought. He, together with a number of the other cadets, was taken out to the great warship, and the party was conducted over her as an interesting lesson. That was only an incident in the full life he shares with his school-fellows. He begins his studies at 7 in the morning; he leaves off at a quarter past eight at night. Between those times are wedged in two or three hours of recreation. Work is further lightened by two half-holidays a week.

GOT BLACK EYE.

Prince Edward is very fond of cricket, and those who have seen him play say he has the makings of a good wicket-keeper. A rumor spread over Cowes a few days ago to the effect that he was suffering from a black eye, as the result of a blow from a cricket ball. Prince Edward had been through his first fight. Even now the officers at the college absolutely deny that the young prince has had a black eye at all, a good many people shake their heads knowingly and express the opinion that he is "a manly boy and not to be put upon."

CLAIM AGAINST GERMANY.

But In by Heirs of a Great Russian Statesman.

The Prussian Government is considering a claim of the heirs of a great Russian statesman, the Field Marshal Count Munnich. The claim is regarding a considerable sum and of great interest to two families living in France.

The Russian field marshal Count Munnich received from Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, as a present, a property situated in Prussia, given to him for good services rendered to the state by the conclusion of a treaty.

The count did not accept this, but with the agreement of the Empress Anna of Russia, it was transferred by Frederick the Great to the son of the field marshal. This son obtained afterwards the written promise that the sum of 312,000 "Thaler Albert" should be given to him.

The descendants claim that this sum now, with the interest since 1741, the descendants of the granddukes of the field marshal, his grandson died a hachfeld marshal in France, on the one side, the Counts d'Altonville and on the other side Mme. David-Nolche, wife of Mr. David, of the well-known furrier and dress-making firm of Bechoff David. She is a born descendant of Count Munnich, descending from Axel-Gustav, Baron von Noleken, who married in 1787 Marie Ernestine, Countess von Munnich, immediate heiress of the Field Marshal Munnich.

At the sum asked for amounts to a great many millions the present claim is of great interest. The Counts d'Altonville have, through the good offices of Countess Von Wedel Gorman, ambassador in Vienna, addressed a letter to the chancery of the Emperor William. Prince Lindolf has given answer that the territorial claim cannot be admitted, but did not speak of the 312,000 thalers.

Lake Ontario is as large as Wales; Superior exceeds Scotland in size; Huron equals the area of Holland and Belgium combined. No other country can match Canada for lakes and rivers.

BUSH OF CENTRAL AFRICA

SCENES ON THE GREAT PLATEAU NORTH OF THE ZAMBEZI.

Herds of Wild Animals on the Veld—Natives and the White Lord Under the Awning.

Spring is on us with a rapidity that temperate climes know not. One good shower and in two days the face of nature is transformed. Trees burst into leaf; birds which seem to have hidden themselves during the past months, make the days joyous with song, write a correspondent of the London Field, describing the great plateau north of the Zambezi and southwest of Lake Nyassa in its spring aspect.

A green carpet overspreads the veld as if by magic, and the earth smoothes its life and moisture with which it is impregnated. The days become cool, and the heat haze gives place to a clearness of atmosphere which is unrivaled even on the South African veld.

Go to the foot of kopje and drink in the view. As far as the eye can reach is a vast sea of low forest, broken by conical hills standing like sentinels above the surrounding plain, and by open glades, or "dambos," whose grass presents the most vivid green one can imagine in nature.

Now for the denizens of the country. Natives there are few, some tiny kraals at long intervals in the forest. Not so the wild animals. Slowly working their way down an open park,

A HERD OF ZEBRA

and hairbreasted meander, noses to the ground, greedily cropping the tender grass shoots, tails busily switching off the flies which cluster round them.

Warthogs scurry to and fro, leaving up the fresh green cloids in their search for succulent roots. They always seem busy, these warthogs. A hurried scamper out of the forest into the open, and all are hard at it, nosing up the soft earth; then, without apparent rhyme or reason, tails up in the air, off they scamper to another part to repeat the process.

Suddenly the antelopes become alert, their heads raised, ears pointed, a snuff around, one danger scented, a noisy clatter of hoofs, and they are off. The cause of it? Perchance a lion skulking in the neighboring cover, or, if you are lucky, a roan or hairbreasted galloping full tilt across the glade, head thrown back, nostrils dilated, eyes wide with terror, foam flecks on the forehead, a pack of hunting dogs in close pursuit, the white splash on their bushy tails marking the rhythm of their head-long gallop. Nature is here unspoiled. No bullock wagons, with swearing drivers, and indiscriminate slaughter of the country's game by their owners. The great tsetse belt to the south takes care of that. The South African invasion has yet to come.

MAY SAVE SOME LIVES

DIRECTIONS FOR RESTORING THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

Issued by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution of Great Britain.

The leading principles of the following directions for the restoration of the apparently dead from drowning, issued by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, are founded on those of the late Dr. Marshall Hall, combined with those of Dr. H. R. Silvester, and are the result of extensive inquiries which were made by the institution amongst medical men, medical bodies and Governments throughout the United Kingdom. These directions have been extensively circulated by the institution throughout the United Kingdom and in the Colonies. They are also in use in His Majesty's Fleet; in the Coastguard Service; at all the stations of the British Army at home and abroad; in the light-houses and vessels of the corporation of the Trinity House; the Metropolitan and Provincial Police Forces; the London County Council Schools and the St. John Ambulance Association.

Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient instantly on the spot, in the open air, with the face downward, whether on shore or afloat; exposing the face, neck and chest to the wind, except in stormy weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces.

The points to be aimed at are—first, and immediately the restoration of breathing; and secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation.

The efforts to restore breathing must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote warmth and circulation, beyond removing the wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing; for if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced, the restoration to life will be endangered.

II.—TO RESTORE BREATHING.

To Clear the Throat.—Place the patient on the floor or ground with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist the operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment described below to promote warmth. If there be only slight breathing—or no breathing—or if the breathing fails, then—

To Excite Breathing.—Turn the patient well and instantly on the side, supporting the head, and—

Excite the nostrils with snuff, hair-brush, and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, etc., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately, on them. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly—

To Imitate Breathing.—Replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again, repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side.

[By placing the patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and air enters the chest.]

On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure with bristly movement, on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

During the whole of the operations let one person attend solely to the movements of the head and of the arm placed under it.

[The first measure increases the expiration—the second commences inspiration.]

"The result is Respiration or Natural Breathing;—and if, late, Life." Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet, and as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured, strip the body, and cover or gradually re-dress it, but taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

III.

Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. Silvester's method, as follows—

Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades of dress placed

Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips; a band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied round them, or by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

To imitate the movements of Breathing.—Standing at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and keep them stretched upwards for two seconds. [By this means air is drawn into the lungs.] Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. [By this means air is pressed out of the lungs.]

Repeat these measures alternately, liberally, and perseveringly about fifteen times a minute, until a spontaneous effort to breathe is perceived, im-

mediately upon which, cease to imitate the movement of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

IV.—TREATMENT AFTER NATURAL BREATHING HAS BEEN RESTORED.

To Promote Warmth and Circulation.—Commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, etc. [By this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart.]

The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry clothing, to promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, etc., to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet.

If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life, a teaspoonful of warm water should be given, and then, if the power of swallowing have returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy-and-water, or coffee should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The above treatment should be persevered in for some hours, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance, persons having been restored after persevering for many hours.

APPEARANCES WHICH GENERALLY ACCOMPANY DEATH.

Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eyelids are generally half closed; the pupils dilated; the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and pallor of surface increase.

CAUTIONS.

Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an apartment.

Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured.

Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath until under medical direction, and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitant.

By order of the Committee of Management,

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION,
20 CHANCERY CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

NERVOUS INDIGESTION.

A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I suffered so much from nervous dyspepsia that I feared I would become insane," says Mrs. Alfred Austin, of Varney, Ont. "For months," says Mrs. Austin, "I was prostrated with this trouble. I got so bad I could not eat a mouthful of food without it nearly choking me. I was afflicted with such terrible feelings of dizziness and nausea that I had to leave the table & retire with just two or three mouthfuls of food for a meal. My nerves were all unstrung, and I grew so weak that I could not even sweep the floor. In fact, my nerves affected me to such an extent that I feared to be left alone. I could not sleep at nights, and used to lie awake until I feared my reason would leave me. I was taking medicine constantly, but it did not do me a bit of good. I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on a former occasion with good results, and at last I determined to try them again. I can say nothing better than that these pills have been a blessing to me, as they have made me a well woman. Every trace of the indigestion is gone, and my nerves are as strong and sound as they were in girlhood. Now I can eat anything that is on the table, and I get sound refreshing sleep at nights. All this I owe to the faithful use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I shall never cease to praise."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill the veins with new, rich red blood. That is why they strengthen the nerves and every organ in the body. That is why they cure all troubles due to bad blood or weak, shattered nerves, such as anemia, with its grinding, wearing backaches, headaches and sideaches, rheumatism, and neuralgia, heart palpitation, indigestion, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, kidney troubles, and those special ailments that render the lives of so many women and growing girls a burden. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIVING ON TWELVE CENTS A DAY.

Professor Landouzy, of Paris, says it is possible to live on twelve cents a day, and he guarantees you three meals a day. The first is composed of milk, three pieces of sugar, bread and butter. At midday you may have bread, smoked ham, vegetables, or fruit (in summer), and a cup of coffee. In the evening, a piece of sugar; soup, with lard and bread, haricots or lentils, chestnuts and wine. Total cost: Twelve cents a day.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"What's the difference between a person with no sense of humor and a thief?" "Give it up."

"One takes things literally and the other literally takes things."

France has a nine-hour day for miners, but will have an eight-hour day in four years from now. In Belgium most miners work ten hours a day.

First Lieutenant: "How do you like the horse you bought from me last week?" Second Lieutenant: "Very much. He might hold his head a little higher, though." First Lieutenant: "Oh, that will come alright when he is paid for."

Stops Colic
—and all stomach and bowel disorders.
Makes baby babies plump and rosy. Proved by 50 years' successful use. Ask your druggist for it—
Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure
—25¢ a bottle \$1.25.
National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited
Montreal.

HOPE FOR BALD HEADED

MAY BE CURED IF THEY BREATHE CORRECTLY.

Anxiety Need Not Now Weigh Heavily Upon the Unadorned Pate.

Ordinary baldness is considered the consequence of inadequate chest breathing, in a recent paper by Dr. D. M. Parker, lecturer at the Detroit College of Medicine. The inadequate chest breathing allows a poisonous substance to develop in the lungs. This poisonous substance circulates in the blood. The roots of the hair are the indirect result of their situation, over the cranium; but this deprivation is directly caused by the poison generated in the upper chest, the circulation of the consequent poison through the body and the starvation of the hair roots because the flow of their normally scanty nourishment is thus totally checked. Dr. Parker has studied this hypothesis of his for years, treating baldness and experimenting on animals.

INADEQUATE BREATHING.

Inadequate upper chest breathing leaves residual air undisturbed in the air cavities of portion of the lungs. The residual air in any portion of the lungs that is not made use of for breathing purposes must necessarily lie undisturbed in the lung cavities. The residual air left in the lungs by inadequate breathing is warm, and it is saturated with moisture. Whenever residual air or what is the same thing, expired air, is kept chambered in the presence of warmth and moisture it invariably undergoes change, and develops a soluble poison that is capable, when present in the normal blood, of exerting a disturbance so far as concerns hair growth.

ACTION OF POISON.

It might be thought strange that a poisonous substance, circulating in the blood should limit its destructive action to the hair on the top of the head. This is explained by Dr. Parker's statement that the roots of the hair on the top of the head, lying over the hard, glistening, and practically bloodless occipital protuberance, are deprived of the nourishment that the roots of the hair of other portions of the head and of the face derive from the soft, blood-saturated tissue with which they are in close relationship. As a result, the hair roots of the top of the head are of comparatively low vitality, and yield readily to the action of the poison.

SIX WEEKS' CURE.

Observation applied to thousands of persons affected with common baldness developed, in Dr. Parker's experience, a single exception to the rule that persons afflicted with common baldness do not employ upper chest breathing, and those not afflicted with common baldness do employ upper chest respiration. Moreover, persons suffering from ordinary baldness find a remedy in the practice of upper chest breathing. After one week's treatment entirely disappears. The hair begins to lose its dryness and indigestion, and new hair begins to make its appearance. It is very fine, and first manifests itself at the edges of the bald spot. Craniums that had been bald for twenty years have developed hair after an amount of upper chest breathing. Of course, the practice must be steady and uninterrupted or there will ensue a relapse.

WHY DID THE COMPANY SMILE.

A pessimistic young doctor publicly deplored the impossibility of getting rich, and the difficulty of earning a decent living in the medical profession, without incessantly burning the candle at both ends.

"Stuff and rubbish, my lad!" a boastful old doctor cried. "There's as much money to be made now, in spite of competition, as ever there was. Take my case, for instance. I've lots of patients and I'm making money quick; but do I look overworked? Do I ever seem pressed for time? Have I not always plenty of time to take life easily?" the pessimistic young doctor replied, smoothly.

Then the company smiled, and the boastful doctor fell into a train of thought.

MANY TURN-DOWNS.

Nena: "You may not believe it, but I said 'No,' to seven different men during the past winter."

Gertie: "Oh, I don't doubt it. What were they selling?"

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASE
PREPARED BY DR. J. C. DODD
Solely for medicinal purposes only in Canada.

ISSUE NO. 28-07.

Saves Time
Celluloid Starch needs no cooking—just cold water and "this ready" Twon't fail, yet gives a better gloss, with less iron-rubbing, than any starch you know. Its price is little. Your dealer sells it. Try it this week. 25¢

Celluloid Starch

HOW MUCH IS HABITABLE.

Ernest Thompson Seton Says Hundreds of Miles Farther North.

That the suitability of all portions of the west for agricultural purposes is to be tested in the immediate future is apparent from some of the reports of settlement sent in within the last few months. From Edmonton, for instance, scores of families have left on the long trek to Athabasca Landing and from that point on to the Peace River country, and the vast area to the west, east and north.

A report is made from the heart of the Rocky Mountains to the effect that a considerable number of cars of settlers' effects were delivered during the past nine months at Salmon Arm, a station on the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, about half way between Banff and the coast. A similar number of cars and settlers' effects were delivered in the same interval at Kamloops.

Hundreds of thousands of people who contemplate actual settlement are making the most careful scrutiny of all the existing maps with a view of securing information regarding sections of the country which are open for homesteading and worth acquiring. The agents of the Government are daily furnishing informative literature. The result of this activity is that the available locations are being discovered in parts not heretofore regarded as fit for settlement.

On the subject of the proportion of the area of the west which is fitted for human habitation a considerable difference of opinion exists. Ernest Thompson Seton recently expressed the conviction that settlement would be made in districts four hundred miles to the north of any existing or contemplated railway.

Whether the country is permanently settled or otherwise, it is apparent from what has transpired during the past ten years, that there will remain eventually no portion of the west which has not been actually tested as the permanent abode of the white race. With the very rapid increase of population in the countries from which the present emigration to Canada is proceeding, it has become not a question of living in great comfort in the most favored portion of the world, but a question of sustaining life anywhere.

SEWING-MACHINE NEEDLES

for all makes of machines at Five Cents per package, and everything else pertaining to sewing machines at greatly reduced prices. Look for the Red S. Singer Sewing Machine Co. Write us at Manning Chambers, Toronto, for set of Bird Cards free.

GOOD ADVICE.

"Yes," said the red-eyed clerk, "I'm a little late this morning, the midnight oil, you know."

"Indeed?" interrupted his employer, "oil, eh? Well, the next time you paint the town I'd advise you to use water colors exclusively."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

NO FLIES ON HIM.

A young couple were observed as soon as they entered a railway carriage, and immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed, and acted just like old married folk, so that after a short time the other passengers began to doubt their belief, after all.

As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat, and a shower of rice fell out. The passengers smiled broadly. But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled, and turning to his partner, remarked audibly:

"By Jove, Mary, I've brought away the bridegroom's overcoat!"

A SLIGHT AMENDMENT.

The face of the young man was rueful, and the lawyer he was interviewing looked exceedingly grave. It was a clear case of breach of promise, and the man of law could see nothing but heavy damages as the ultimate outcome. And he lectured to some purpose to the young man, who waxed restive.

"Oh, yes," he said impatiently, "I know all about it! The same old song—'Do right, and fear nothing!'"

"No, not that's not it at all," said the lawyer, smiling shrewdly. "What I meant to impress on you was 'Don't write, and fear nothing.'"

DISCHARGED WITH A CAUTION.

A laborer was charged with a petty offence. "Have you anyone in court who will vouch for your good character?" queried the judge.

"Yes, sir, there is the chief constable yonder," was the reply. "The chief constable was amazed. 'Why, your honor, I don't even know the man,' protested he. 'Now, sir,' broke in the accused, 'I have lived in the town for nearly twenty years, and if the chief constable doesn't know me yet, isn't that a character for you?'"

ALL THAT'S THE QUESTION.

Mr. Rentall was annoyed with Mr. Shorter. It was not only that Mr. Shorter never paid his rent—though that was bad enough—but he was extremely cool about it. Another Monday morning had come, and once more Mr. Shorter was "sorry, but he'd have to beg Mr. Rentall to excuse him for the time."

The long-suffering landlord's patience was at last worn out. "Look here," he cried, "you're preposterously off-handed about it; but how on earth do you expect me to live if you don't pay your rent?"

Mr. Shorter smiled the surprised smile which cheers not but exasperates.

"That, my dear sir," he said softly, "is to my thinking, somewhat beside the point. The question is, rather, how do you expect me to live if I do?"

MIGHT LAPSE.

Harold: "Do you think you could learn to love me?"

Miss Sharpe: "Yes, but I'm awfully forgetful."

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?" "Boo-hoo! Papa fell down stairs!" "Don't take so on, my pet. He'll get better soon." "Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffin!"

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch in human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Volford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

"But," Tommy, said his mother, "don't your conscience tell you that you were doing wrong?" "Yes, mummy," replied Tommy, "but I don't believe everything I hear."

Something More than a Purgative.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate the nervous system. They compound depression. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

Young Barrister (whose offer of marriage has just been accepted by his beloved): "What a relief! I feel as if I had just got three murderers acquitted."

Just a Word of caution: Where the skin is covered by burns or scales apply Weaver's Lotion immediately: the sooner the better.

Wife—"Those new neighbors of ours seem to be awfully poor." Hubby—"How do you know?" Wife—"Whenever I want to borrow anything they never have it!"

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

"George," murmured the young wife, "am I as dear to you as I was before we married?" "I can't exactly tell," replied the husband absent-mindedly. "I didn't keep any account of my expenses then."

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

The barber's face must be his shaving mug.

Judge—"And so you sacrificed name, honor, future, and freedom for the sake of two miserable dollars?" Thiel—"Eighty years are your worship! But what was I to do? There was not any more in the safe."

SECRET SKIN TROUBLES

Have you on some part of your body a sore, or eruption, or unsightly patch, which hides from the gaze of others, yet causes you hours and hours of pain and inconvenience? Have you tried this salt that and the other remedy in vain, and are you feeling disheartened and discouraged?

If so, don't overlook this comforting fact—that Zam-Buk is daily curing just such chronic cases as yours! It heals skin diseases, ulcers, festering sores, ringworms and sores due to bone poison. Write to Geo. H. King (Toronto, Ont.), for free trial box, sending no stamp. All stores and druggists sell at 50 cents a box.

Mrs. Gilmore, of Princess Street, Kingston (Ont.), says: "I had an ulcerated leg for several years. The ulcers spread all round, and which was swollen to twice its normal size, and nothing would heal them till I got Zam-Buk. First cured one, then the other, and now my leg is as good as new."

Zam-Buk

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Complete Launches

2 and 4 Cycle Engines

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PEN-ANGLE Underwear
One kind of underwear, and only one, fits right, wears out slower, and saves you from the day you buy it. That kind is marked (as above) in red, and guaranteed to you by stores that sell it and the people who make it. In many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in form-fitting sizes for women, men and children. Look for the PEN-ANGLE.

STARTLING HOUSEHOLD INVENTION
Sells on sight. Agent's coming money with it. Salary or Commission. Bradley-Garrison Co., Ltd., Desk 15, Stratford, Ont.

Dyeing! Cleaning!
For the very best work on your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO." Look for agents to your town, or send direct.

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.

River and Gulf of St. Lawrence

Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes

Two Screw Iron SS. "Campana," with electric lights, electric bells and all modern comforts. SAILS FROM MONTREAL ON MONDAYS at 4 p.m., 2nd and 17th June, 1st, 15th and 29th July, 12th and 26th August, 5th and 19th September, and fortnightly thereafter for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Gaspe, Mal Bay, Pore, Cape Cove, Grand River, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

BERMUDA
Summer Excursions, \$15, by the new Twin Screw SS. "Bermuda," 5,500 tons. Sailing 15th and 19th June, 3rd, 17th and 31st July, 14th and 18th August, 4th, 14th and 28th September, 5th, 15th and 25th October, 4th, 14th and 27th November. Temperature cooled by sea breezes seldom rises above 80 degrees.

The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec, A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents, 20 Broadway, New York.

CREAM-WEST FLOUR
A pure, hard Manitoba Flour for bakers and others demanding strength, color and uniformity. **STRONG & WHITE** AT YOUR GROCERS. DEALERS EVERYWHERE SUPPLIED WITH FLOUR AND FEED. WRITE US. WE ALSO MAKE "QUEEN CITY" A BLEND FLOUR THAT HAS GAINED GREAT FAVOR AS A GENERAL HOUSEHOLD "ALL PURPOSE" FLOUR. THE LAMPRELL MILLING CO. TORONTO JUNCTION, ONT.

WILSON'S FLY PADS
One packet has actually killed a bushel of flies. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES 10c. per packet, or 5 packets for 25c. / will last a whole season.

Bertie—"Pa, a little stream as a streamlet, isn't it?" Pa—"Yes, Bertie." Bertie—"Well, pa, is a cullet a little cullet, and a hamlet a little ham, and a gimlet a little gimlet, and a pamphlet a little pamphlet?" Pa—"Oh, go away Bertie! I want a little quiet." Bertie—"Well, why didn't you say you wanted a quietlet?"

It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would have rubbed away his tallow and packed a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

Australia holds an odd record. For nearly a thousand miles along her southern coast not a single stream reaches the sea.

The Greatest Tonic is "Perovrin." It is pleasant in taste and contains just the nourishment and strengthening qualities that are needed by those who are sick and weakly.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907.

Liquor and Governments

The Dominion Government would seem to believe in prohibiting the liquor traffic, or did it simply yield to the common business sense of contractors when it proclaimed a prohibition zone extending twenty miles on each side of the Grand Trunk Pacific, making a belt of forty miles of prohibition territory. Why what is good for Grand Trunk workmen or Grand Trunk contractors is not good for people generally, does not appear. We should be fairly satisfied if prohibition were proclaimed for twenty miles on all sides of all factories, colleges, schools, churches, and so forth. But that it is not the good of the people that is being cared for seems to be rendered evident by the vacillating course of the government since it made this arrangement. There are other interests pulling at the government's maternal skirts, and every pull must be heeded. For what are the acts of governments but the results of all the pulls made at their desks? It was found that in eastern Manitoba the twenty-mile zone would include certain villages where liquor is sold, and where there are in consequence held to be vested rights in the business. The tavern-keepers found a champion in Mr. Cyr, M.P. The prohibition zone was immediately cut down in the Rensselaer district to ten miles on either side of the track. This did not cover all the existing bar-rooms. Mr. Cyr made further representations, and the minister, Mr. Aylesworth, has, it is averred, offered further to cut down the emancipated zone to five miles on each side. The enormous power of liquor over governments is revealed every day. The Quebec government is said, we do not know with that truth, to have listened most encouragingly to the complaints of certain Montreal liquor men that their licenses were too high. High license has been much vaunted as a means of curtailing what is admittedly a most blighting traffic. It certainly does make the government, by just so much more, a partner in that traffic, and it would not pay a government which largely lives by the fruits of that traffic to lay burdens on it beyond what it can bear. The greatest revenue from the greatest number must be its policy. That licensing is done purely for the revenue that can be got out of it, and not at all for the good of the people is proved by the fact that saloons which are constantly pouring forth their unstable and degraded product before the very eyes of the police, or, in other words, that are constantly demoralizing our people and the stranger within our gates in all men's sight, receive the renewal of their licenses from year to year as though they were the estimable institutions that the law demands they should be.—Witness.

Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, recently has declared that America, because of the exhaustion of the nitrogen of the soil, is travelling towards ground poverty. Mr. Edison, as Dr. Cameron, the soil chemist of the Department of Agriculture, proclaims, is unnecessarily alarmed. The whole atmosphere, as he says, is stored with nitrogen, and the advances in science have made practicable the extraction of this element by the ton. Several factories in the United States are now producing nitrogen from the atmosphere and selling it to farmers. More wonderful still, by a certain process, leguminous plants—bean, pea, clover, indigo, logwood, tamarind, vetch, etc., etc.—are enabled by the operations of forty different kinds of bacteria to absorb nitrogen from the air and restore it to the soil. The Agricultural Department of the United States has constructed a laboratory where these beneficial bacteria are produced for distribution. They have done amazing things in increasing agricultural productivity. It is an actual fact that the employment of these bacteria has increased the yield of many crops from two hundred to a thousand per cent., besides—more wonderful still, perhaps—leaving the soil richer than it was at the time of planting. We have at our side a Jeremiah by the great scientist, Prof. Crookes, in which he proves conclusively to his own satisfaction—that we must all inevitably be starved for want of wheat some day. Experience, however, teaches that Edison is nearer the mark when he confesses that he knows less than a billionth part about anything, and that nature is a teacher who is never weary in imparting knowledge to those who diligently seek it.—Witness.

The Man of Honor

There is something more, something beyond this acquired power of intellectual labor, said President Eliot, of Harvard, in an address to the students recently. As Shakespeare puts it, "The purest treasure mortal times afford is a spotless reputation." How is that treasure won? It comes by living with honor, on honor. Most of you have begun already to live honorably and honestly. Some things the honor begins early. Some things the honor begins late. A man can do—never does, He never wrongs or degrades a woman. He never oppresses or cheats a person weaker or poorer than himself. He never betrays a trust. He is honest, sincere, candid and generous. It is not enough to be honest. An honorable man must be generous and I do not mean generous in his judgments of men and women, and of the nature and prospects of mankind. Such generosity is a beautiful attribute of the man of honor.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is endeavoring to secure the Coltrains' Band for the Toronto Exhibition.

Our Home

Its Privileges, and Our Duties to Parents and Teachers

By MISS ANNIE HUME, STIRLING HIGH SCHOOL.

The first thing to be considered in a home is the privileges afforded by it. The first and greatest privilege is the friendship of the members one to another. What more can any one wish than to gather parents, brothers, and sisters around the fire on a cold winter evening, and each relate his experiences of the day; or to go for a stroll on a beautiful moonlit evening of summer. In a home what concerns one member concerns all. If one has had a great sorrow, all the other members sorrow with that one, or if it be a joy then they are glad with that one. It is a very great privilege to be allowed to share in all the hopes of a family; parents tell their children their future hopes and plans.

The home is the place to take all our troubles, if it be the ideal home, whether large or small, in school or in private life. Our parents are always ready to share our burdens, and they are the best advisers. They seem to know instinctively what is best for us, and what we should not do. It is also a privilege to obey our parents. While we should be civil and loving to others, our parents should command our greatest love and respect.

Parents are largely responsible for the life of their children when they are grown up. The Bible says "Train up your children in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it." Many a child is led to bring himself or herself up alone, but this should not be allowed. Parents must be as they wish their children to be. They must set the example, for a child always copies his parents. A boy always thinks his father is a hero, and he believes every word he says. Therefore parents ought only to tell their children the truth. One of the greatest duties of a parent is to see that the children get to Sunday School every Sunday, and they should see that the teacher is a good one. Many a parent attends only to the outward appearance of their children, never thinking that their minds must be enriched with pure, wholesome literature. If anything goes wrong in school life parents should not side with the pupils against the teachers until they inquire the cause of the trouble. Parents must strive to make the home an ideal one, and teach the children it is theirs, to be made use of by them, so far as the parents see fit. If parents make home a pleasant and enjoyable place for the children they will remember it in the years to come, and often thank their mothers for the interest they took in them. But if the home is not enjoyable and pleasant they will not have the same to look back upon.

Lives of great men all remind us. We can make our lives sublime, And departing leave behind us, Footprints on the sands of time. Footprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing may take heart again.

In a home one of the essentials is good literature. There should be no trashy novels, but good pure literature, which will also be instructive. Books on Nature are very interesting and instructive, and we should read these. None of us know half what we ought to know about Nature. But better than reading of her is to be out of doors and study from her. Books of travel and discovery help to lift our minds higher, and show us that we are a very small item in the world, and that the world in which we live is one in a thousand. History shows us that our bad habits, if once indulged, will make harsh tyrants out of us.

A child should first of all love its parents, and if it does, from that comes all else—their wish to obey, honor, and respect them. The Bible says "Children obey your parents." We should obey their every wish and command, not grudgingly, or because we are asked to, but because it should be a real joy to do so. We should treat parents with great respect, and honor and help them all we can. A child should not think he knows more than his parents, for if he does he is sure to come to grief. Children should also tell only the truth to their parents; if they once tell a lie to them they will soon know that lies are never believed even if do tell the truth.

Of course our greatest duty to our teachers is to obey them, and not to be impatient. We should willingly do all we are asked to do by our teachers, never disobeying their commands. We should honor and respect them, for the time of the time and trouble they put on to improve our education. It is a continual strain on a teacher, and very hard work for them to be always trying to teach us, putting so much time on each lesson. Our Sunday School teachers should also receive our greatest respect, for the training we receive from them helps to mould our future lives. Mild pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there, Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, O give me my lowly thatched cottage again! The birds singing gaily that come at my Give me them, and the peace of mind, dearer than all. Home! home, sweet home, There's no place like home.

Free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a Trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy, cream, healing and soothing balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free sample and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address: Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 25c. Sold by J. S. Morton.

POLAR DAYS AND NIGHTS.

Day, Which is Summer, is Not So Bad, but the Night is Awful.

During a polar winter the average thickness of ice on the ocean where no storms or strong tides interfere reaches six feet or more. There is really no warm season. Even during the long summer days snow still falls frequently. Clear spells are relatively warm, but, especially in the antarctic, fogs and clouds are frequent, while winds bring low temperatures.

Nevertheless the summer near the margins of the arctic zone is described in the Journal of Geography as having clear, pure, crisp air, free from dust and with little precipitation.

The monotony and darkness of the polar night is decreased a good deal by the long twilight, due to the high degree of refraction at low temperatures. The sun actually appears and disappears some days before and after the times which are geometrically set for the change.

Light from moon and stars and from the aurora also relieve the darkness. Optical phenomena of great variety, beauty and complexity are common. Solar and lunar halos and coronae and mock suns and moons are often seen. Auroras seem to be less common and less brilliant in the antarctic than in the arctic. Sunset and sunrise colors within the polar zones are described as being extraordinarily brilliant and impressive.

Thus the north polar summer, in spite of its drawbacks, is in some respects a pleasant and beautiful season. But the polar night is monotonous, depressing, repelling, an everlasting uniform snow covering, rigidity, lifelessness, silence, except for the howl of the gale or the cracking of the ice.

Small wonder that the polar night has sometimes unbalanced men's minds. The first effects are a strong desire for sleep and indifference. Later effects have been sleeplessness and nervousness, tending in extreme cases to insanity, anaemia, digestive troubles.

Extraordinarily low winter temperatures are easily borne if the air is dry and still. Nansen notes "not very cold" at a temperature of 22 degrees when the air was still. Another arctic explorer at 9 degrees says, "It is too warm to skate."

Zero weather seems pleasantly refreshing if clear and calm. But high relative humidity and wind, even a light breeze, give the same degree of cold a penetrating feeling of chill which may be unbearable. Thus the damper air of spring and summer usually seems much colder than the drier air of winter, although the temperatures may be the same. When exposed directly to the air, the skin burns and blisters, the lips swell and crack. Thirst has been much complained of by polar explorers and is surely due to the active evaporation from the warm body into the dry, relatively cold air.

There is no doubt that polar air is singularly free from micro organisms, a fact which is due chiefly to lack of communication with other parts of the world; hence diseases which are common in temperate zones, colds among them, are rare.

Gulls as Life Savers.

"I wouldn't no more kill a gull than I would a baby," said the sailor. "Why not?" "Why not? Because gulls have saved my life, that's why not. Gulls is life savers. They've saved the lives of thousands of seamen. They ought to all wear round their sleek white necks a pink silk ribbon with one of them there Andy Carnegie medals tied to it. Wuust, off the Orkneys, in a fog, we lost our bearings, and we'd be run aground and drowned sure if the loud screaming of the gulls on the cliffs hadn't give us timely warning. So it goes. Time after time in black, stormy nights, in mists and fogs, gulls' cries, as good as any fog horn, warns sailors what has lost their way off deadly coasts."

Epicurean Finesse.

Two Marseillais were discussing the best method of eating game. "Well," said one, "if it is a woodcock, I hang it up on a nail by the neck and fasten some larks onto its claws. After a week I throw away the woodcock and eat the larks, which by that time have absorbed all the flavor of the woodcock." "I do the same," replied the other, not to be outdone, "except that I throw away the larks as well as the woodcock, and eat the nail."—Bon Vivant.

Miraculous Cures.

Reginald of Durham, who wrote a chronicle some time before 1195, asserts that a young English nobleman was cured of leprosy at the shrine of St. Cuthbert in Durham cathedral and that a young woman who had been for the space of three years an inmate of a large hospital established at Badale, near Darlington, in the diocese of Durham, was miraculously healed at the shrine of St. Godric at Finchale in the presence of Ralph Ilagot, sheriff of the county, and Norman, parish priest of Halitune.—St. James' Gazette.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia, the Heart or the Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is breeding the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves, the inside nerves—mean Stomach weakness, always. And the nerves of the Stomach as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weak these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its name. No other remedy even claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, or constipation. Write me to-day for sample and free book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by J. S. Morton.

EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Her Dramatic Descent Upon the Cabinet Council.

In Frederic Lollée's "Women of the Second Empire" the author tells a sensational story of the Empress Eugenie of France. It concerns a pressing political matter, one of church and state. Because the empress felt strongly on it the emperor feared lest she should endeavor to influence the deliberations of the cabinet council by appearing in person. Accordingly he gave orders that the meeting should be kept secret from her. M. Lollée says: "But the matter so carefully concealed was already known to her, and, acting on the first impulse of her fiery Spanish temperament, boiling over with anger, she flew rather than walked to the council chamber. A sentry had been placed at the door with orders to allow no one to pass. He opposed the entrance of the impetuous sovereign.

"I wish to enter. Stand back!" she cried angrily. Finding himself in a horrible quandary between the orders he had received and his fear of hurting his empress, the guardman, between his gallantry to her sex and his fidelity to the word of command, fell at the feet of Eugenie with his bayonet laid across the doorway.

"Your majesty," he said, "no one may pass, by order of the emperor." "We shall see," replied Eugenie, and without more ado she leaped over the sentry's bayonet, burst open the door and entered the council chamber with the violence of a whirlwind. The emperor was presiding, grave and imperious, he alone having his head covered in the presence of his respectful and attentive ministers.

"But the sovereign failed to impose respect on his angry wife, who saw in him only the man and the husband. Going straight up to him, with a back-handed blow she knocked off his hat, then, without a word, withdrew as she had entered, leaving the ministers dumb with surprise and consternation."

SILVER WEDDINGS.

They Had Their Origin in the Reign of Hugues Capet.

The fashion of silver weddings dates back to the reign of Hugues Capet, king of France in 987.

Once as Hugues was arranging his uncle's affairs he found on one of the estates a servant who had grown gray in the service of his relative. He had been such a friend of his master that he was almost looked upon as one of the family.

On the farm with this old man was also a serving woman who was as old as he and also unmarried and who had been the most devoted and hardworking of the women servants of the king's uncle. When the king heard these praises of the two, he ordered them to be brought before him and said to the woman:

"Your service is great, greater than this man's, whose services were great enough, for the woman always finds work and obedience harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five and twenty years is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," stammered the old peasant confusedly, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?" "Then it shall be a silver wedding," answered the king, "and here I give you a wedding ring," drawing a costly ring from his finger and placing the hands of the thankful old people together.

This soon became known all over France and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion after a twenty-five years' marriage to celebrate a silver wedding.

A Voyage of Death.

In the Sen of Okhotsk the salmon are suicidal and one of the most startling examples of the spendthrift side of nature may be found in the rivers that run into this sea. When six years old the salmon begin a voyage of death. Ascending the river of their infancy they race in countless thousands upstream until lack of food and lack of elbow room kill them off. A recent traveler declares that however many millions of salmon may run up the river, not one ever reaches the sea again alive. What becomes of the rivers of dead salmon? The seagulls wheel down upon the scene and feast upon their eyes, scornful anything less dainty. Bears, wolves, foxes and sledge dogs are made comfortable for the year.

Easily Replaced.

Mr. Fastest (with extra)—Sensational eloquence! Well, what do you think of that? Young Galey has run off with his father's stenographer! Mrs. Fastest—Heavens! Why, I'll break the poor old man's heart. Mr. Fastest—Oh, I don't know. There are just as pretty stenographers in the employment agency as ever were hired.—Puck.

Irresistible.

The Doctor—What your wife needs is more physical exercise. Homer—But, doctor, I can't induce her to go outside the house. The Doctor—Oh, yes, you can. Mark all the bargain advertisements in the paper and give her \$50.

A Different Matter.

"The law holds an accused person innocent until he is proved guilty." "The law may, but how about the police?"—Washington Herald.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

If you can smile when your rival is praised, you have tact.

There is always a demand for the man who does his best. As a rule, other people are the best judges of your importance.

Our opinions are like our visits—more appreciated when not forced upon people.

Drifting with the tide is a slow way to get anywhere; the tide flows both ways.

The aggressive man is usually only a polite way of referring to your quarrelsome friend.

Don't air your family skeleton. People know enough about it when it is kept locked in the closet.

The most aggravating kind of a person to live in the house with is one who always has his own way and yet goes around with an abused air.

Schopenhauer on Anonymity.

Anonymity is the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality. It is a practice which must be completely stopped. Every article, even in a newspaper, should be accompanied by the name of its author, and the editor should be made strictly responsible for the accuracy of the signature. The freedom of the press should be thus far restricted, so that what a man publicly proclaims through the far sounding trumpet of the newspaper he should be answerable for, at any rate with his honor, if he has any, and, if he has none, let his name neutralize the effect of his words. Rascal, your name! For a man to wrap himself up and draw his hat over his face and then fall upon people who are walking about without any disguise—this is not the part of a gentleman; it is the part of a scoundrel and a knave.

Why Books Are Gilt Edged.

Have you ever wondered why the top edge of your books is sometimes gilded and the other edges left plain? The explanation of this is very simple. When a volume is placed on the shelf of a bookcase the top side is obviously more exposed to dust than the others. The object of the gilding therefore is to save the pages from being soiled, for were it not present the dust would cling to this top edge and the appearance of the book would to a great extent be spoiled.

Precept and Practice.

A child walking with his tutor stole an apple from a stall in the street. His instructor, having witnessed the theft, gave his young charge a severe lesson on the heinousness of stealing and then, snatching the apple from him, quietly ate it himself. This is the abridgment of the greater part of all history.

The Post of Being a Man.

Even though you be hard pressed and violently attacked by the enemy, still it is base to give way. Hold the post assigned to you by nature. You ask, what this post is? It is that of being a man.

Fate.

"Marie, how does it happen that I just now saw you giving your sweet-heart my cake and wine?" "I don't understand it either, for I covered up the keyhole."—Meggendorf Blatter.

It Didn't Break.

A little girl held a mirror up before a visitor's face and asked, "Do you see yourself in it?"

"Yes, my darling." "Are you quite sure?" "Yes, why should I not?" "Because I heard mamma say the other day that if you ever peeped into a looking glass you'd smash it all into tiny little bits!"

He Could Dodge.

"There's nothing slow about Jones," he said reflectively. The other laughed scornfully. "I guess you never loaned him any money," he said. "Oh, yes, I have," replied the first speaker. "That's what made me speak that way. I loaned him \$10 six months ago, and I haven't been able to catch him since."

She Got a New One.

"I've stopped asking people if my bonnet is on straight." The Husband—Why, my dear? The Wife—I love you too much, John, to disgrace you by calling a body's attention to an old bonnet like this.—London Tit-Bits.

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! This was because Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair medicine. Falling hair is caused by a germ, and this medicine completely destroys these germs. Then the healthy scalp gives rich, healthy hair.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."
Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also by S. J. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
SARSAPILLA.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

TANGLEFOOT

Sticky Fly Paper

Kill-em-Quick Fly Pads

Insect Powder & Guns

Paris Green

Chloride of Lime

Copperas

Blue Stone

Toilet Soaps and

Perfumes

These are seasonal goods and we sell them.

J. S. MORTON

Druggist, Stationer, Etc.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of Jane Reid, late of the township of Huntingdon, in the county of Hastings, widow deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the provisions of the revised Statutes of Ontario, chap. 129, sec. 38, that all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the late Jane Reid, who died on or about the 30th day of May, A.D. 1907, are required to send in their claims, by post, prepaid, or delivered to the executor of the estate of the late Jane Reid, at West Huntingdon postoffice, or her solicitor as hereunder, at Stirling postoffice, within the time specified in the notice, and to be accompanied by a statement of the nature of the claim, and a statement of the amount thereof, and a statement of the date when the claim was due, and a statement of the date when the claim was paid, and a statement of the date when the claim was received by her at time of such distribution.

And further notice is also given that all persons indebted to the said deceased must pay the amount of the indebtedness to said executor, or her solicitor hereunder named, forthwith.

Dated at Stirling this 24th day of June 1907.
G. G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executor.



12th JULY

At FRANKFORD

1907

48th HIGHLANDERS' BAND

In attendance. Come and see their fancy street drill parade. Acknowledged by all one of the best on the continent.

See large posters for the days' programme.

Proceeds in aid of Sick, Funeral, Widows and Orphans Fund.

Single fare rates on all railways.

Tickets good from 11th to 13th.

W. F. ELLIOTT, Sec'y of Com.
W. H. REYNOLDS, Treasurer.

Fire, Accident & Plate Glass Insurance.

Guardian Fire Insurance Co.
Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co.
Liverpool, London & Globe
Sun Insurance Company.
Gore Insurance Co.
Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Co.
Ontario Accident Insurance Co.

W. S. MARTIN,

Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

Kentucky Bred Wilkes Stallion

VROWSKY

Record 2:18. Reg. 8160.

The fastest Trotting Stallion between Toronto and Montreal. stands 16 hands, weighs 1350 pounds.

STANDARD BRED
STANDARD BY PERFORMANCE

Three of the highest quality horses obtainable. Sire of five with record from 2:25 to 2:17. Sire of many High Class Kneo Actors.

Trucks have won 1st prize at Silver Medal at Toronto Exhibition, competing against all Canada.

Shown at the Kirtley House, Stirling every Monday night. At Frankford Tuesday night. PHIL. ELMHURST, in charge. PRED. PEACE, Proprietor.

Notice to the Public

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as possible and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the New-Auctioneers office or written to me at Stirling, will be promptly answered.

W. N. RODGERS.
Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat
A Candy Bowl Laxative.

HIGH SCHOOL STATISTICS

Seven Hundred and Nineteen Teachers at the Present Time.

The second part of the report of the Ontario Education Department, issued the other day, shows that there are seven hundred and nineteen high school teachers in Ontario at the present time. Of these 23.05 per cent. are women. The percentage of women to the total number of teachers has been steadily increasing in late years. In 1904 it was 21.1 per cent., in 1905 23 per cent., in 1906 23.8 per cent. The highest salary paid is \$3,500. The average in Collegiate Institutes is \$1,176, which is \$51 higher than last year. The average salary for men assistants is \$1,091, an increase over last year of \$83. The average for women assistants is \$762, which is higher than last year by \$89.

TECHNICAL TRAINING.
The greater part of this section of the report is taken up with the report of the inspector of technical education and the report of the inspector of continuation classes. In regard to technical training, Mr. A. H. Leake, the inspector, says: "The introduction of art, nature study, and constructive work should do, and are doing, much to give a more practical trend to Public school education, but a curriculum on paper without efficient teachers is of little value. From observation and correspondence I am fortified to the conclusion that a large number of our

teachers are without the necessary knowledge to enable them to teach these subjects. A small departmental grant would encourage their introduction. This would only need to be continued until they were firmly established, and their value recognized. To give to the teachers the knowledge lacking, steps such as the following might be taken:—1. The issue of bulletins by the department. 2. Establishing correspondence regarding difficulties. 3. The institution of small circulating libraries containing (say) twenty of the best books on these subjects, accompanied by a brief explanatory pamphlet.

"Up to the present our educational system has concerned itself almost entirely with preparation for college life and the so-called learned professions, and those who have neither the inclination nor the opportunity to take up either have been neglected and not considered fit subjects for educational effort. Every interest in the province demands consideration and schools of the following classes are required:—1. Agricultural High Schools or classes. 2. Technical High Schools or classes. 3. Commercial High Schools or classes. 4. Academic High Schools."

A number of recommendations are also made in reference to continuation classes required, it is claimed, "to bridge the gap between the rural school and the Ontario Agricultural College."

2,000 MINERS OUT AT COBALT.

Thirty-three Mines Affected by Strike of Western Federation Union.

A despatch from Cobalt, Ont., says: As expected, over 2,000 miners, nearly all members of Union No. 146 of the Western Federation of Miners, walked out at 33 different mines on Monday morning on a general strike, thus signifying their intention of not submitting to the new scale of wages which went into effect on Monday. This number has been increasing all day, and many employees of different companies have left their jobs since the first lot reported, and have expressed their intention of joining the union. As a result of the strike nearly all of the mines adhering to the schedule have shut down. Among these which have not signed the agreement are the Connaught and Foster, which companies are said to be considering the union scale, and the mines are running. The Buffalo Mine is said to have completely shut down, and Manager Jones is said to have stated that he will not take back any of the employees who went out. All companies in whose mines a strike has been declared are determined to hold to their agreement, in which case the strike may continue for some time if the union does not accept the companies' schedule.

BURGLARIES GALORE.

Twenty-Four Took Place in One Night at Vancouver.

A despatch from Vancouver, B. C., says: Twenty-four business offices in the city were entered by burglars between Sunday night and Monday morning. The burglars were the most skilful. The offices comprise those of dentists, lawyers, contracting firms and insurance companies. The burglars were evidently experts. No powder was used, despite the magnitude of the operations. The burglars, who are still at large, did not net over \$100. At daylight two men were observed by policemen in the neighborhood of the large Williams block. They broke into a run and escaped. The gang is believed to be from Seattle.

EATEN BY MOSQUITOES.

Body of Drowned Winnipeg Boy Found in a Swamp.

A despatch from Winnipeg Beach, Man., says: The body of Arthur Todge, the nine-year-old son of J. Todge, of Winnipeg, was found on Monday in a swamp badly eaten by mosquitoes. The boy had been at the beach, picnicking with friends and could not be found when the party was ready to return. His clothes were found on the beach and it was thought he was drowned, and the lake was dragged. When found, the body was clothed only in a bathing suit.

FIVE YEARS FOR SCHMITZ.

San Francisco's Mayor Goes to the Penitentiary.

A despatch from San Francisco says: Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz, convicted of extortion, was sentenced on Monday to five years in the penitentiary. When sentence was pronounced there was a remarkable outburst of applause from the hundreds of persons who crowded Judge Dunne's court-room. Schmitz must serve his term in the San Quentin Penitentiary. Sentence followed the recent conviction of Schmitz for extorting \$1,175 from French restaurant keepers.

HIGH INFANT DEATH RATE.

Montreal's Mortality Statistics for Last Week.

A despatch from Montreal says: According to the mortality statistics completed at the City Hall for last week, the death rate among infants was appalling. The number of children who died was 116. The total of deaths among all classes and ages was 172. This is a record for the city. The death rate among children under five years of age was a ratio over 67 per cent. Births for the week numbered 177.

"SOO" TRAFFIC 17,788,319 TONS.

June Returns Show Nearly Three Million Increase.

A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie says: June traffic through the "Soo" ship canal broke all records and brings the season's total to date up to 17,788,319 tons. This is slightly under three millions greater than for the same period last year. The total for June was 8,865,442 tons, over a million tons increase over May. Heavy traffic was being carried in grain, lumber and coal. Of the total tonnage, 7,033,668 tons was eastbound and 1,831,816 westbound. It is expected that July and August will show still heavier traffic.

BUILDING NEW JAILS.

Money Granted by Government for New Ontario Judicially Spent.

A despatch from Toronto says: Dr. Bruce Smith, Jail Inspector, has just returned from a tour of inspection of the jails in New Ontario, and states that the grant of \$100,000 voted at the last session of the Legislature for the building of new jails and improvement of others in that district was being judiciously expended. New jails are being built at Gore Bay, Sudbury, Port Arthur and Fort Frances, while improvements are being made to the "Soo" Jail and the one at Kenora. The work is being supervised by the Jail Inspector, who is also in charge of the double tracking of the C. P. R.

A DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

Winnipeg Suicide Identified as a Wealthy Farmer.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The Central Park suicide has been identified as Israel Scott, a wealthy farmer of Eglin, Man., who was disappointed in a love affair about three months ago, and has since been spending his time in the city without employment.

TURNKEY KNOCKED SENSELESS.

Desperate Attempt to Escape from Chatham Jail.

A despatch from Chatham says: Arthur Smith, of Knox, Penn., and Edwin Baldwin, of Wainfield, Ohio, on Thursday made a desperate attempt to break jail, by which the turnkey, Christopher Somerville, nearly lost his life. Both men were arrested on Tuesday, in Tilbury, a few miles west of here, for forgery and the uttering of two forged cheques for small amounts on the Sovereign Bank of Albany. They were arraigned before Judge Bell here on Wednesday, when they pleaded guilty and were remanded for one week for sentence. Early Thursday morning, while the turnkey was making his rounds, he entered their cell. He had laid the heavy lock on the floor while he undid another fastening. The prisoners seized the lock and with it struck the turnkey a terrible blow on the head, knocking him senseless. Governor Davidson, hearing the disturbance, rushed in, and unarmed, wrested the lock from the prisoners, at the same time calling for assistance. When it arrived the men were easily transferred to safer quarters. The turnkey will recover.

MANY BY-LAWS CARRIED.

Progressive Port Arthur Undertaking Some Big Things.

A despatch from Port Arthur says: Thirteen by-laws were voted on Wednesday and adopted by a majority vote. These included the construction of two concrete and steel bridges, the purchase of street cars, the expenditure of \$60,000 for improvements to the Current River, extension of the waterworks \$253,000, for the erection of a police station, for double-tracking the street railway for seven miles, the establishment of an incinerating plant, for the erection of new car barns and the isolation hospital and for park improvements. About \$600,000 was called for by the various by-laws. A plebiscite on the development of Dog Lake Falls revealed an affirmative response, while the proposal to purchase land for a fair ground was rejected. The vote was small and little interest was taken.

STEAMER MOUNT ROYAL WRECKED.

Six Members of Crew Drowned, Including First Officer, Purser and Steward.

A despatch from Victoria, B. C., says: The Hudson's Bay Company's stern-wheeler Mount Royal, plying on the Skeena, was a complete loss by wreck on Saturday afternoon. Captain Johnson and all the passengers were saved. Six of the crew were drowned. The dead are: W. M. Lewis, first officer; James O'Keefe, purser; A. Willis, steward; B. Freyne, fireman; a Japanese carpenter and a Japanese deckhand. Indians with canoes did good service in the work of rescue.

EXPRESS TRAIN WRECKED.

The Fireman Killed and Engineer is Badly Scalded.

A despatch from Rainy River, Ont., says: A train wreck occurred on Friday night on the Canadian Northern, six miles east of here. The wrecked train was No. 2 Express, eastbound, and was in charge of Engineer W. Hamilton and Conductor McGeah. Six miles east of Rainy River the locomotive struck three cattle, which were lying on the track, derailing the engine, mail and baggage cars and the first and second-class coaches. The sleepers and dining car did not leave the rails. Engineer Hamilton was badly scalded, but his injuries are not expected to cause death. Fireman Vance was so badly injured that he afterwards died in the hospital.

FRENCH SOLDIERS MUTINOUS.

Men Drafted for Service in Africa and Corsica as Penalty.

A despatch from Paris says: Reports of mutinies among regiments encamped at Larzac have been common during the last week. They have always been met by official denials and the production of commanding officers' reports that all was well in the camp. That this was not altogether true is shown by an official statement on Wednesday to the effect that about a hundred men belonging to the 100th Regiment were being sent away to be distributed among other regiments. It is officially said that eleven of them have gone to Marseilles, whence they will be transferred to Corsican and African stations.

GRAIN IS GROWING FAST.

C. P. R. Report of Western Crops—Weather is Favorable.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The weekly crop report was handed out by the C. P. R. officials on Thursday morning, and indications all along the line are to the effect that the wheat and other grains are growing fast under favorable weather conditions. There has been plenty of rain in most districts, but several need more showers. The grain is up 16 to 18 inches in some places.

REVENUE FROM CHINAMEN.

Sum of \$31,000 Collected in Texas From One Ship Load.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Arrivals of Chinese in Canada continue to increase. The Empress of Japan arrived at Vancouver a few days ago with 521 Chinese passengers. Of these 62 paid \$500 each, or \$31,000 in all, for permission to enter Canada. One hundred and eighty-five of the Chinese were in a steamer which had made money in Canada and was going to live in China. The other 336 were under the law which requires them to return to the Dominion.

TRUSTED TELLER'S HAUL

He Put \$96,317 in a Suit Case and Said Good-bye.

A despatch from New York says: Detectives throughout the United States are searching for Chester B. Runyan, paying teller of the Windsor Trust Company, who, the directors allege, is missing, with \$96,317 in cash. George W. Young, a director of the trust company, confirms the reports of the detectives, which the detectives say is one of the most remarkable ever reported. Runyan is accused of having placed \$96,317 in currency in a suit case last Saturday, and, after shaking hands with his banking associates, left the

trust company. Since then he has not been seen. Runyan, it is said, did not even go to his apartment to bid good-bye to his wife, to whom he had been married for five years. He is said to have taken all the cash available in the bank last Saturday. The directors, it is stated, have made up all the loss of the delinquency. Runyan was a man of exemplary habits, so far as known, and his conduct was such as not to arouse any suspicion. When the auditors went over his accounts on May 1 they were found to be all right.

DEATH IN A FOREST.

Three Men Drowned in Quebec—Sought Safety in Lake.

A despatch from Quebec says: A fierce forest fire is raging near Reed Station, sixty miles from here, and has caused the death of three men. They were trying to escape from the fire and rushed into the lake and were drowned. Only one of the victims has been identified. He is an Englishman named W. T. Macdonald.

SUICIDE IN ASYLUM.

Elderly Woman Drinks Poison in Institution at London.

A despatch from London says: Mrs. Wootton, an inmate of the Asylum for Insane, committed suicide on Thursday night by drinking carbolic acid, which she had obtained in some unknown manner. Mrs. Wootton, who was an elderly woman, was confined on account of a suicidal mania. Her relatives live in this city.

GUNBOAT ON GREAT LAKES.

Great Britain Has Given Permission to the United States.

A despatch from Washington says: The State Department has received the assurance of the British Government that there will be no objection to the request of this Government in sending the gunboat Don Juan de Austria to the Great Lakes, where she will be used for cruising purposes by the naval militia.

SLEEPWALKER'S DEATH.

Climbed to Window of Industrial School and Jumped.

A despatch from Montreal says: Antoine Robert, the 15-year-old son of Chief of Police Robert, of Lachine, while walking in his sleep on Saturday night, climbed to a window of the Monk's Industrial School at Oka and jumped out of the window to the ground, a distance of 45 feet. While walking in the garden in the morning one of the monks found the lad's dead body clad in a night shirt, lying close to the school wall. His skull was fractured and death must have been instantaneous.

PLANTING TREES ON PRAIRIES.

Active Campaign of Education Going on in the Northwest.

A despatch from Ottawa says: An active campaign is going on in the Northwest in favor of tree propagation and tree preservation. The officials have been busy getting the established farmers and the new settlers on prairie lands to plant trees.

GIANT LOCOMOTIVES.

The C. P. R. Has Placed Order for Fifty Big Ones.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The C. P. R. have decided to construct fifty giant locomotives, exceeding in size any engine ever built in Canada heretofore, for the use on the mountain division. They will have a draw bar pull of 40,000 pounds, whereas the greatest tractive effort of the present locomotives is 31,000 pounds, which will move a trainload of nine hundred tons.

The French battleship Hoche caught fire at Toulon on Saturday, and was sunk in her slip to prevent an explosion.

TORTURED PRISONERS.

Chinese Prefect Poured Burning Resin on Bodies.

A despatch from Hong Kong says: It is reported here from Wong Kong that Imperial troops surprised a band of insurgents recently, capturing eighty of them. The Prefect of Way Hui tortured the prisoners, pouring burning resin upon their bare bodies in an attempt to extract the names of the leaders of the uprising, in which, however, he was not successful.

BELFAST SHIPPING STRIKE.

Situation So Serious That Soldiers are Constantly on Duty.

A despatch from Belfast, Ireland, says: The shipping strike which has been in progress here for some weeks, threatens to spread. The situation is so serious that a regiment of infantry is constantly on duty at the wharves. Several squadrons of cavalry have been despatched from Dublin to escort carts drawing goods for delivery from the ships. It is stated that a general strike will be declared in the city. The outlook is dark.

DURBAN SENDS BACK COOLIES.

South Africa Begins Its Work of Ending Asiatic Immigration.

A despatch from Durban, Africa, says: One thousand nine hundred and forty-eight repatriated Chinese laborers sailed from here on Wednesday for home. Measures were adopted last month for the abolition of Asiatic immigration to Natal by Dec. 31, 1908, and providing at the same time for the repatriation of the Chinese coolies now in the Colony at the termination of their contracts.

WAR WITHIN FIVE YEARS.

Prediction of U. S. Admiral Just Back From Orient.

A despatch from Seattle, Wash., says: A special to The Post-Intelligencer from North Yakima says: Rear Admiral W. J. Thompson, U. S. N., retired, who has arrived here from a short stay in the Orient, predicts a war with Japan within five years. Admiral Thompson says that war is inevitable, but he does not believe that Great Britain will assist her ally in such a struggle, and thinks that in the end the resources of the United States must result in defeat for the Japanese. He believes that in the event of hostilities France would give financial aid to Japan.

GOLD NEAR KENORA.

Considerable Excitement by Finding Fine Sample.

A despatch from Kenora says: Considerable excitement was aroused here by the finding of a fine sample of gold-bearing quartz at Kenora or the old Menzie Island. Free gold is also said to have been discovered in that vicinity.

GENERAL.

Canadian newspaper print is being largely used in Tokio.

The Paris Figaro says the new treaty between France and Canada will shortly be signed.

Many persons were drowned in Chili by a flood caused by the bursting of a dam formed by volcanic action.

DISAFFECTION IN INDIA

Has Spread Among Landholders, Peasants and Coolies

A despatch from London says: Indian despatches represent the trouble in India as in nowise over, but as rather increasing. A correspondent, who has returned to Calcutta from three years of the most disaffected districts in Bengal, telegraphs that the seriousness of the situation is hardly realized by the Europeans in India or at home. A few years ago the discontent was confined to a few pleaders and clerks, and now it has spread among the landholders and the Bengal aristocracy, as well as among the peasants and coolies. In the Burial district committees of safety, after those called into existence during the French revolution, have now been formed. These committees hold judicial enquiries, summon witnesses and punish offenders. The Government has borrowed companies of Gakhars from Assam and military police from other provinces. These are posted in

small batches about the country, but are unable to prevent the persecution of loyalists. The worst feature of the situation is the growing number of assaults on Europeans. After detailing some of these the correspondent adds that Europeans are about armed with revolvers or the latest type of shotguns. Ladies are afraid to travel on the Assam-Bengal railway. A traffic officer and there was danger of certain sections of the line being closed owing to the reluctance of guards and drivers to take trains out. On one occasion no fewer than fifteen guards refused to work. The impression is gaining strength that Europeans are being driven out of the country from Calcutta and from Chanderpore in eastern Bengal. Another correspondent at Simla reports the extension of the sedition law to the central provinces.

DARE HE?

OR, A SAD LIFE STORY

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

As he speaks, he begins to retreat toward the door, but so slowly as to give her plenty of time to recall him. She only stands looking uncertainly and distressed. She cannot take such a melancholy impression of her little face away for the whole night with him—it would give him the blues too seriously after this dismal day—so he takes a step or two forward again.

"Are not you rather lonely?" he asks, with an expressive look round.

She gives a small, uncomplaining smile.

"Oh no; I do very well. I am generally alone at this time of day; they like to leave their evenings to themselves. I have father likes to have me to myself, I am sure it is quite natural. There is not the slightest trace of any sense of being aggrieved in either words or tone."

Again that picture of the adored Elizabeth of former days, of whose jokes her father was never weary, whose jokes were always considered as unequalled, and whose prominence in favor was so allowed that her intercession and influence were always employed by the others as certain in their efficacy, rises before Jim's eyes.

"They are like lovers still," continues Elizabeth softly; "it is very pretty when people are lovers still after nearly thirty years."

"And you—you have letters?"

"No, I do not; I write not anyone to write to."

A pang of shame at his unworthy suspicion, coupled with a sense of astonishment at her simple confession of friendship, prevents his speaking; and it is she who goes on to an Italian exercise; I began to learn Italian in Florence," with the inevitable low sigh that always accompanies her mention of that name.

"And to-day, for something to do, I took it up again. It has been a long day, has not it? Oh, what a long day!"

"Long!" repeats Jim, emphatically; "I might choose to call itself a day; but many a century has been shorter."

"Someone was playing ball and shuttlecock in the hall. I wonder to what number they kept it up? how many years it is since I have played ball and shuttlecock!"

There is a suppressed envy in her tone, which tells how far from dissatisfied the innocent pastime to which she alludes would be to her even now. She has sat down again on the straight-backed chair from whose elevation she had commanded her Italian studies; a large greyish cloak, lined and heavily collared, and bordered with fur, hangs, unfastened at the throat, about her.

Out of the dark, however her delicate neck and head rise, like a pale primrose from out of piled dead oak-leaves in a yet wintry wood. Through the door, which he has left open behind him, come bursts of merriment from the votaries of Dumb Crambo.

"What a noise they are making!" she should think they were.

"I wonder what they are doing?"

"I can inform you on that point; they are playing Dumb Crambo."

She repeats the words after him with a lingering intonation, in which there again is, or, at least, he thinks that he detects it, a tinge of envy.

"Dumb Crambo, like to join them?"

"No—slowly—not quite that; but it sounds ridiculous—but I should like to play Dumb Crambo again. We used—" in an affectionate, lingering tone—"to play it when we were children."

It is the first time that she has ever voluntarily alluded to the Moat, and he calls to mind her earnest prohibition addressed to him at Florence against any mention of it.

"I know you did; once or twice I played with you."

"You?"

"She starts. It is evident that the unimportant fact of his having taken part in their games has quite escaped her; but, a moment later, her soft and courteous nature evidently making her fear that he will link upon her obliviousness as unkind—

"Oh, yes, to be sure!" Then again lapsing into reminiscence, "what odd words we used to choose sometimes—words that nobody could guess! I wonder what words they have chosen?"

He thinks of saying loosely, "Shall I go and ask them?" but refrains, because he fears it would put it into her head to send him away.

A sort of piercing squeal makes itself heard from the salon.

"Do you think that can be meant for a pig?" asks Elizabeth, her fine ears prick up in unfeigned interest. "Oh!"—with a return of uneasiness—"I wish that they would not make so much noise; father does so dislike noise. They might as well have put it off till to-morrow."

"Why would to-morrow's noise be more endurable than to-night's?"

"It would not have mattered to-morrow; father will not be here; he is going to Hammam Rihra."

Burgoyne's jaw drops. Is this the alternative course decided upon by Mrs. Le Marchant? Having failed to dislodge him from Algiers, is she going to remove herself and her daughter out of his reach?

"Do you mean—are you all going to Hammam Rihra to-morrow?—all going away?"

Like—one hears such contradictory accounts; and if they are pleased with the

"Yes?"

"If they are pleased with it we shall all probably move on there in a day or two."

He would like to be sure that this sentence ends with a smile, but a prodigious storm of hand-clapping from the extensive theatre prevents his hearing whether it has that regretful finish.

"And they are going to leave you behind?"

"Why not? There would not be much use in taking me along as I tell you, they love taking me along."

"And you love being alone?"

The moment that the question is out of his mouth, he realizes its full unkindness. He is perfectly aware that she does not like being alone; that she is naturally a most social being; that, even now, these frightened five minutes of unsatisfactory broken talk with himself has made her look less chilled, less woe-begone, less white. Her answer, if it can be looked upon as one, must be taken by him as a rebuke. It is only that she says nervously:

"One certainly does hear dreadfully plainly here with the door open."

Her tone is of the gentlest, her look no angrier than a dove's, and yet he would be obdurate than he is if he did not at once comprehend that her remark implies a wish that he should presently shut that door behind him on the outside. He complies. With that newly-gained knowledge as to to-morrow's Hammam Rihra, he can afford to comply.

The next morning's light reveals that the weather, pleased with having so indisputably proved its power of being odious, has recovered its good humor.

Beyond the tree-ops a radiant sea is seen laughing far below; and the wet tiles on the little terrace shine like jewels. A sea even more wonderful than radiant; no servile copy of the sky and clouds to-day, but with astonishing colors of its own—a faint yet glorious green for a part of its watery breadth; then what our poverty compels us to call blue; and then a great tabcloth of inky purple, which looks so solid that the tiny white boats that are crossing it seem to be sailing on dry land. From amongst the glossy green of the wooded hill, mosque and campane house; and, dazzling in their recovered lustre; one cool enchanting villa in especially backed with a broken line of dusky stone-pinnacles, stands, snow-arcaded, enthroned high up among the verdure.

Jim is very anxious to be out of the way at the hour of the Le Marchants' departure. He has a panic fear of being waylaid by the mother, and having some earnest supplication addressed to him to abstain, during her absence, from any converse with Elizabeth. He is not quite clear at what time they will set off, so, to insure himself against mistakes, he resolves to spend the morning and lunch at the Villa Watson. Arrived there, he is shown by an Arab manservant into the court, and finding it empty, sinks down into a chair and lets his eyes wander round to the fountain, lulling dripping into its basin, to the tiles, the white-arched doorways carved in low relief, and themselves so low that it must be a humble-statured person who enters them without stooping.

What a home for love in idleness! Who can picture any of the vulgar work of the world done in such a house? any harder labor ever entered upon than listening to some lady singing 'twixt ravishing division' to her lute?

The lady who presently joins Jim appears, by her ruffled air, to have been engaged upon no such soothing occupation as lute and lute-lover.

"You will not mind staying here?" asks Cecilia; "Dr. Crump is in the drawing-room with Sybil; I am sure that you do not want to see Dr. Crump?"

"I cannot express how little I wish it."

"I cannot think what has happened to Sybil; she is looking up at her forehead in annoyed furrows—but she is so dreadfully sprightly when she is there; she never was sprightly with Dr. Crump, and he is such an impossible man—the sort of man who, when first he is in, always says, 'Well, how are we this morning?' Do you not think that it stamps a man to say 'How are we?'"

"I think it does."

"He talks such nonsense to her!"—with irritation—she tells her that he, too, is a bundle of nerves. "Oh!"—with a gasp. "And one day he told her that when first he came here he had seen the Angel of Death waving his fans above her head! and she swallows it all!"

"I am not at all surprised."

"It makes me sick!" cries she energetically; "let us go into the garden."

So into the garden they go; both the new one, whose luxuriant growth of verdure is the outcome of but eight or nine years, and the old one, along whose straight walks the feet of the Moorish ladies used to patter under the orange trees. Beneath them now there are no white bundles of muslin; only on the ground the oranges lie thick, no one to think of them, and thinking it worth while to pick them up. Jim and his companion pace rather silently to a pretty Moorish summer-house, dug, a few years ago, by the English architect out of a farmhouse, into which it had been built. It is dimly and cool, with a little dome and lovely green and blue tiles; and an odd small spring, which is taught to wander by tiny snaky channels into a little basin. They go into the summer-house and sit down.

"Yes, it is pretty," says the girl absently; but her mind is evidently preoccupied by some other subject than the beauty of the giant bignonia which is expanding the multitude of its orange

red clusters all over a low wall, making it into one burning hedge, and has called forth an exclamation of delight from Burgoyne. What that subject is immediately appears.

"Do you know who is in Algiers whom I saw driving through the Place Bressant on Sunday afternoon?"

"Who?"

"The Le Marchants. Ah, you are not surprised?"—rather suspiciously. You knew already?"

Jim hesitates a second; then reflecting that whether or not he acknowledges the fact now, Cecilia is certain to learn in a day or two at latest, he answers with a slight laugh:

"Let them be staying at my hotel,"—very quickly.

"Of course not!"—with a movement of impatience.

A pause.

"I suppose," says Cecilia, rather cautiously, as if aware that she is treading on dangerous ground, "that you have not found out why they stampeded from Florence in that extraordinary way?"

Oh, no, of course not!—as this suggestion is received with a still more impatient shrug than her former one. "It is not a thing upon which you could question them; and, after all, it was their own affair; it was no business of ours, was it?"

"Not the slightest."

"I always liked to like them," continues Cecilia pensively; "at least"—becoming aware of an involuntary movement of surprise at this statement on the part of her neighbor—"at least, they never gave me the chance of liking them; but I always admired them. I wonder are they more accessible than they were in Florence this year; everybody says that there never was a year when there were so few nice English!"

The tentative towards sociability implied in this last speech is received by Jim in a discouraging silence. He has not the slightest desire to promote any overture on the part of Cecilia towards intimacy with Elizabeth. He knows that they would be unsuccessful; and, moreover, he is conscious that he would be annoyed if they were not.

"I can fancy that this would be a very pleasant place if one had someone to go about with," continues she; "but father grows less and less inclined to move. Poor dear! he is not so young as he was, and I am not quite old enough yet, I suppose, to go about alone."

She makes a rather wistful pause—a pause which he feels that she intends him to fill by an offer of himself as escort. But none such comes. Realizing this, she goes on with a sigh:

"There are not many advantages in being old; but, at least, one is free, and in a youth such as mine is, there is no such much profit or pleasure."

The tone in which she makes this lugubrious reflection is so extremely doleful that Jim cannot refrain from a laugh.

"Cheer up, old girl! there is a good time coming! It is a long lane that has no turning."

But he contents himself with these vague forms of consolation. He has no engagements of his own. Why, then, is he so conscious of so strong a reluctance towards lying himself by any promise to the broadly-hinting lady beside himself? There is another pause, during which Cecilia looks down on the floor with a baffled air, and traces the outlines of the tiles with the point of her red sunshade.

"There is a band plays twice a week in the Place du Gouvernement—play admirably. Now, I suppose that there would be nothing odd; that no one could say anything; that it would not be the least improper, considering our connection and everything, if you were to take me to hear it some day?"

"I never have the slightest idea of what is improper and what is not," replies he; "but there is more of alarm than of encouragement in his tone."

"No more have I"—laughing rather awkwardly—"but in this case I am pretty sure. Tuesdays and Fridays are the days on which the band plays."

"Oh!"

"To-day is Tuesday, is not it?"

"Yes."

Another pause.

"I thought that perhaps, if you had nothing better to do, you might take me to-day."

The direct proposal which he has in vain tried to avert has come. If he accepts it, of what profit to him will the absence of the Le Marchant parents be? He does not formulate this fact to himself. He merely decides, indeed, owned to his own heart that he has any set design upon Elizabeth's company for the afternoon.

"I am afraid," he begins slowly.

"You are vamping up an excuse," says Cecilia, dryly.

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biased sight, you choose to name, only tell me by which of them you would like to begin to ride round."

As he leaves the house and the appeared fair one, after luncheon, an hour and a half later, he tells himself that he has got off cheerily in having vaguely sacrificed the whole of his Algerian future, but having preserved to-day and to-morrow.

(To be continued.)

SALESWOMEN OF PARIS

WORK HARD AND HAVE LONG HOURS, BUT IT PAYS WELL.

Educated Girls Preferred—Politics and Dry Goods—Prospects of Promotion.

The dry goods stores of Paris employ about 6,000 saleswomen. They are a highly businesslike lot of women. They work hard and have long hours, but their pay is fair; they have prospects of advancement and they are taken care of in illness and old age.

The change from the old methods of business to the new is hardly greater than the change in the girls who wait on the customers. The old time fille de boutique wearing a cap and apron was half shop girl and half servant, but together gay and irresponsible. The modern saleswoman is, at least on duty, a prim and self-possessed person in an impeccable black silk gown of up-to-date cut, with her hair carefully dressed, her hands manicured and her language as polished as that of a school reader.

Nearly all of them now hold school diplomas of one grade or another. Some of them have certificates of graduation from commercial high schools. The stores prefer these testimonials to experience.

The situations are in great demand. It is said that establishments employing from 500 to 900 saleswomen have from 7,000 to 8,000 applicants annually. Not only the aptitude but the family and personal record of each candidate is considered, and after the sifting process is completed landing a place is very often a matter of pull.

A TRYING BLUNDER.

All the shopgirls begin as debitrice or charge girls. The beginner receives her card or else a commutation of \$120 a year in place of it. She undertakes a serious responsibility all the same. If she makes a mistake to the detriment of the store she is liable for the amount.

The position is a trying one. It is the severest test by which they try out beginners. One debitrice in the confusion of a Christmas mob reported a vase marked at 195 francs as costing 19 francs 50 centimes, a difference amounting to \$35. When the mistake was discovered, the girl was requested to make good the difference at once. Her mother was a poor widow, and they had no resources save a few articles of jewelry, which they took out once to the Monte de Piete, but on which they could raise only \$16.

The girls in the store hearing of the misfortune at once started a collection to make up the difference, but just then the purchaser turned up at the store, having just realized the blunder herself, and made full payment. The debitrice was not discharged, but her promotion to the rank of demoiselle de magazin was postponed six months.

LIFE IS GAY.

When the debitrice is promoted to be demoiselle de magazin, she is in a sense settled for life. Her whole career is likely to be spent in the department to which she is then assigned. But this does not mean that her life is narrowed any more than that of any other woman.

She works long hours—8 a.m. to 7 p.m., with an hour about noon for dinner, but she is gay—and may be done to make it pleasant. The girls as they troop to and from work through the streets of Paris are a spectacle of high spirits and discretion. They protect one another, and woe to the masquer who attracts the attention of a girl.

WHEN SHE IS PROMOTED.

Besides her commission the demoiselle de magazin has the prospect of promotion to encourage her. As plain saleswoman, her compensation all told may vary from \$400 in the lower grades to \$700 in the best lines. But promotion to the rank of assistant forewoman means from \$800 to \$1,200 a year, according to the department.

In France \$1,200 a year is the pay of the sub-director of a department. And the saleswoman's career may not end there. About 20 per cent. of all saleswomen become assistants—from these a small number reach the rank of forewoman—practically heads of departments, although they are always associated with male heads. Their pay ranges from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year, with an interest in the profits of the department.

MARRIAGE OF CONVICT.

Fell in Love with Gaoler's Daughter, and the Two Were Married.

A strange romance at Ypres, Belgium, culminated in the marriage of a convict, who is undergoing life imprisonment in the local prison, to the daughter of the gaoler.

The gaoler's daughter was in the habit of taking food to the convict, and an attachment was formed which resulted in the marriage.

The convict was taken to the town hall in a covered wagon, escorted by four gendarmes who acted as witnesses. After the civil ceremony, the bride and groom were driven back to the prison with the gendarmes, and the religious ceremony was performed in the prison chapel, after which the convict returned to his cell.

The resident of Ypres are circulating a petition, which will be presented to the authorities, asking that the convict be pardoned.

ON THE FARM.

CAN WE AFFORD TO FEED GRAIN TO OUR COWS?

This question is ever present with the dairy farmer. It will not down. Some answer it confidently by saying "yes." Some shake their heads doubtfully and say "I hardly know." Others declare, "At present prices of such feed it doesn't pay." If we take a census of these farmers, we will land on about this ground:

That those dairy farmers who feed a grain ration, are, as a rule, the most prosperous. They will tell you that it pays, providing you will take care to do two things: (1) Have good cows. Do not breed them or buy them; don't keep a poor cow a minute longer than you are obliged to, for she is a constant loss. A cow must yield 300 pounds of milk a year, or barely pay for her keeping. From this conclusion there seems to be no escape. If you want more, you must have a better cow.

(2) Take care that the cow is stabled to milk production. If by your fault, or by the fault of the cow, you hinder her in her best work, you must pay the bill.

These are the two general conclusions and conditions that surround the question. From these two we may go on and deduce a score or more of other important conclusions. For instance: (1) The problem is so difficult that only men of active, well informed minds can make a good success of it. (2) That we must be dairymen, using dairy bred cows, and a good supply of dairy ingredients in feeding as well as in providing the right conditions to surround the cow. (3) That if we produce our cows by breeding, we must look into the laws and principles of dairy breeding. We must not come at it in loose, haphazard ways for we are doing work for a long time. We must understand that breeding of profitable dairy cattle is based on just as distinctive, well settled principles as the breeding of trotting horses, beef cattle, mutton sheep, or game fowls. (4) Because of loose, haphazard ideas of dairy breeding among farmers, we have the abundance of poor cows and the scarcity of good cows, that is seen on every hand.

(5) That breed is a very important thing if it really means what it should; if the development of dairy qualities, that type, dairy individuality has been made the leading purpose. A cow or bull bred is much more apt to give results, than any other. Hence, when we choose from a certain breed, it is well to be assured of the skill and wise judgment of the breeder. There are wise men and foolish men among breeders. As he is, so are his cattle in a very large degree.

(6) If we buy our cows, we must be a good judge of a cow, else we will be throwing away our money, feed and care. To be a good judge of the dairy quality of a cow, one must have a natural love of the animal, well supplemented by a study of the external signs of dairy capacity. (7) If we do well with our cows, we must have also a good judgment of true dairy conditions. Now, all these things call for study, thought, information. A successful dairy farmer must give himself a dairy education, the same as a good lawyer must have a good legal education. It is nonsense to suppose that so deep a subject, one so much as such, can be solved successfully without a well informed mind. And all this talk has come logically from the single question: Shall we feed grain to our cows? Verily, the cow is a fruitful subject.

BETTER POULTRY ON THE FARM.

Now that poultry is in such demand and at double the former prices for eggs and chicks, poultry on the farm is a more interesting interest than ever before. It is just as easy to grow good chickens as scrubs, and they eat no more and bring much more money. A lady who gives much attention to growing chickens on the farm sends the following letter on the subject. She says:

"I would like to see more and better poultry on our farms, and I believe there is no way in which we can more readily and surely increase the returns from our farm. The point at which we should stop increasing the size of our flocks is that at which there is nothing more to be gained from clean from the fields in the way of bugs and lost grain. The tender grass and the young clover that are to be found all over the farm in late summer and fall make good feed for fowls and we should utilize them as much as possible by having a large number of fowls to use it.

We need more poultry on the farms, as is evidenced by the increasing price for poultry products. This means that the demand is ahead of the supply. When the prices get high there is a tendency for the people to buy other food in the place of poultry products; therefore we are the losers. There is another reason why we should increase the amount of poultry on our farms and that is that poultry meat is not as scarce as other meat, and therefore, in selling it we get more for the same food value parted with than from a like weight of beef or pork.

The better the poultry the more we will get for the food consumed, which is, of course, of great moment. We have in most of our flocks hens that eat and eat and never lay an egg. Some of them have passed beyond the

age of laying and the owners have lost track of them in the flock. We can get better flocks by weeding out these unprofitable layers."

WHITEWASH THE QUARTERS.

This is the season of the year when the hog quarters should all be put into the best kind of shape by cleaning them out thoroughly, whitewashing them inside and out wherever the hogs touch them. Air slaked lime sprinkled around the floor of the pens, especially in the corners and sides, is an excellent method of treating the floor. Troughs should be whitewashed inside and out and air-slaked lime scattered freely around where the pigs lie in the habit of eating. If there is some lime in the troughs it doesn't hurt, it is an advantage.

By exercising care, sickness may be prevented. Cleanliness is one of the essentials. It is a great preventive, and the lime wash is an excellent disinfectant. We cannot endorse this too strongly. Give the hogs some charcoal. It is a regulator and an aid to good digestion. Have clean, sweet sleeping quarters. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

MANY STRANGE BIRDS

SOME BUILD THEMSELVES REGULAR PLAYGROUNDS.

Australian Species Make Themselves Bowers Decorated with Shells and Parrot Feathers.

Among birds, as among other adult animals, says the London Globe, life in general is too much of a struggle for a sufficiency of food to admit of play in the ordinary sense of the word. The family of bower birds, at any rate, are unique in making for themselves special playing places in the shape of bowers, or otherwise. These birds are characteristic of the Australian region, being found in the tropical and subtropical parts of Australia. The first example of a bower built by one of these remarkable birds was brought to this country by John Gould as a result of his expedition to Australia in 1838-40. And it is a strange tribute to the skill and industry of this famous ornithologist that out of the eleven species of bower bird now known he was able to describe ten.

All members of the family, with the exception of the cat bird of Queensland, make themselves some sort of playground. Some interesting notes on some of these bowers are given in the current number of the Field. The regent bird, the most numerous of the family, makes a little avenue of twigs stuck into the ground, and

NEARLY MEETING ABOVE.

This avenue is rather less than a foot long and eight or nine inches high, formed on a platform of twigs, leaves and grass. At the entrance is a collection of shells, bits of bone, stones of fruits, gaily colored feathers and leaves. Having discovered a bower, the observer must hide himself, and wait perhaps for hours, if he wishes to see the birds at play. A party of them appears of glossiest black and blinding yellow plumage. One of them enters the bower, picks up a shell or leaf, performs a variety of antics with it and throws it away. The others meanwhile are performing outside. When the first performer comes out the others enter in turn and do likewise. Darwin and other naturalists have considered that this is the bower bird's courtship.

In the bower of the satin bower bird, are found numerous feathers of species of parrots. These are always blue or yellow, and the bird is said never to use red ones. The golden bower bird of Queensland first piles up a platform, of sticks around two neighboring trees. It then builds its bower between them. Besides this, however it makes three or four smaller ones.

PEAKED LIKE INDIAN WIGWAMS.

round it. These latter are made by drawing together the tops of the grass and ferns and fastening them. In playing the birds run in and out of these bowers.

The tooth-billed bower bird, on the other hand, merely flattens out about a square yard of ground and bakes it of vegetation. On this it lays from seven to nine leaves of a particular species of tree. It will play with these leaves by the hour, tossing them over its back, and to and fro. A curious point is that it brings a fresh supply of leaves every morning to its playground and never uses the old ones.

Many of the bower birds are good mimics, but this species is said to exceed them all. It can imitate any bird, and does it so well as to deceive the birds themselves. It has been called the master mimicking bird of Australia.

One species of bower bird, it may be noted, has developed an acquired taste, for it loves to collect in its playground the bleached bones of sheep. About a cartload of these was found in one bower. From the fact that eight males and twelve females were given in the bower it would appear that these remarkable structures are the joint work of several birds.

Ferdinand: "And do you really love me?" Penelope: "Love you, Ferdinand? Why, only yesterday papa asked me if I wouldn't sooner have a pug dog, and I refused!"

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

TWO LEADERS

Marine Spar Varnish

For varnishing Boats. Withstands the action of water and preserves the wood.

Stop-a-Leke-Styck

For mending leaks in Boats, Tanks, etc. Does the work quickly, and always ready for use. Try it.

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Hot Weather Footwear

You can get just what you want here to give you FOOT COMFORT this very warm weather, and at the **Lowest Prices** in Stirling.

SPECIAL VALUES in

Men's Canvas Boots, Lacrosse and Outing Shoes.
Ladies' Dongola Shoes from 50c. up.
" Patent Colt Boots and Oxfords from \$1.85 up.
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Children's Toe Slippers from 50c. up.
Women's Prunella Slippers, and Gaiters from 50c. up.
" Carpet Slippers at 25 cents.

OUR SHOE DRESSING

Gives the best satisfaction. Colors, white, black, and tan, from 5c. up.

GIVE US A CALL.

We sew all rips free at

GEO. E. REYNOLDS,
SHOE KING.

P. S.—Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

Two prisoners escaped from Whitty jail on Tuesday afternoon.

The Ontario Government has ordered all the bars closed at Cobalt during the time the strike of workmen lasts, and have forbidden the conveying of liquor on the railway.

Eighteen months ago John A. Hamilton, a telegraph operator at Alton, Ill., was pronounced hopelessly afflicted with tuberculosis. He began a diet of raw eggs and milk. Twelve eggs and sometimes half a gallon of milk were his daily food. He has now recovered, and is able to resume his occupation as a telegraph operator, but still continues the eggs and milk diet. Physicians at Alton who have watched his case give credit to the eggs and milk for his restoration to health.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going directly to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and salivary complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

MORTON & HAIGHT.

Spring Brook Medical,

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SPRING BROOK, ONT.

All Difficult and Chronic Diseases diagnosed and special treatment given.

DISEASES OF LUNGS, THROAT, EAR AND NOSE. FITTING OF GLASSES.

DISEASES OF WOMEN, PILES, CONSTIPATION, Prostatic Diseases of Men, Rectal Troubles, Catarrh of the Nose and all Acute and Chronic Diseases treated by the most approved scientific principles.

All in doubt of their ailments should have an X RAY Examination.

R. ELGIN TOWLE, M.B., M.D.C.M., Physician-in-Charge.

Office Hours 12 to 3 p.m. Drug Store in connection.

FRENCH PEASANTS.

They Know Nothing About Cooking as a Fine Art.

We are accustomed to think of cooking as being a universal art among the French. We seem to have heard vaguely of delicious repasts concocted out of nothing with the help of a charcoal fire and a small pot.

Certainly among the bourgeois that miracle seems sometimes to accomplish itself, but in the matter of cooking as a fine art the peasant belongs to a different world. He knows very little about it and does not wish to know because it is regarded as a costly and unnecessary luxury. His breakfast consists of thin soup made of beans and water, with perhaps a taste of bacon for flavoring, and thin slices of brown bread to give it substance. Potatoes and one other dish—frequently a coarse sort of pancake—form the noonday meal. The supper will be more sustaining, with thin wine or cider as a beverage.

Jacques Bonhomme has a perfect genius for discovering things which are good for food, which yet cost nothing, and sometimes he eats things that seem revolting to us, though I am quite willing to admit that clean or unclean in the matter of food is largely a question of inherited prejudice. Normandy is a rich province, and its peasants are better fed than those of other parts of the country. There is a tradition that in olden days meat was so cheap and plentiful that it was used to feed the pigs at the monasteries. They drink a great deal of cider, especially in the "pays de Caux," and it is said that this is the explanation of their bad teeth. The dress of the peasant women in this part of Normandy is extremely picturesque, with the long frilled cloak and the hood, which sometimes reveals a pretty, quaint face.

As a contrast to the general frugality of the peasants' lives there are the wedding feasts and other festivities, when they eat enormously, apparently having the power of laying in a stock against times of comparative fasting.

A Popular Recreation.
"Where are you going, Sandy?" said one Scotchman to another. "Doon to the club," said Sandy. "And what for?" "Just to contradict a wee fool."

New Kidneys for 3c. a Day.

Weak kidneys that are making your back ache—that are making you suffer with Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago—are changed into well, strong kidneys by Bu-Ju. It is Bu-Ju—the Gentle Kidney Pill that leads the kidneys; gives you practically a new pair of organs and corrects all the troubles. If you know you have Kidney Trouble, or if you suspect it by the pains in the back, lumbago, frequent desire to urinate, take Bu-Ju on our positive guarantee that it will cure you or money refunded. A box at drugists. The Clafin Chem. Co., Limited, Windsor, Ont.

FALLING OFF A BICYCLE.

Mark Twain's Story of the Way He Established a Record.

It seems a good while ago. I must have been rather young for my age then, for I was trying to time an old fashioned bicycle nine feet high. It is not almost unbelievable at my present stage of life that there have really been people willing to trust themselves upon a dizzy and unstable altitude like that, and that I was one of them. Twichell and I took lessons every day. He succeeded and became master of the art of riding that wild vehicle, but I had no gift in that direction and was never able to stay on mine long enough to get any satisfactory view of the planet. Every time I tried to steal a look at a pretty girl or any other kind of scenery that single moment of inattention gave the bicycle the chance it had been waiting for, and I went over the front of it and struck the ground on my head or back before I had time to realize that something was happening. I didn't always go over the front way. I had other ways and practiced them all. But no matter which way was chosen for me there was always one monotonous result—the bicycle skinned my leg and leaped up into the air and came down on top of me. Sometimes its wires were so sprung by this violent performance that it had the collapsed look of an umbrella that had had a misunderstanding with a cyclone. After each day's practice I arrived at home with my skin hanging in ribbons from my knees down. I plastered the ribbons on where they belonged and bound them there with handkerchiefs steeped in lotions and was ready for more adventures next day. It was always a surprise to me that I had so much skin and that it held out so well. There was always plenty, and I soon came to understand that the supply was going to remain sufficient for all my needs. It turned out that I had nine skins, in layers, one on top of the other like the leaves of a book, and some of the doctors said it was quite remarkable.

I was full of enthusiasm over this insane amusement. My teacher was a young German from the bicycle factory, a gentle, kindly, patient creature with a pathetically grave face. He never smiled; he never made a remark; he always gathered me tenderly up when I plunged off and helped me on again without a word. When he had been teaching me twice a day for three weeks I introduced a new gymnastic—one that he had never seen before—and so at last a compliment was wrung from him, a thing which I had been risking my life for days to achieve. He gathered me up and said mournfully, "Mr. Clemens, you can fall off a bicycle in more different ways than any person I ever saw before."

—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in the North American Review.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

At a regatta on Lake Lucerne the whole surface of the lake was strewn with roses.

The rose has through all time been the symbol of the purity and charm of girlhood.

Spartan soldiers after the battle of Cirrha refused offerings of wine unless it was perfumed with roses.

The rose seems to have long been the symbol of silence. It has been suggested that the utter inability to set forth the charms of the rose has admonished to silence.

Sweet as the fragrance of a garden is the Persian fable of the lump of clay which gave to the air a perfume that floated over the garden walls of fair Iran, "I have been dwelling with roses," said the clay.

In Bulgaria and Roumania, which are great centers for the manufacture of attar of roses, damask roses are exclusively used. These are gathered at dawn, just as the buds begin to unfold, and the essence is distilled from them before the sun sets.—Circle.

Lost His "Mr."

For a man of mature years to have the distinction of Mr. removed from his name would no doubt be a severe punishment. Yet this is what the Puritans inflicted on Josias Plaistow, and all because he stole four baskets of corn from the Indians. And then after poor Josias was Mister no longer the hard hearted founders of Massachusetts were not satisfied, but fined him £5 and made him return eight baskets of corn to the offending red men in place of the four he had taken.

Where Cain Killed Abel.

While cycling round Kettering I was startled to see what appeared to me to be two men fighting in a field. On reaching the field I dismounted and climbed over the fence to see what it was and discovered it was a stone statue representing Cain slaying Abel. It is unique. Cain has one knee pressed upon Abel to the ground and one arm uplifted ready to strike. The statue is in order to prevent corruption by evil example. Consequently the dramatic effect of many plays is somewhat marred by the manner in which principals destined to be murdered are rushed off the stage and, after receiving the fatal thrust out of sight of the audience, stagger back from the wings to sing their death songs.

Did Know About That.

"The money market," Mr. Wallace began, with that superior air a man assumes when he talks of public questions to his wife—"the money market?" "Which reminds me," Mrs. Wallace interrupted, "Reminds you of what, economy?" "That you haven't given me the market money yet."

Admitted He Was One.

Mrs. Brown was writing home on a letter about the old days? Tommy's top—Yes, my son, Tommy—Good! Must have taken a crowbar to break the news.—Philadelphia Record.

THE POET WHITTIER.

How He Met His Only Love and How They Drifted Apart.

John Greenleaf Whittier was one of the sweetest poets that this country or any other has ever produced, and this in spite of the fact that he was doomed to live and die a bachelor.

In the spring of 1828, when the poet was about twenty years old, he did his first and last courting.

In the quaint old town of Marblehead, in the home of a well-to-do shipmaster, dwelt Evelina Bray, the shipmaster's daughter. Evelina was "sweet sixteen," as pretty as a peach and as pure as the wood violets with which she loved to decorate her hair, and with the winsome, modest maiden Whittier fell desperately in love.

During the aforementioned springtime as the flowers were creeping up from under the snow and the landscape was taking on its first delicate touches of the summer to come young Whittier went down to Marblehead found Evelina and told her of the sentiment that he could no longer conceal. To his joy he learned that the sentiment was reciprocated.

But the "course of true love did not yet run smooth," and it was already decreed that Whittier's was to be a "lost love."

The shipmaster of Marblehead was a worldly man, and one of his chief delights when on shore was to hear his daughter play on the piano and sing, while Whittier's parents as well as Whittier himself were of the strictest sect of the Quakers, in whose eyes a piano was an emblem of sin and music the sure and certain mark of wickedness.

Between these opposite, antagonistic and uncompromising views of things there was no concord possible. Whittier knew it, Evelina knew it, and, like the philosophers that they were, they concluded to say no more to each other upon the tender subject—and they never did.

Five years later, in 1833, the couple met again, but no word was spoken of the affection that each knew was in the other's heart. It was the meeting of friends, that was all.

It was not until 1855, at a class reunion at the Haverhill academy, that the poet and his sweetheart again stood face to face. Since he had last held her fifty-two years had rolled away. The two were now old. The rose had faded from Evelina's cheek, and into her lover's face wrinkles had stolen, and upon his head old Time had left his time.

But the heart never grows old; love is immortal—immortality young and fresh—and, parting from his old love forever, the poet went home to write the touching lines—

Look forth once more through space and time
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
On memory's frescoed wall—
A shadow and yet all.

—Rev. T. S. Gregory in New York American.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

So many people consider a wish an ambition.

One way to make something out of nothing is to start a fight about it.

To every man comes a time when he wishes he were as smart as he used to believe he was.

As a rule, it is easier to help a man and make him a friend than it is to injure him and make him an enemy.

Every young man could wear a hero medal if the commission would take his best girl's estimate of his strength and courage.

If you don't laugh at a man's joke, he says you have no sense of humor. It never occurs to him that he lacks the sense of humor.

The loafer will always tell you there "isn't much opportunity for a man in this town." Still there are twenty-four hours in a day here, as elsewhere.

Pretty Feet Always Painful.

Pretty feet are always painful feet. Shoes rarely, if ever, fit them; hence they carry their possessors haltingly, and too often they must direct themselves toward the chiropodist's. The high arched instep, the pretty foot's essential quality, is yet in a way a deformity, for it causes an abnormal tightness of the tendon governing the toes, and the toes in consequence all turn under a little, as though trying to grasp something. Turning under, the joints stand out prominently, just as the knuckles stand out when the fingers are closed. The leather of the shoe rubs and irritates these prominent joints, and the pretty foot's pretty owner pays the penalty in many a smart, in many a jumping pain.

No Stage Murders in Turkey.

On one point the Turkish censor of the drama is inflexible—there shall be no murder committed on the stage. This is in order to prevent corruption by evil example. Consequently the dramatic effect of many plays is somewhat marred by the manner in which principals destined to be murdered are rushed off the stage and, after receiving the fatal thrust out of sight of the audience, stagger back from the wings to sing their death songs.

Quite a Different Thing.

Clara—Father, George says he isn't half good enough to be my husband. Father—If he talked to me as if he was quite good enough to have me for a father-in-law.

Breaking the News.

Tommy—Papa, was written down on a tablet of stone in the old days? Tommy's top—Yes, my son, Tommy—Good! Must have taken a crowbar to break the news.—Philadelphia Record.

SOME CURIOSITIES.

Different Lengths of a Mile—How a Road Was Determined.

The standard yard prevails throughout the United Kingdom, but the lengths of the English, Scotch and Irish mile is different in each, which is the more curious, seeing that the English and American miles are identical. But the occasional local variations in our English acre are even more remarkable. These were perhaps originally due to the inexactitudes of ancient land surveying, which was comparatively of such a free and easy description that the acres of neighboring counties, not far from any adjacent parishes, sometimes varied.

A book published in the reign of Edward VI. gives the following curious and naïve instructions on the subject: "Stand at the door of a church on Sunday and bid sixteen men to stop, tall ones and small ones, as they happen to pass out. Then make them put their left feet one behind the other, and the length thus obtained shall be a right and lawful rood to measure the land with, and the sixteenth part of it shall be a right and lawful foot."

This is almost laughable, but we have only to apply to one of the older dictionaries to find that anything like exactness, whether of definition or of fact, is quite a modern scientific development. And the story of the acre is a case in point. It was supposed to have been reduced to a common standard in 1305, but it was not until 1824 that we enacted the statute acre of 4,840 square yards.

With the loose system of measurement prevailing for the greater part of that long interval, it is not surprising that the so called "acre" was too often what the local wisacres happened to make of it. By long use and wont it seems probable that the discrepancies thus arising occasionally crystallized into customs, of which some examples still survive. A Welsh acre was formerly twice as large as an English one, while a Scottish acre is larger than ours by more than 1,000 square yards.

According to authority, there are seven different measures still in use by which the acre may be variously defined. Lancashire has within her borders acres measured on a customary local scale, while the so called Cheshire acre is even larger than that of its Welsh neighbor.—London Globe.

CHINESE USE TIME STICKS.

Each Will Burn Throughout a Period of Twelve Hours.

The Chinese have several contrivances for keeping the time of day. The water clock has often been described, but the use of burning sticks is less familiar. These are described by Colonel Bridges in his book, "Round the World in Six Months."

We bought a small bundle of time sticks. The sticks, each of which is thirty-two inches long, are used, as their name more or less implies, for the purpose of measuring time. For use by day some are especially made, while others for service by night are particularly constructed.

Each burns during a period of twelve hours. Of these "King Alfred's candles," as some of our party termed them, we bought two and from a printed circular or advertisement which was at the same time handed to us by the man who sold them we learned the following particulars:

The materials from which these time measuring sticks are made are prepared according to the directions of the official or imperial astronomers or astrologers. The duration of each time stick is adjusted according to the clepsydra or water clock, so that the time which it indicates when burning may be regarded as correct.

Time sticks which are manufactured to mark the hours of the day must be lighted at day dawn, when the lines on the palm of the hand are just visible, while those which are constructed to mark the hours of the night must be lighted at dusk, when the lines on the palm of the hand are not discernible. Each stick when burning must be placed in a perpendicular position. It is also necessary that it should be placed in a room free from currents of air.

Leibnitz and the Alchemists.

Leibnitz, one of the great men of literature, who died in 1716, wished to join a society of alchemists who were prosecuting a search for the philosopher's stone. He compiled a letter from the writings of the most celebrated alchemists and sent it to the society. The letter consisted of the most obscure terms he could find, and he himself, he said, did not understand a word of it. Afraid to be thought ignorant, the society invited him to its meetings and made him secretary.—Argonaut.

Her Poem.

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "now that you've seen my new hat you simply can't regret that I got it! Isn't it just a poem?"

"Well, if it is," replied John, "I suppose a proper title for it would be 'Owed to a Milliner.'"

Case in Point.

Miss Middlemore—How true it is that the older we grow the less we appreciate the things that used to delight us in childhood! Miss Pert—Yes, especially birthdays.—London Tit-Bits.

The Continuous Challenge.

Jimmy—Aw, no wonder yer kin lick me. Yer two years older'n me. Mickey—Well, come round when yer as old as me an' I'll lick yer den too.—Judge.

To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.—Holmes.

HARDWARE!

A Car of BINDER TWINE

on hand.

I sell the Plymouth and

Peterboro Twine

These are the two best brands of Twine on the market. Don't buy any other.

Prices are right.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.



OUR TAILORING

insures satisfaction as to the Style, Fit and Fabric of any garment you may order. Each coat, suit and overcoat is fashioned with care and skill.

OUR PRICES

speak for themselves. You will find it hard to duplicate our offerings.

JOHN M. MCGEE,

Next door to H. Warren & Son's Hardware Store.

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THE NEWS-ARGUS

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THE

Stirling News-Argus

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JAMES CURRIE.

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STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 44.



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OF
PEOPLE

Have yet to buy suits. They have lost nothing by waiting, as the choice is still large enough to meet the ideals of the BEST DRESSERS.

To be WARD clad is to be
SWELL CLAD

Call and choose the cloth. The price is right; the Fit, Finish and Workmanship is right.

**OUR READY-TO-WEAR
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Is overflowing with new and up-to-the-minute patterns and styles in the special

**WARD BRAND
CLOTHING**

For Men, Boys and
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**Rain Coats
- and -
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FRED T. WARD,

Headquarters for Men's Fine Ordered Clothing, Haberdashery, Etc.



You are invited to meet the expert Corsetier of BIAS CORSETS, LIMITED, who will be pleased to fit you and demonstrate the truly wonderful effects of Bias Fitting. Fitting and consultation free. No obligation to buy. MISS FITZER will be with us from

Monday, July 22nd to Saturday, July 27th

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**The Mutual Life Co.
OF CANADA.**

37 Years' Record.

Results Speak Louder Than Words.

Total Payments for Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Surrendered Policies, etc.	\$ 7,476,529.26
Add present Assets	10,385,539.84
Amount paid to policyholders and held for them	\$17,862,069.10
Total Premiums received	17,338,715.05
Excess of Assets and Payments to Policyholders over Premium receipts	\$523,354.05

S. BURROWS,

AGENTS WANTED.

General Agent, Belleville.

The Orange Celebration

Greatest Gathering Ever Held in Stirling

The celebration of the 12th of July by the Orangemen of this place and vicinity brought together in Stirling the greatest number of people that has ever been seen here by the "oldest inhabitant." The weather was not the most favorable, clouds and showers during the day making it unpleasant, yet nothing could dampen the ardor of the members of the Order. They were here to celebrate the battle of the Boyne, and right royally it was done.

The first to arrive were the Oddfellows' Band and the Orange True Blues from Belleville, who came on the early morning train. For a while they had the town to themselves; but after a time as the clouds broke away and the sun shone forth, the different lodges from the districts to the east and north began pouring in, together with their friends, until before midday the streets were crowded with people.

The main streets had been gaily decorated with flags, streamers and banners, and with the evergreen arches presented a handsome appearance, and the throngs of people made a most animated scene, such as is seldom witnessed except in large cities.

Ample provision had been made by the members of L.O.L. No. 110 to feed a large crowd on the Agricultural Grounds, and all remarked that they never sat down to a better spread at any large gathering, and everyone was pleased and satisfied. The hotels had also made provision to give dinners to large numbers, and were well patronized.

After dinner was over a procession was formed on the Agricultural Grounds, and headed by the Oddfellows' Band marched down Front street, passing along Emily to Church street, and thence by Victoria to James and Mill street, and returning by Front street to the grounds.

During the afternoon excellent speeches were made by Rev. Geo. E. Ross, West Huntingdon; Rev. R. C. Blagrove, Belleville; Rev. W. G. Clarke and Rev. B. F. Byers, Stirling. The rain interfered with the speaking and caused the crowd to disperse earlier than otherwise would have been the case.

There were fifteen lodges present, and it is estimated that there were between five and six thousand people in town during the day.

In the evening a concert, under the auspices of the local Lodge, was given in the opera house by a number of Belleville artists. The program rendered consisted of songs, monologues and funny skits, and was well received by a good sized audience.

Stirling Lodge No. 110 is to be congratulated on the success of the celebration. The proceeds were over \$1,000, and after paying expenses a good sum will remain to assist in paying for their hall.

A sixteen-year-old girl with a mania for horse stealing, is causing much annoyance in and about Galt.

The Ontario of Monday says: James Rainnie, a prominent resident of Rawdon, was on trial to-day before Magistrate Masson on the charge of perjury in a suit he had against one William Pounder in the Division Court on the 15th of May. Mr. Anderson appeared for the prosecution and G. G. Thrasher for the accused. The Magistrate committed Mr. Rainnie for trial, which will take place in September before Judge Deroche.

The Doctor Away from Home When Most Needed

People are often very much disappointed to find that their family physician is away from home when they most need his services. Diseases like cholera and cholera morbus require prompt treatment, and have in many instances proven fatal before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. The right way is to keep at hand a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. No physician can prescribe a better medicine for these diseases. By having it in the house you escape much pain and suffering and all risk. Buy it now, it may save life. For sale by J. S. Morton.

Wellman's Corners

Mr. Wm. Morton's family and their guests, Mr. Ivan Clancy and his sister of this place, Miss Lowery of Bradford, and little Miss Lucile Ashley of Madoc, have been having a very unpleasant experience. On Sunday evening after partaking of their supper they were all taken violently ill. Dr. Towle of Springbrook was sent for and found they were suffering from poison. Dr. Carlaw, of Campbellford, was also called in, and both doctors had their hands full for a while. Mrs. Morton and her son Hugh were soon better, with Mr. Morton and Miss Emma; Miss Clancy and Miss Lucile Ashley were also relieved, though it took some time to bring them around. Until a late hour in the night it was feared that Miss Lowery and Mr. Clancy would succumb, but happily there was no such sad result. At noon on Monday all the patients were considered out of danger, though Mr. Clancy was still very ill. It is thought that the poisoning came from salmon that they had eaten. Miss Morton, who had prepared the food for the table, says she didn't quite like the appearance of the salmon in one of the cans, but concluded that it was good, and mixed it with the other. The incident has created a great sensation in the neighborhood, and everyone is thankful that there has been no loss of life from the unhappy occurrence.

Our new pastor, Rev. Mr. Clarke, has made a very favorable impression on his people here. In his inaugural sermon he took for his text "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain," and last Sabbath he preached from the words, "A man shall be for a covert from the tempest, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Both discourses were thoughtful and practical.

The Orangemen report that they had a fine day in Stirling on the 12th, and one of them told your correspondent that he saw but one drunken man that day, and he added with commendable pride, "he wasn't an Orangeman." However, according to the newspaper reports you didn't give them as lively a time as their brethren had in Toronto.

The social at Mr. Fred Snarr's was a decided success, a large number being present. The lawn was beautifully decorated, and the strawberries and cream, ice cream and other dainties, were delicious. The ball playing was interesting, and the top of war amusing. The committee realized \$167.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake Totten have returned from the West. They had a delightful trip. Fred Anderson, of the Postoffice department, met them at the station in Regina, and they say that he is both looking and doing well. They also saw Mr. John Watson, another of our young men who left here a few years ago.

Mr. Wm. Matthews is in a very precarious state of health. Mrs. Wm. Green, of Bloomfield, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Gullett. Vernon, son of Mr. Thos. Matthews, has just recovered from an attack of scarlet fever. Fortunately no other member of the family has taken it.

Harold

Mr. James Waeren has taken unto himself a bride. The fortunate young lady came from Riga, Sask. The marriage taking place in Belleville on July 11th. A large reception was held the same evening at the home of Mr. German Bailey. Congratulations.

Mrs. Archer, of Marmora, is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bailey. Miss Ketcheson has arrived home and is now visiting old friends here.

Mr. Geo. Sine is building an addition to his barn.

Miss LaPrad, of Tacoma, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wm. Heath.

Misses Kathleen Bailey and Gladys Runnalls were successful candidates at the recent entrance examinations.

Mr. Bert Lloyd of Norwood is spending his vacation at his home here.

The condition of Mrs. Snarr continues to improve.

Mrs. Jas. Bailey spent the first part of the week with her mother in Belleville.

Farmers are busy harvesting their hay, which is a little below the average crop, though better than was expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Miss Martha, and Mr. and Mrs. Patterson visited at Mr. Scott's on Sunday.

An order-in-council has been passed by the Ontario Government authorizing the issue of permits to settlers under the Game and Fish Act in the northern districts of the province. Among other sections permits will be issued to settlers in that part of the county of Hastings including and lying north of the north halves of the townships of Marmora, Madoc and Elzevir.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Pleas note it is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-clipped glass jars 50c. Sold by J. S. Morton.

Sterling Hall's MIDSUMMER BARGAIN SELLING

We want this big Store to be busy during July and August, and in order to make it so we have ready a swarm of humming bargains in every department. Only a very few of these are mentioned below. Watch the price tickets throughout the Store—the sure indicators of many others.

Savings in Hosiery

25 doz. Ladies' fast black one and one ribbed Cotton Hose, sizes 7½ to 9½, regular value 15 cts. on sale at 10 cts. pair
10 doz. Men's grey union Sox, ribbed tops, regular 15c. on sale at 10 cts. pair

Sweeping Out Prices in Stylish Dress Goods Remnants

200 yards of Remnants in fashionable Dress Goods, in lengths of 3 to 5 yards, at one-half regular prices:
50c. Goods for.... 25c. per yard
75c. " " 37½c. "
\$1.00 " " 50c. "
\$1.50 " " 75c. "

Lace Curtains Reduced

20 pairs fine Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long by 54 inches wide, regular value \$1.00. on sale at 73 cts.
20 pairs Curtains, 3½ yards long by 60 inches wide, regular \$1.25. for 89 cts. pair

Deep Price Cutting in Table Linen and Towels

Heavy half bleached linen Damask Tabling, 70 inches wide, worth 50c. yard.... very special at 38 cts. yard
Heavy cream linen Damask, 60 inches wide, regular value 40 cts. on sale at 28 cts. yard
10 dozen heavy linen Damask Towels, size 19 x 37 inches, well worth 35 cts. pair. on sale at 25 cts. pair

Parasol Prices Reduced

The backward season has made the parasol trade a little slow, but our deep cut prices should make swift selling. Latest New York styles in black, white and fancy. at 20 per cent. off regular prices

Bargain Tables

Take a look at our 5c, 10c, 15c, and 25c. Bargain Tables for real snaps. Besides China and Glassware you will find many useful notions and nick-nacks.

Notions at Low Prices

Silco Crochet Cotton, best colors, reg. 5c. spool at 3 cts.
Six pairs Boot Laces. for 5 cts.
10 ct. Letter Pads. for 5 cts.

Campers' Comforts

Get ready for the lake or riverside by mending your tents.
White Duck in 7, 8, 10 oz. weights, at 15 to 25c. yd.
Awning, stripe. at 20 to 30 cts.

W. R. MATHER,

Direct Importer of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Retailer of Everything to wear for Everybody.

Clubbing List.

The News-Argus will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:
The Weekly Globe.....\$1.80
The Weekly Mail & Empire, with premium picture, 1.80
The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with premium picture, 1.70
The Weekly Sun..... 1.80
The Toronto News (Daily)..... 2.25
The Toronto Star (Daily)..... 2.25
The Toronto Globe (Daily)..... 4.50
The Farmers' Advocate, weekly \$2.25
We recommend our readers to subscribe to the Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, the best Agricultural Journal in America.

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat
A Candy Bowl Laxative.

CHINESE LAUNDRY

Lee Yung wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Laundry work in the best style, and guarantees all work to be finished equal to the best city laundries. Give me a trial and you will be convinced.
LEE YUNG,
Front Street, Stirling.

MEAT SHOP

Under new management. The business formerly carried on by A. H. SHELLEY, is now changed to

SEELEY & HATTON

We are prepared to supply the public with first-class Meats of all kinds at lowest cash prices.
SEELEY & HATTON.

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"And you'll not, ma'am. I had many trials in my last place."

ATTEMPT TO KILL PRESIDENT

Maniac Fires Two Shots at the French Chief Executive.

A despatch from Paris says: The national fête day was marred by an attempt on the life of President Fallières by Leon Maillé, a naval reservist, of Havre, who, it is believed, is suffering from a mania which causes him to imagine himself persecuted. Maillé fired two shots at the President, but did not hit him. He was at once placed under arrest.

On account of the activity of the anti-militarists, who tried to organize a demonstration against the army throughout France on Sunday, exceptional precautions were taken to safeguard the President. The attempt on his life occurred on the Avenue des Champs Elysees while the President was returning to the palace from Longchamps, where he had reviewed the garrison of Paris in the presence of 250,000 enthusiastic people. Premier Clemenceau and M. Lanes, the President's Secretary, were with the President in his landau, which was escorted by a squadron of cuirassiers. The carriage had safely emerged from the Bois de Boulogne, where the anti-militarists had stationed themselves, with the intention of hooting the soldiers, and was descending the broad

Champs Elysees amid the acclamations of the crowds thronging the sidewalks, who were shouting "Vive Fallières," "Vive l'Armée," when Maillé from the curb at the corner of Leseur street fired two shots point-blank at the President in quick succession.

ATTEMPT TO LYNCH PRISONER.

As by a miracle no one was hit, President Fallières was cool and collected when the cortege stopped. The diplomats, who were following the President's landau, alighted from their carriages and hurried to his side. Finding that nobody had been injured, the President ordered the cortege to move on. In the meantime two policemen seized Maillé, who made no resistance. But the police, with difficulty, prevented a crowd from lynching the prisoner, until a cordon of reserves came up and conducted him to the station. There Maillé refused to give any reason for his act, saying: "The revelations I have are so grave and serious that I will only make them before a Magistrate for transmission to the chief of State. It is a matter between the Government and me. I am the victim of many villainies," and was descending the broad

THE POWDER EXPLODED.

Six Sailors Killed on U. S. Battleship Georgia.

A despatch from Washington says: Six men, including one officer and five enlisted men, are dead, and two officers and twelve enlisted men are injured, some of them more or less seriously, as the result of an accident aboard the battleship Georgia on Monday morning, caused by the igniting of a powder charge in the after superposed turret. The explosion occurred about 10 o'clock while the ship, with other vessels of the Second Division of the Atlantic Fleet, was at target practice off Provincetown, Mass. Lieut. Casper Goodrich, jr., who is a son of Rear Admiral Goodrich, commander of the New York Navy Yard, is among the dead, and Midshipman John T. Cruz and Falkner Goldthwaite, were wounded. The Georgia proceeded at once to Boston, where the injured men were placed in the naval hospital at Chelsea. It was there that Midshipman Goldthwaite and the five enlisted men died late Monday afternoon.

SLIT THE MAN'S TONGUE.

Revolutionaries Cruelty By Buffalo Burglars.

A despatch from Buffalo says: Because he would not deliver to two burglars the keys to his employer's house, Frank Smith, 45 years old, a coachman in the employ of John Gehm, a wholesale meat dealer, was horribly tortured Sunday morning, and left for dead by his assailants. Smith slept in a room above the barn at the rear of Gehm's house. He was awakened shortly after midnight by two masked men, who demanded the keys of the house. Smith refused to give them up, and the burglars then began a series of revolting tortures. Smith's tongue was slit with a knife, and the soles of his feet were slashed in a score of places until he became unconscious. The men then threw Smith down the stairs, where he was found next morning. The matter was kept a secret by the police until Monday, when one arrest was made. The prisoner gives his name as Taylor.

REPORTING THE BAD ONES.

Two Undesirable Prisoners Will Be Sent Home.

A despatch from Kingston says: A prisoner named Harrison, who is serving a term in the penitentiary, is to be deported next week. He will be sent to Detroit, where the United States authorities will take charge of him and deal with him as they see fit. Another prisoner in the penitentiary here is also to be deported shortly.

A MURDER AT HAMILTON

Jacob Sunfield Shot Mrs. Radzyk, Then Killed Her Husband

A despatch from Hamilton says: A tragedy occurred here on Friday afternoon about 2.45 by which Andrew Radzyk lost his life by a bullet. Mrs. Radzyk was shot in the breast and Jacob Sunfield, arrested, charged with murder. The husband and wife resided in a small cottage on Sherman avenue north, within 100 feet of the International Harvester Works, and Sunfield was boarding with them. The neighbors were alerted by the sound of three shots, and Mrs. Radzyk was seen to run towards the factory. Upon arriving there she was found to be bleeding, and whilst being attended by the resident doctor the police were telephoned for. Sergt. Walsh and Constable Clark were despatched to the scene and upon entering the house found Radzyk stretched on the floor of the bedroom in pools of his own blood, whilst the gory condition of the sheets and quilt showed that he had been lying there when shot. In a rear room was found Sunfield with his head buried in his hands and apparently in a stupor. When roused and told to hold up his hands to be manacled he showed an inclination to resist, but when finally handcuffed, he seemed quiet enough. In

the meantime an ambulance was summoned, and the injured man, who was conscious, was placed in it and hurried off to the house of Dr. Cummings. He could not speak English, but mentioned a name once or twice before relapsing into unconsciousness. At the doctor's house the X-rays were put on him, and a bullet was discovered lodged in the man's brain. He was then transferred to the hospital. Sunfield was taken down to No. 3 police station, and when asked what had happened, would only reply: "You will find out. It will be cleared up in the court." When searched an Iver-Johnson revolver was found with three cartridges expended. The woman was wounded in two places, but not dangerously. According to her story, Sunfield shot her husband, who was lying on the bed asleep, and then came out and shot her. Radzyk was operated on on Friday evening, but all efforts to save his life were futile, and he succumbed at 8.30 without making a statement. Judging by the half-empty whiskey bottles lying around and the fact that Sunfield was intoxicated when found at the house, the shooting seems to have been the result of a carousal and jealousy.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 16.—Ontario Wheat — No. 2 white, 80c to 90c. Manitoba Wheat—No. 1 hard, nominally at \$1; No. 1 northern, 97½c to 98c; No. 2 northern, 95½c. Corn—Firm; No. 2 yellow, 62c to 62½c; Barley—Nominal; No. 2, 54c to 55c; No. 3 extra, 53c to 54c. Oats—Ontario—Firm; No. 2, white, 44½c to 45c, outside. Manitoba—No. 2, white, 45c to 45½c, on track at elevators. Rye—Nominally 70c to 75c. Buckwheat—60c. Flour—Ontario—90 per cent. patents, \$1.45 bid, \$1.50 asked; Manitoba first patents, \$1.75; seconds, \$1.20 to \$1.25; bakers, \$1.05 to \$1.10. Bran—\$17 to \$17.50, outside; shorts, about \$19, outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Prices are easy, but changes are small. Creamery prints 20c to 21c do solids 19c to 20c Dairy prints 17c to 18c do solids 16c to 17c Cheese—Quiet at 12½c for large and 12½c for twins, in job lots here. Eggs—17c to 18c per dozen, in case lots. Beans—\$1.65 to \$1.70 for hand-picked and \$1.50 to \$1.55 for primes. Potatoes—Delaware, \$1.15 to \$1.20, in car lots on track here. Baled Hay—\$14 to \$15 for No. 1 timothy; No. 2, \$12.50. Baled Straw—7 to \$7.25 per ton, in car lots on track here. \$2.25 to \$2.27½ per bag.

PROVISIONS.

Dressed Hogs—Nominal at \$9.50 for lightweights and \$8.75 to \$9 for heavies, farmers' lots. Pork—Short cut, \$22.75 to \$23 per barrel; mess, \$21 to \$21.50. Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long cleared bacon, 11c to 11½ for lams and cures; hams, medium and light, 15½c to 16c; heavy, 14½c to 15c; backs, 16½c to 17c; shoulders, 10½c to 11c; rolls, 11½c; out of pickle, 10c less than smoked. Lard—Steady; tierces, 12c; tubs, 12½c; pails, 12½c.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 16.—Butter—Townships, 20½c to 21c; Quebec, 20c to 21c.

SPENT \$21,000,000 ON ROADS

Value of Work Done in Ontario in Ten Years.

A despatch from Toronto says: As shown by the annual report of Mr. A. W. Campbell, Deputy Minister of Public Works, on highway improvement, the amount spent by Ontario on road improvements during the last ten years was \$21,000,000. Of this \$10,432,992 was in cash, the remainder being made up by 10,567,000 days of statute labor. This does not include the expenditure in town and city streets. Lennox and Addington, Middlesex, Peel, Lincoln, Oxford, Wellington, Hastings, Lanark, Wentworth and Simcoe were the counties in which the most work was done from 1903 to 1908. The aggregate sum spent in these counties in this time was \$887,282, of which the Government contributed \$295,751. The miles of roads improved totaled 2,076. The expenditure in 1906 was \$250,444.

RECORD OF FATALITIES.

Thirty-four in Winnipeg Since Beginning of Year.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: Since the beginning of the year there have been in Winnipeg no less than 34 fatalities, an appalling record, besides five people who have taken their own lives. Possibly never before have so many met violent deaths in this city in the same space of time. From the record it would seem that Winnipeg is increasing in the number of accidental deaths at a rate that is truly appalling. The record is—

Accidental	10
By street cars	5
By freezing	2
By asphyxiation	1
Burned to death	6
Suicides	6
Drowned	3
Killed on railways	3
Poisoned	1
Murder	2

VIOLENT DEATHS AT MONTREAL.

A despatch from Montreal says: Montreal is getting a record for deaths by violence, no less than seventy-five such cases having occurred in June.

DIED IN HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sir Alfred Blislon Expired During a Division.

A despatch from London says: During a division in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening Sir Alfred Blislon, member for the northwestern division of Staffordshire, suddenly fainted and expired. The House immediately adjourned. Sir Alfred was born in 1839. A pathetic feature of the incident was that Sir Alfred's daughter was in the ladies' gallery at the time of her father's death. She was not aware of his seizure, and the news was gently broken to her by John Burns. Sir Alfred was knighted at the time of his last birthday honors.

Nearly a million people died of the plague in India during the first five months of the present year.

GROWTH OF MANUFACTURES

Ontario, 20c; dairy, 17½c to 18c. Cheese—Ontario white, 11½c; colored, 11½c to 11¾c; Quebec, 10½c to 11c; townships, 11c. Eggs—Wholesale lots were quoted at 16½c to 17c, and small lots at 17½c to 18c. Dais—Manitoba No. 2, white, 48c to 49½c; Ontario No. 2, at 48½c to 49c. No. 1 at 47½c to 48c, and No. 4 at 46½c to 47c per bushel ex-store. Flour—Choice spring wheat patents, \$3.10 to \$3.20; seconds, \$2.50 to \$2.60; winter wheat patents, 4.85; straight rollers, \$4.10 to \$4.25; do., in bags, \$1.90 to \$2; extras, \$1.60. Millfeed—Manitoba bran in bags was \$21; shorts, \$23 to \$25 per ton; Ontario bran in bags, \$18.50 to \$20; shorts, \$21 to \$22.50; milled meal, \$24 to \$25 per ton, and straight grain, \$30 to \$32. Rolled oats—Keep firm but quiet at 2.25 to \$2.27½ per bag. Cornmeal—\$1.45 to \$1.50. Hay—For baled hay there is only a fair trade. No. 16 to \$16.50; No. 2, \$14 to \$15.50; clover, \$13.50 to \$14, and clover mixed, \$12.50 to \$13 per ton in car lots. The market remains easy.

BUFFALO MARKETS.

Buffalo, July 16.—Flour—Steady. Winter—Spring, No. 1 Northern, \$1.05½; winter, No. 2 white, \$1.00. Corn—Easier; No. 2 yellow, 59½c; No. 2 white, 58½c; strong, unchanged. Canal freights—Unchanged.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, July 16.—Wheat—Spot, easy; No. 2 red, 99½c in elevator; No. 2 red, \$1.00½ f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, \$1.12½ f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, \$1.03½ f.o.b. afloat.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, July 16.—Today's run of butchers' cattle was about sufficient for the demand. Picked sold from \$5.40 to \$5.50, with choice from \$5 to \$5.30. Medium grades were steady at \$4.50 to \$4.90. Choice cows were firmer at \$3.75 to \$4.25; common to medium, \$2.50 to \$3. Stocker and feeder trade continued quiet with a fair demand for good quality at \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Milch cows were dull, with quotations unchanged at \$30 to \$50 for choice and \$20 to \$25 for common. Veal calves were quiet and unchanged at 3c to 6c per pound. Sheep and lambs were steady. Ewes sold slightly lower at \$4.50 to \$4.75, and bucks and culs from \$3.50 to \$4. Lambs sold from 7½c to 8½c per pound. Hogs were unchanged at Tuesday's advance; selects were quoted at 6.75.

Six and a Half Millions Is the Population of Canada.

A despatch from Ottawa says: A bulletin was issued on Wednesday morning by the Bureau of Census and Statistics, showing the growth of Canada's manufacturing establishments during the past six years, and giving the comparative average production per establishment in 1901 and 1905. The various industries are divided into three groups: First, those with products of between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 per establishment; second, those with products of between \$200,000 and \$500,000 per establishment; and third, those running over one million dollars per establishment.

Compared with the census of 1901, which was for the calendar year 1900, there were in the first class 178 works, producing each \$500,000 and over in 1905, as against 72 in 1901; in the second class there were 62 works producing \$250,000 and over in 1905, as against 24 in 1901, and in the third class there were 17 works producing \$2,500,000 and over, as against 6 in 1901. There were four works in 1905 producing each \$5,000,000 and over, whereas not one factory had reached the amount in 1901.

SOME GREAT PRODUCERS.

The greatest volume of production by a single factory in 1905 was over \$8,000,000, and the greatest in 1900 was under \$4,500,000. The production of all works in the year 1900 was \$481,053,371, and in 1905 it was \$717,118,082.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.

A Flash of Lightning Ignited Her Clothing.

A despatch from Moncton, N. B., says: During a severe electrical storm which swept this section on Tuesday afternoon thirteen-year-old Mary Trites was killed by a bolt of lightning in her room, two miles from Painsic Junction. The child had gone upstairs in company with her little sister to lower a window, and had just placed her right hand on the sash when there came a terrific flash of thunder, followed by a vivid lightning flash. Almost instantly the clothing of the little girl sprang into a blaze, and she was hurled back against the foot of the bed which stood in the room. The other child, frightened by the thunder, threw herself on the floor and cried out to her mother. When the latter rushed upstairs she found the eldest child on the floor terribly burned and lifted her onto the bed, where she expired a few minutes later. Her arm and breast had been fearfully burned, and it is thought that her back was broken by the shock. The child was a daughter of George Trites, I. C. R. section foreman. The house was quite badly damaged by the bolt.

TWO MUST DIE ON GALLOWES.

Cabinet Considers Three Appeals for Executive Clemency.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Three appeals for executive clemency in the case of men sentenced to death have been considered by the Cabinet. In two of the cases it was decided that the law must take its course. In the third, clemency was deferred, pending the receipt of a further report from the judge who tried the case. The two murderers who must pay the penalty of their crimes are a man named Dole, who two years ago shot two Frenchmen in British Columbia, and Ching Lung, a Chinaman, who stabbed a man in the Kootenay District a year ago. The man who has a reprieve is Frank Capelli, convicted of the slaying of one, Dow, at Whiteside, in the Parry Sound District.

WHEELS CRUSHED OUT HIS LIFE.

Coracle Lad Thrown From Wagon When Team Took Flight.

A despatch from Strathroy says: Harry, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John McWhinney, who lives about a mile and a half from town on the Ninth Concession of Carleton, had his life crushed out at an early hour on Friday morning. While his father was hitching up a team to go for a load of lumber, the little fellow, who was six years old, climbed into the wagon. Suddenly one of the horses sprang forward and threw the lad. The hind wheel passed over his body, and he died in twenty minutes before the doctor arrived.

THEY DIED OF STARVATION

Seventy-One Indians Perish in Woods Surrounding Lake Mistassini.

A despatch from Quebec says: Further details reached town on Tuesday in regard to the death from starvation of a party of twenty-one Indians in the woods, while en route from Lake Mistassini to Roberval. On the 22nd of March last an Indian named John Boston found the remains of three of the victims, Thomas Bazil, Miller and Big John, about a hundred miles from Lake Mistassini. He interred the bodies where they were found. Another party of Indians from Mistassini is expected at Pointe Bleue, the Indian reserve near Roberval, this week, when further details of the terrible tragedy are expected. Thomas Bazil was a Montagnais, from Pointe Bleue where he leaves a wife and child. Miller was the son of a former chief of the Hudson's Bay post at Mistassini, while Big John belonged to

In the third class there were four Canadian sugar refineries producing on the average \$4,288,065 per annum, nine milling establishments producing on the average \$2,800,707, twelve slaughtering and meat-packing establishments averaging \$1,697,491, six flouring and grist mills averaging \$1,715,233, four cotton mills averaging \$2,318,242, and four agricultural implement works averaging \$1,725,737.

All told, there were in 1905 eighty-one establishments, with an annual production of over one million dollars each, as compared with thirty-nine in 1901.

GROWTH OF POPULATION.

Canada now has a population of over six and a half millions. The department of Census and Statistics has recently made a careful and elaborate estimate of the population. It found that on the first day of April, this year, the population of Canada was, as nearly as could be estimated, 6,504,319. This is a growth of population in six years, since the last decennial census, of 1,133,585. The total population in 1901 was 5,370,734. If the present rate of growth is maintained Canada will show a population of over seven and a half millions when the next census is taken.

Since April 1 last the immigration has totalled over 100,000, so that the total population at the present date is in the neighborhood of \$6,600,000.

ROSY PROSPECTS FOR CROPS.

In Most Sections on the C. P. R. Warm Rains Have Fallen.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The C. P. R. crop reports from nearly all sections are most encouraging, with glowing prospects of fair average crops. In about twenty districts they need rain, but as yet no damage has been done. In the majority of sections warm rains have fallen abundantly, and the grain, although somewhat late, is shooting up as a rapid rate. Many sections report the shot blade. In many sections the height of the stalks running over 20 inches. All fear of a poor crop is passed if occasional showers come to help the sun. This week's report is the most favorable of the season, and next week the crop report gatherers are expected to send in the climax of a big wheat crop for 1907 despite the late Spring drawbacks.

DISORDERS IN BELFAST.

Strikers Spill Sugar But Drink Contents of Whiskey-laden Van.

A despatch from Belfast says: The anticipated disorders growing out of the strike here have occurred. A van carrying freight to the docks for a Brazilian line steamer was seized by a mob and burned in the street on Wednesday. Another was thrown from a dock, while still another, loaded with sugar, was held up, the bags ripped open and their contents strewn in the street. One whiskey-laden van was seized, but the whiskey was not poured into the street, the rioters preferring to take possession of it. Two cases had been looted when the police arrived.

PUSHING WESTWARD FAST.

Good Progress With Line From Saskatoon to Edmonton.

A despatch from Edmonton, Alberta, says: The progress made during the past two months on the Grand Trunk Pacific, between Saskatoon and Edmonton, gives more reassuring prospects of an early completion than the work hitherto indicated. About 1,200 men and 900 teams of horses are employed on the work. Seventy-five miles of road is graded from Saskatoon west, and, with the large force employed now, it is expected that over 100 miles west from Saskatoon will be completed by Aug. 5. Then a large force of men at work on the Battle River crossing will be moved up between Battle River and Edmonton.

The southern provinces of Russia have been swept by a severe storm, and thousands of acres of crops have been destroyed.

Our Public School

Meeting Held for Discussion of Heating and Ventilating System

The public meeting held in the Town Hall on Monday evening called, as the notice stated, "to consider the demands of the Board of Education upon the Council for the supplying of a considerable sum of money to enable the Board of Education to install a proper heating and ventilating system in the Public School," was not largely attended, though it was a fairly representative gathering of the ratepayers. Mr. Mather, as reeve, occupied the chair, and stated the object of the meeting. He wished the members of the Board of Education to state their case. This was objected to by some members of the Board, who said the Council had "turned down" their proposal, and thought the members of the Council should explain their reason for doing so. After considerable "sparing for position" it was agreed that members of the School Board should speak and explain their position. We cannot attempt to give anything like a full report, as this would more than fill the columns of the paper.

The first speaker was Mr. C. W. Thompson, chairman of the School Board, who gave a statement of the negotiations entered into with the various firms for the installation of a heating and ventilating system, and of the visit of Dr. Faulkner and himself to Oshawa to inspect the Pease system in use in the public school there; also of their visit to Peterboro and Lakefield to inspect other systems in use in those places. He stated that after visiting these places they most decidedly recommended the Pease system as the one which gives thorough satisfaction.

Dr. Faulkner next followed, and read a lengthy report which he had prepared and submitted to the School Board, and also to the Council. This report confirmed in every particular all that Mr. Thompson had said in favor of the Pease system. The Dr. then went on to show that if this system was installed it would be possible to conduct the school with three teachers, instead of four; and that the saving of the salary of a fourth teacher would more than pay for the installing of the Pease system in twenty years, and it would thus not cost the ratepayers anything. He showed how, with the proper heating and ventilation secured by this system in the Oshawa school, an average of eighty pupils were being taught in one room not so large as any of the rooms in our public school; and if this could be done here, there would be no difficulty in placing the number of children attending our school in three rooms, and thus save the salary of one teacher. He stated that the school had been for years in an unsatisfactory state as regards heating and ventilation, and was liable to be condemned at any time and the Government grant withheld.

Dr. Bissonnette then spoke as to the unsanitary, and unhealthy condition of the school, and stated that on this account he allowed his children to attend only half time—the first half of the forenoon and first half of the afternoon.

Mr. Meiklejohn repudiated the insinuation that had been made that he was interested as agent of another firm, and that when solicited to take the agency he had told them he had not time to attend to it, and did not wish to have anything to do with it.

Mr. W. S. Martin scored the Council for their action in the matter, and said that the members of the School Board were among the heaviest ratepayers, and had as much the interests of the village at heart as the Council, and did not wish to go into any unnecessary expense, but that this was necessary, and under the method proposed would not place any additional burden on the ratepayers.

Mr. F. T. Ward also spoke to the same effect.

Mr. Mather then spoke in behalf of the Council, and said he thought it strange that this Province of Ontario had not in the past, nor has it now, anyone in connection with the Education Department who could be looked to as an authority in the matter of heating and ventilating school buildings. Many of the States across the border had such officials in connection with their educational systems. In reference to the raising of the amount asked for by the School Board he did not see any way but to comply with their request, and raise the money required, in the easiest and most inexpensive manner.

It being then after eleven o'clock the meeting quickly dispersed.

A terrible disaster occurred at London, Ont., on Tuesday afternoon, when a four story brick building suddenly collapsed, burying a number of people in its ruins. Nine persons are known to have been killed, and a great many are injured, some of whom may not recover.

Drought in southern Manitoba threatens to work havoc with the crops.

North Hastings' Examinations for Admission to High Schools

The following, who wrote at Stirling, Madoc, Marmora and Bancroft, were successful. The examinations were conducted in accordance with the Departmental Regulations:

The highest standing gained by any candidate was obtained by Cora Mosher, Springbrook, who got 574. Of those who wrote at Madoc, Mary Smith got 502. At Marmora, Mary Fletcher got 527. At Bancroft, Jennie Lynch got 525.

Those to whose names the word "Honors" is appended obtained at least 75 per cent. of the total number of marks, besides making 40 per cent. on each subject. Trustees, parents and teachers would do well to study this list.

NAME.	SCHOOL.	TEACHER.
Bailey, Kathleen (Honors).....	Harold.....	Miss Osborne
Bateman, Maggie.....	7 Rawdon.....	Miss Vita Bailey
Bass, George.....	19 Sidney.....	Miss Scott
Calvert, Frances.....	Fuller.....	Miss Bran
Cummings, Muriel.....	Foxboro.....	Lester Ross
Demill, Pearl.....	7 Rawdon.....	Miss V. Bailey
Donnan, Mildred.....	Moira.....	A. McGuire
Forestell, Teresa.....	Springbrook.....	Miss Knox
Harlow, Warren.....	7 Rawdon.....	Miss V. Bailey
Hawkins, Evelyn (Honors).....	West Huntingdon.....	Miss Corbett
Hough, James.....	Stirling.....	E. T. Williams
Johnson, Leize.....	8 Rawdon.....	Miss E. Faulkner
Louys, Gladys.....	1 Rawdon.....	Miss E. Cragg
McLachlan, Jessie.....	Stirling.....	Miss M. McMullen
Montgomery, Blanche.....	Springbrook.....	E. T. Williams
Mosher, Cora (Honors).....	Springbrook.....	Miss Knox
Patterson, Robert.....	Stirling.....	E. T. Williams
Reid, Edna.....	".....	".....
Reynolds, Rosa.....	".....	".....
Runnals, Gladys.....	Harold.....	Miss Osborne
Sexsmith, Harry (Honors).....	Springbrook.....	Miss Knox
Stout, Nicholas.....	Minto.....	Miss B. Williams
Thompson, Robert G. (Honors).....	Stirling.....	E. T. Williams
Ward, Albert E.....	West Huntingdon.....	Miss Corbett
Wright, Charlotte.....	Stirling.....	Miss Corbett
Zwick, Frank (Honors).....	Stirling.....	Miss Corbett
Bateman, Maggie.....	Harold.....	Miss Osborne
Black, Euryette.....	5 Dunganon.....	E. D. McConnell
Campbell, Ethel.....	6 Wollaston.....	Miss G. Bateman
Collins, Dean.....	Bancroft.....	E. D. McConnell
Davy, Warren.....	".....	".....
George, Ada.....	".....	".....
Graham, Raymond.....	8 Carlow.....	Miss McGoughlin
Harvey, Henry.....	2 Carlow.....	Miss Waterman
Jarman, Harry (Honors).....	Bancroft.....	E. D. McConnell
McCabe, James.....	1 Dunganon.....	Miss Sharkey
Lynch, Jennie (Honors).....	6 Manton.....	Miss A. Turner
Robinson, Maggie.....	Bancroft.....	E. D. McConnell
Turiff, Edna.....	5 Dunganon.....	Miss A. Caskey
Weese, Mabel (Honors).....	8 Dunganon.....	Miss Waterman
Wilson, Lucy J.....	2 Carlow.....	Miss Waterman
Alcombrack, Pearl.....	15 Rawdon.....	Mrs. Graham
Bailey, Edith.....	2 Madoc.....	Ethel Stephenson
Bassett, Annie.....	Madoc.....	P. H. Huyck
Blakely, Mary Ellen.....	3 Madoc.....	Miss Holmes
Bradshaw, Ina.....	Bridgewater.....	Miss Beal
Bristol, Ruth.....	Madoc.....	P. H. Huyck
Brown, Bessie.....	".....	".....
Burns, Edie.....	".....	".....
Burns, Kathleen.....	".....	".....
Collins, John S.....	10 Huntingdon.....	J. W. F. Sanderson
Dafos, Willie.....	Madoc.....	P. H. Huyck
Empey, Della.....	7 Madoc.....	Miss Gourlay
Farrell, May.....	Madoc.....	P. H. Huyck
Fleming, Jennie.....	Ivanhoe.....	Miss Bishop
Gardner, Iona.....	Bannockburn.....	H. S. McNaughton
Hunter, Maggie.....	".....	".....
Jose, Gertrude.....	Madoc.....	P. H. Huyck
Lewis, Russell.....	".....	".....
Martin, Matilda.....	12 Huntingdon.....	Miss Bishop
Mackintosh, Willie.....	Madoc.....	P. H. Huyck
McMullen, Harry.....	".....	".....
Salem, Stella.....	".....	".....
Naylor, Edwin.....	".....	".....
Roberts, Norma.....	".....	".....
St. Charles, Daisy.....	".....	".....
Sexsmith, Mary (Honors).....	Bridgewater.....	Miss Beal
Sherwin, Edna.....	10 Huntingdon.....	J. W. F. Sanderson
Stout, Edna.....	Ivanhoe.....	Miss Bishop
Thompson, Annie.....	Bridgewater.....	Miss Beal
Wells, John.....	14 Madoc.....	E. A. F. Sanderson
Wells, John.....	10 Huntingdon.....	J. W. F. Sanderson
Blecker, Dora.....	Marmora.....	R. Weir
Burkitt, Dora (Honors).....	".....	".....
Burkitt, Maggie.....	Rawdon.....	Miss Johnson
Clairmont, Charles.....	Marmora.....	R. Weir
Cooke, Flossie.....	".....	".....
Doupe, Mabel.....	".....	".....
Edwards, Mabel (Honors).....	".....	".....
Henderson, May C. (Honors).....	8 Wollaston.....	Miss Irwin
Mitchell, Alex.....	Marmora.....	R. Weir
Moffat, Thos.....	".....	".....
McKinnon, Clara.....	1 Marmora.....	Miss Sills
McWilliams, Lena.....	Marmora.....	R. Weir
Reid, Ernest.....	".....	".....
Shannon, Genevieve.....	".....	".....
Sweet, Frank.....	".....	".....
Vincent, Edith (Honors).....	5 Marmora.....	Miss Swann

Reduction in Railway Rates

The findings of the Railway Commission with respect to the discrimination in rates from United States points to Canadian points as against those from contiguous Canadian territory to the same destination, has been announced, and as a result of the efforts and representations of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association a general readjustment of rates throughout eastern Canada has been brought about. An order has just been issued to railways that tariffs covering the new basis of rates must be issued without unnecessary delay.

The new proposition means a general decrease in class freight rates in the territory east of the Detroit river and Sudbury, and including the Maritime Provinces, on the same basis of rates from and between all large centers; the same in winter as in summer; overcomes complaints as to the violation of the long and short haul clause of the Railway Act, except as authorized; the removal of the discrimination which now exists at frontier points in favor of the United States manufacturer; the rates between all points to be based on short line mileage, and as nearly as practicable, uniformity in rates between various distributing centres in Ontario.

Railways may continue to apply from recognized water points, such as Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, etc., a basis in competition with water during the summer slightly lower than the general basis adopted, but there is to be no increase from those prevailing at the present time.

As an illustration as to how the new basis will work out, the present first-class rate, Windsor to Montreal, is 70 cents in the winter and 60 cents in the summer. The new basis will be 58 cents all the year round.

Free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a Trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc. It gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address: Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50c. Sold by J. S. Morton.

Owner's risk conditions has been so amended and defined that the carriers are liable for loss through negligence on the part of themselves, their agents or employees.

There is to be no disturbance of any special commodity tariffs or commodity rates, or in effect, the new rates are lower than the new class rates.

Increase of Population

The census department has prepared an estimate which places the population of Canada at six and a half millions on April 1st last, an increase of more than one and one-quarter millions since the census of 1901. If the present rate of increase is maintained the Dominion should show a population of seven and a half millions at the next regular census. The increase of immigration is, however, becoming greater every year, and this year will reach probably 400,000, with a probability of increasing to half a million in a year or so. It will not be surprising, therefore, if the next census shows our population to be much greater than the above estimate.

A sudden cold wave has struck Austria-Hungary. Ten degrees of frost was registered at Vienna on July 18th, and severe frosts were reported from various places. There is much snow in the mountain districts, and summer visitors at mountain hotels are snowed in. The mountain railways are not working. Such conditions have not prevailed before in 180 years.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my book on either Dyspepsia, the Heart or the Kidneys. These are the Stomach, Heart, or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treacherous. The result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean Stomach weakness, always. And the Heart, and Kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weakness in these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No medicine even claims to treat the inside nerves. Also for blotting, blotting, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write me to-day for sample and free book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by J. S. Morton.

His Self-Dental

Not long ago we heard a man's little daughter say to him, "Papa, can't I have a nickel to buy some gum?" He was a good kind man, and he didn't refuse her roughly. He patted her on the head and said,—"Daughter, your old dad can't afford such things. It takes all our money to buy bread and meat and keep you and mamma in shoes." She looked disappointed and walked away. Presently he started home. He felt as if a hot iron would help his appetite, and put him in a more cheerful frame of mind in which to greet his family, so he walked in and put his right foot upon the footfall. "What'll I take you boys?" he asked. "I'll take a Tom and Jerry myself." Some of them took for straight, some took it diluted with seltzer. Nobody condescended to take beer. Our friend planked down a dollar. When the bar keeper ran up the register it showed 65 cents. Thus it is that a family man often denies himself for the benefit of "her and the children."—Lamar Democrat.

Newspaper Law

1. A post-master is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reason for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it from the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Unseasonable cold weather has prevailed in middle Europe.

Mr. Herbert Rose, of McGill, has won a fellowship at Exeter College, Oxford.

Twelve hundred Japanese are preparing to leave Honolulu for Vancouver.

The London Spectator warns Britain that her turn to have trouble with the Japs is coming.

Nearly a million people died of the plague in India during the first five months of the present year.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is expected to arrive in Montreal on Saturday. The river front is to be illuminated in his honor.

A tragedy is reported from Sarnia, where an eighteen-year-old girl married an Italian and shortly after committed suicide.

The southern provinces of Russia have been swept by a severe storm and thousands of acres of crops have been destroyed.

Fifty Doukhobors from Thunder Hill trapped into Dauphin, Man., wearing pink and white nightgowns and begging for bread.

Conductor Thompson, who was sentenced to three years in penitentiary for neglect of orders, resulting in the collision at Gurnock, has been pardoned by the Minister of Justice.

The editor of the "Globe," at the meeting of the Dominion Educational Association in Toronto, said the habit of summing up our national progress in figures and material evidence was altogether wrong. Our progress was to be estimated in our children and in our opportunities.

Dorland Foote, the ten-year old boy who recently confessed to having set the fires which destroyed the fire station and the stables of the Queen's hotel and the Victoria hotel at Belleville, has been sent to the Victoria Industrial School at Mimico, where he will remain until the authorities think he is in a condition of safety to the public.

The magnitude of the poultry industry viewed from the standpoint of national finances is amazing. Poultry and eggs constitute a large and important part of the food supply of this continent. Indirectly the business represents an invested capital of millions of dollars and it is growing all the time. What it will eventually develop into under modern inventive genius and Canadian enterprise is beyond the reach of the most far-seeing prophet.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only genuine hair-food you can buy. It gives new life to the hair-bulbs. You save what hair you have, and get more, too. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also Sold by—SARGENT & LORRAINE, PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

"Beyond the Alps."

A Kansas girl graduate who had been given the theme, "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," promulgated the following: "I don't care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad that I have a good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays on the future woman. It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have should he speak of 'diorce' in my presence or 'seen a man.' It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. So I do not begrudge the time I spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can lick anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an eighty acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch. I will agree to cook dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave and lavish upon him a whole-some affection and to see that his razor has not been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this I do not care if I get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by.—Topeka Capital.

Part of the Letter We Read.

"Did you ever think," said an old printer, "that we really notice only the upper halves of the letters? The lower halves are in many cases only the stems, the remainders of ornamental flourishes which have been gradually reduced in size and length and are now meaningless. Take, for instance, the heading of a paper. Cover up with a blank sheet the lower half of the letters, and even if you did not know what they were you would have no difficulty in reading the words. Now, reverse the process and cover the upper half, and if you did not know the words it would be impossible to make out the letters. This fact is even more plainly seen in the case of the Roman letters used for headlines. An L might be mistaken for an I, but nearly all the other letters are so plainly indicated by the shape of the upper half that the lines may be read without difficulty."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dueling in Old Creole Days.

When dueling was an actual factor in the social order of this country, it had many worthy and notable exceptions, including no less distinguished personages than Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, De Witt Clinton, Stephen Decatur and others of the same type; but nowhere on this continent was it so much an established institution as in that peculiarly romantic old city of New Orleans. It was woven into the very fabric of the life of the community, and many a crumbling tombstone in the antiquated creole cemeteries bears grim and silent witness to the fact, though to understand the situation more clearly one should breathe, so to speak, the atmosphere of the period.—Louis J. Meader in Century.

A Fish Story.

The latest fish story concerns the herring and sea gull, and it comes from Nanaimo. A boat load of herring, containing about fifteen tons, was left at Johnston's wharf, Nanaimo, during the noon hour while the fishermen went to dinner. During their absence several thousand sea gulls—the chronicler says 10,000—ate all the fish on one side of the boat with such good results that they emptied it, and when the last herring had been removed from that side it was like the last straw that broke the camel's back, for the boat, with all the weight on the other side, upset, spilling all the remaining fish into the water.—Shanghai Mercury.

Devoured by Jackals.

Foreign papers tell a story of a woman at Philadelphia, in Algeria, who was seated by her baby's cradle on the veranda of her house when she was called within by her husband. Returning to the veranda after an absence of a few minutes, she found the cradle knocked over and the baby gone. Next day native shepherds discovered in the undergrowth of a wood the bones of a young child and a string of amber beads, which were immediately recognized by the mother as having been on her child's neck. "There is no doubt that the infant was carried off and devoured by jackals," a correspondent adds.

What is an Orator?

The true orator is the man who can make people laugh, cry and feel what he says. In truth, the genuine orator is the man who has humor enough in his soul to bring the smile to the face, pathos enough in his heart to bring the tear to the eye and dignity enough in his bearing to persuade, or move men. He is an exponent of the spoken word. He is a pilgrim moving toward the home of the ideal. He is the embodiment of earnestness, enthusiasm and eloquence.—Exchange.

Pollen Travels Far.

The pollen from pine forests often forms a yellow coating on lakes or on the ocean as far as 200 miles from the shore and has been mistaken by peasants for showers of sulphur. The pollen grains of the pine are provided with hollow vesicles, which buoy them up in the air very much on the principle of a box kite.—St. Nicholas.

Purely Chance.

Knicker—Do you consider poker a game of chance? Bocker—Purely. Sometimes my wife finds it out, and then again she doesn't.—Harper's Bazar.

The fear of work is the card index to the catalogue of troubles.—Richmond Missourian.

TANGLEFOOT

Sticky Fly Paper

- Kill-em-Quick Fly Pads
- Insect Powder & Guns
- Paris Green
- Chloride of Lime
- Copperas
- Blue Stone
- Toilet Soaps and
- Perfumes

These are reasonable goods and we sell them.

J. S. MORTON

Druggist, Stationer, Etc.

Fire, Accident & Plate Glass Insurance.

Guardian Fire Insurance Co.
Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co.
Liverpool, London & Globe
Sun Insurance Company.
Gore Insurance Co.
Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Co.
Ontario Accident Insurance Co.

W. S. MARTIN.
Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

The Appeal Is To You!

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

For it Cares for Every Sick Child in Ontario whose Parents Cannot Afford to Pay for Treatment.

The Hospital for Sick Children, College street, Toronto, appeals to fathers and mothers of Ontario for funds to maintain the thousand sick children that its nurses within its walls every year.

The Hospital is not a local institution—but Provincial. The sick child from any place in Ontario who can't afford to pay has the same privileges as the child living in Toronto and is treated free.

The Hospital had last year in its beds and cots 858 patients—331 of these were from 231 places outside of Toronto. The cost is 1.37 cts. per patient per day, and there were 138 sick little ones a day in the Hospital.

Since its foundation the Hospital has treated 12,120 children. About 8,500 of these were unable to pay and were treated free.

Your money can put golden hinges on the door of the Hospital's mercy.

Every body's dollar may be the friend in need to somebody's child. The Hospital pays out dividends of health and happiness to suffering childhood on every dollar that is paid by friends of little children.

If you know of any child in your neighborhood who is sick or crippled or has club foot send the parent's name to the Hospital.

See what can be done for club-foot children. There were 80 like cases last year and hundreds in 31 years.

Please send contributions to J. Ross Robertson, Chairman, or to Douglas Davidson, Sec.-Treas., of the Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto.

Lax-cis 5 C Sweet to Eat
A Candy Bowl Laxative

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. F. PARKER,
ISSUER OF
Marriage Licenses.
STIRLING, ONT.
GRO. E. CRYER, Issuer,
Residence Stirling House, Stirling.
J. S. MORTON,
OPTICIAN, GRADUATE CANADIAN
Optical College, Member Canadian
Association of Opticians.
Eyes examined and imperfect sight cor-
rected with glasses.
At MORTON & HAIGHT'S Drug Store.
CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN
Dentistry of the University of Toronto.
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Sur-
geons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Over Sovereign Bank.
Open every day. Evenings by appointment
only.
J. EARL HALLIWELL, M.A.,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY,
Public Commissioner, Conveyancer, &c.
OFFICE—In Sovereign Bank Building.
G. G. THRASHER,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEY-
ANCER, &c. Office in W. S. Martin's
Block, Mill Street.
L. O. L. NO. 110
Meets in Lodge Room, the first Friday
evening of each month at 8 o'clock.
W. H. RODGERS,
Secretary.
STIRLING LODGE
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room,
Conley block,
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
at 8 o'clock. G. G. THRASHER, R. S.
PERSONALS.
Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Walt are in Ottawa
this week.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Greenleaf, of Belleville,
were in town yesterday.
Miss Jennie Laycock, of Deloro, is the
guest of Miss Florence Bissonnette.
Miss Ethel L. Munns, of Belleville, is
visiting her sister, Mrs. James Lamgan.
Mr. and Mrs. David White, of Chicago,
are guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McKee.
Miss Maggie Kingston, Toronto, daughter
of Mr. Chas. Kingston, is home on a visit.
Miss Jean Pearce, of Marmora, has been
the guest of Miss Elma Watts for the past
week.
Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Oneida, N.Y.,
are visiting relatives and friends in town
and vicinity.
Miss Annie and Master Albert Hoskins,
of Grafton, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J.
W. Cummings.
Miss Leola Scott, of Heckton, is visit-
ing her cousin, Miss Gladys Tucker, and
other friends.
Miss Marjorie McConnell, of Hastings,
returned home on Monday after spending
a week the guest of Misses Lena and Leola
Johnson.
Misses Lena and Leola Johnson left on
Monday for Berlin, Ont., and will visit
Galt, Hamilton, Niagara Falls and Toronto
before returning.
Messrs. E. T. Caverley and W. T. Sine
attended the annual meeting of the Odd-
fellows' Relief Association held in King-
ston on Wednesday.
Master Robert and Miss Candace Jones,
of Philadelphia, N.Y., are visiting their
grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Jones,
and other friends in Stirling.
Mrs. W. J. Butler, of Fond du Lac, Wis-
consin, arrived here on Tuesday evening
on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L.
Wheeler, and other relatives and friends.
Mr. Carman Cummings, of Blislee, Ariz-
ona, Miss Esther Cummings, of Long
Beach, Cal., and Mrs. Walter Cummings,
Toronto, are visiting relatives and friends
in this village and vicinity.
Miss C. L. Ketcheson arrived home from
Forest Grove, Oregon, where she has been
for the past year or more with her sister,
Mrs. Jack Boldt. She intends to leave
for a two months' visit to points in the
province of Quebec about the second week
in August.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MRS. LOUISA CUMMINGS
Who died at Long Beach, California, on
July 1st, 1907, and was buried at Camp-
bellford, Ont., on July 13th.
Composed by Mrs. Wm. W. Rosebush, of
Detroit, Mich.
Our sister, she has truly left us,
Her face we shall never see more;
She has passed on to the better life,
To that other bright happy shore.
We will not mourn, for death is not cruel,
It has only called her there to rest;
She's only gone a while before us,
And we shall meet her with the blest.
Pain has ceased; she has no sorrow;
Death released her from all care.
We shall soon be called to follow,
We'll prepare to meet her there.
Then dear friends, we must not mourn,
We must not sigh for her again,
For when life and toil is over
We are sure to meet again.
IN CONDOLENCE
Your mother has left you, dear children,
Her face you can see here no more;
While travelling this vain world of sorrow,
But you will meet her on that other
Bright shore.
She has not quite left you, dear children,
She has only just passed on before;
Her spirit still lingers to guide you,
And she bids you not weep any more.
In that bright happy home, over yonder,
She'll be waiting and watching each day,
And when your souls are here ended
You'll be with her forever to stay.
She there is free from all sorrow,
So let every tear dry away,
And if in her footsteps you follow
You'll meet her some glorious bright day.
Best Medicine in the World for Colic
and Diarrhoea.
"I find Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy to be the best remedy
in the world," says Mr. C. L. Carter, of
Stirling, Ala. "I am subject to colic and
diarrhoea, and I think I would if I had not
taken Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy. I have been trou-
bled with it since I was a child, and I
had a very severe attack and took half a
dozen of the twenty-cent size of Cham-
berlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea
Remedy, and this morning I feel like a
new man." For sale by J. S. Morton.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.
In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under,
25 cents each insertion; over three lines,
75c. per line. Master ad in larger than the or-
dinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each
insertion. No insertion less than 25c.
RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Trains call at Stirling station as follows—
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Passenger 10:17 a.m.
Passenger 6:42 p.m. Mail & Ex. 8:49 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Wednesday, August 7th, has been proclaimed a civic holiday in the village of Stirling, and all citizens are called upon to observe the same.

The new manse, just north of St. Andrew's Church, is being pushed rapidly forward. The foundation is now completed, and brick for the superstructure is being delivered.

Geo. E. Kennedy, B.A., and A. R. Girdwood, B.A., are two of the examiners of the papers of those who wrote at the recent High School examinations. They left for Toronto on Tuesday, and will be absent about three weeks.

Frank Ryan was arrested on Saturday evening for being drunk and disorderly, and placed in the coop, where he remained until Monday morning. He was brought before Mr. Bird, J. P., and fined \$16 and \$4 costs, \$20 in all. The fine was paid.

A. R. Girdwood, B.A., son of our townsmen, V. R. Girdwood, has been appointed Principal of the High School at North Bay. He has been first assistant there for the past two or three years. We congratulate him on his promotion to the Principalship.

The lawn social under the auspices of the ladies of Trinity Church, Frankford, on Wednesday evening was a decided success. The weather was all that could be desired, and the attendance large. Quite a number from here drove down and spent a very pleasant time.

The Belleville Ontario of Friday last says: "A quiet wedding was solemnized in Christ church yesterday, when Rev. Mr. Blagrove united in marriage Mr. James Warren of Rawdon township, and Miss Edith H. Thompson, of Ripa, Sask. The witnesses were Mr. S. Vandervoort and Miss Mollie Vandervoort."

There is talk of having a local option by-law submitted to the ratepayers of this village at the time of the ensuing municipal election in January next. A prominent citizen says that in his opinion such a by-law can be carried if the churches take hold of the matter in earnest. There is a likelihood that some action may be taken in the near future.

The Strawberry Festival held on the grounds of Mr. E. C. Snarr, seventh concession of Rawdon, on the evening of the 10th inst., was a great success in every way. The evening was fine and there was a large number of people present. The proceeds, which were in aid of the public school section, to help pay for improvements, amounted to about \$180.

A flowing well is something unusual in this section of country, but one was struck by Mr. Geo. A. Johnson last week while digging for water on his premises. After getting down about thirteen feet a vein of water was struck which soon filled the well and flowed over the top. He had purchased a windmill which he intended erecting to pump water, but thinks he has no use for it now.

The Glorious Twelfth was celebrated by a large gathering at Frankford. Besides the lodges from the vicinity a large number came from the north by the C.O.R., and also lodges from Campbellford. The big attraction was the 48th Highlander's Band from Toronto, which furnished music. They had more rain in the afternoon than here, and for a time it came down in torrents. After parading the streets the crowd went to the Island, a short distance up the river, where games were played, the main interest being centred in a baseball match between Frankford and Belleville teams, in which the former were victorious, winning by a score of 7 to 4.

New hay has been sold on the Belleville market at \$15 per ton.

In the list of promotions at the Stirling Public School published last week the name of Stanley Kincaid was omitted. He was promoted from Jr. II. to Sr. II.

At the Stirling Cheese Board on Tuesday 895 cheese were offered. All were sold to Mr. M. Bird at 10c. The Board will meet next Tuesday at 4 o'clock.

The annual Lawn Social given by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church will be held on Mr. F. T. Ward's lawn the evening of Friday, July 20th. Good band music. See posters.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. J. McC. Potts, Stirling.

The county road men have put a coating of broken stone on the road from the town hall eastward for a considerable distance. They have also put on a second coating of finer crushed stone from Mr. M. Bird's corner to the crossing at Mr. J. W. Haight's corner, and are now going farther west.

HELP WANTED.—Young ladies and men wanted. WESTON SHOE CO., Campbellford.

Died at Havelock

On Tuesday night last, at Havelock, the death occurred of Mrs. Fanning, wife of Mr. Wm. Fanning, of the 3rd concession of Rawdon. She was visiting her daughter at Havelock, and on Monday evening was stricken with apoplexy and never regained consciousness, death taking place about midnight on Tuesday. Her remains were brought to her late home on Wednesday, and the funeral will take place tomorrow (Friday) leaving the house at 10 o'clock a.m. Service will be held in Bethel Church. Mrs. Fanning was in her 54th year, and leaves a sorrowing husband, a son and daughter, and a number of brother and sisters to mourn her loss.

Ho! for the 1000 Islands

The best trip of the year will be the excursion run by the Queen St. Methodist Church, Lindsay, to Thousand Island Park, N.Y., on Saturday, July 27th, to Monday, July 29th, via Belleville. G.T.R. special train will leave Stirling at 8:15 a.m. Fare \$1.55, children half price. See large bills.

Charged with Poisoning Cattle

The Belleville Ontario of Monday says: Robert Cowen, a highly respected resident of the township of Bangor, was arrested last week on the charge of poisoning a milk cow and two steers, the property of his neighbor, Joseph Long, by spreading paris green in the pasture field where the cattle were roaming. From a remark he is said to have made at the cheese factory he was arrested on suspicion. He was brought before Magistrate Jarman at Bancroft, and committed to the county goal here, arriving in company with constable Charles Stanyer. The accused denies all knowledge of the offence, and says that he and Long have been on the best of terms always. Cowen is a married man with a family, and is 48 years of age. He has retained Mr. McMahon as counsel, and he came up for election before Judge Deroche to-day, when his trial was fixed for a week from to-day.

Fire at Maynooth

A part of the village of Maynooth was destroyed by fire at an early hour on Tuesday morning of last week. Eight buildings were burned, representing a loss of about \$20,000. The village has practically no water supply, and as there was a strong north-west wind blowing it was impossible to check the progress of the flames. Wootton's store and Smith's hotel were reduced to ashes in an incredibly short space of time. Across the street Geo. Weaver's residence, in which the Metropolitan Bank had an office, was soon on fire, and also the house owned and occupied by Simon Rouse. Everything on the north side of the street as far east as Miss Annie George's residence, was cleaned out, and it was only by almost superhuman efforts that the Presbyterian church was saved. It was on fire three times. Father McInerney, who was the first to notice the fire, hatched up his team and drove with all speed to W. G. Gibson's railway camp, about a mile and a quarter away, and gave the alarm. About 200 Bulgarians were soon on the scene, and it was due to their efforts that the village was not wiped out of existence. Doyle's hotel had a close call and it got a slight scorching as it was. Mr. Wootton carried an insurance of \$5,000 on his stock, but this will not nearly cover the loss. The contents of Smith's hotel were insured for \$1,000. Mr. Weaver had \$900 insurance, Miss George \$900, and S. Rouse \$500. Jas. Stoneburg is a heavy loser. He carried no insurance and lost everything.

The Blairton iron mines of Belmont will in all probability be re-opened in the near future. The mines are owned by Messrs. Pearce of Marmora, and cover about 25 acres.

The Havelock school board are building an addition to the school for a "continuation class" work, or work usually taken up in the first form of a High School, and have engaged Mr. McDonough as teacher. They have offered Miss Buchanan a salary of \$100 as Principal of the public school, and the other lady teachers have been offered \$200 each. The former principal was getting \$700 for doing the same work for which they now offer Miss Buchanan \$100.

Take the Postmaster's Word for it. Mr. F. M. Hamilton, postmaster at Cherryvale, Ind., keeps also a stock of general merchandise and patent medicines. He says: "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is standard here in my line. I never fail to give satisfaction, and we could hardly afford to be without it." For sale by J. S. Morton.

Halloway
Miss Mabel Jeffrey of Belleville is visiting at the home of her uncle, Mr. R. B. McMullen.
Miss Nellie Dafee has returned from a visit to relatives in Hawdon.
Rev. Mr. Cragg conducted the first service of his new pastorate on Sunday last.
Mrs. Jas. M. Scott and daughter Marjorie started on Tuesday for Strathmore. There she will join her husband and remain until fall.
Miss Isabel Bishop of Belleville has been engaged as teacher at the Turner school.
Mr. Jas. McMullen, sr., is home from Peterboro, where he spent the winter.
On Sunday morning last at Sunday School Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Townsend were presented with an address and a handsome clock by the school. Mrs. Townsend (nee Miss Clara Garrison) has been long associated with many branches of Sabbath School work, and Mr. Townsend has also been a teacher.

Belleville is to have a new industry, a company being about to establish a brass foundry. They do not ask a bonus from the city, which is noted as something unusual.

The County House of Refuge was taken over by the House of Refuge Committee of the County Council on Saturday from Contractor Alford, and a special meeting of the county fathers will probably be held next week.

A despatch from Tweed says that Mr. Arthur Wallace, a respected and well-to-do farmer, died there on Sunday afternoon from the effects of injuries received in a runaway accident on his farm on Friday. He was working on the mower when his team got frightened and ran away, dragging him under the mower and mangle him terribly.

A couple of surveyors in the employ of the Dominion Government have been engaged in the vicinity of Tweed for the past few days locating the highest points in the district. It is the intention of the Government to build a series of towers on the highest points in the country for observation purposes similar to those of the United States coast survey.

The Ontario department of agriculture has sent out circulars to cheese makers instructing them in two or three ways how to use up all their milk without working on Sunday. The cheesemakers claimed that the new Lord's Day Act, in compelling them to quit work on Sunday would entail a great financial loss. The department claims they can both observe the Sabbath and avoid loss.

Dates of the Fall Fairs

Ameliasburg.....	Oct. 4, 5
Belleville.....	Sept. 17, 18
Brighton.....	Sept. 26
Campbellford.....	Sept. 24, 25
Coe Hill.....	Sept. 20
Colborne.....	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Frankford.....	Sept. 19, 20
L'Amable.....	Oct. 1
Madoc.....	Sept. 12, 13
Napanee.....	Sept. 18, 19
Peterboro.....	Sept. 26, 27, 28
Pictou.....	Sept. 25, 26
Shannonville.....	Sept. 28
Stirling.....	Sept. 26, 27
Tweed.....	Oct. 2
Warkworth.....	Oct. 3, 4
Wooler.....	Sept. 18

Bad Burn Quickly Healed

"I am so delighted with what Chamberlain's Salve has done for me that I feel bound to write and tell you so," says Mrs. Robert Mytton, 457 John St., Hamilton, Ontario. "My little daughter had a bad burn on her knee. I applied Chamberlain's Salve and it healed beautifully." This salve always allays the pain of a burn almost instantly. It is for sale by J. S. Morton.

Deaths.

FANNING.—In Havelock, on July 18th, Annie Catherine Green, wife of Wm. Fanning, Rawdon, aged 53 years, 3 months and 2 days.

Spray Pumps for Sale

Spray Pumps for Paris greening potatoes, spraying hen houses, spraying cattle, washing windows and buggies. Can be got at Henry Warren & Son's store or from Agent.

Also agent for Fruit Trees.

GERALD FERGUSON, Stirling, Ont.

For Sale

A Windstacker for a threshing machine, in perfect order. Will be sold cheap.

EDGAR FOX, Lot 14, Con. 3, Rawdon, Stirling, Ont.

Fresh Lime

The undersigned has for sale a kiln of fresh burned lime. Price, 20c. per bushel, at the kiln.

W. F. McMULLEN, Lot 34, Con. 9, Sidney.

Strayed

Came into the premises of the undersigned, on or about the beginning of May, one two-year-old heifer, and three yearling heifers. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.

JAMES PRESTON, Lots 17 and 18, 4th Con. Rawdon.

ALBERT COLLEGE

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Department of Music

V. P. HUNT, A.A.G.O., Director

Graduate of Royal Conservatory, Leipzig, Germany.

Full staff of specialists in

Piano Pipe Organ

Voice Violin

Theory of Music

Toronto Conservatory and University exams, held annually in College Building.

Over 300 successful candidates in 5 years.

College Re-opens Sept. 10th

Send for special Music and College Calendar. Address

PRINCIPAL DYER.

Stirling's New Store.
The one price to all—all the time
WE HAVE JUST PLACED IN STOCK
10 dozen turnover Collars, worth up to 20c. each. We have divided them into two lots to clear at 5c. and 9c. each.
FANCY DRESS MUSLINS
at 10c., 12c., 15c., and 25c. per yd. All we ask is for you to see them, and be convinced that they cannot be bought elsewhere for the small price we ask you.
LADIES' BLACK MERINO UNDERSKIRTS.
This is a big snap. The manufacturer wanted to clear them out, and we got them. Extra good value at \$1.50. On sale while they last for.....\$1.19
SUN PLEATED SKIRTS.
These Skirts are steam pleated and will hold their shape. We sell them at.....\$5.00
FANCY PARASOLS
In Navy, White, Black and White, and White Hemstitched. Children's Parasols in white and colored, at.....25c. and 50c. each
MEN'S CRASH HATS,
The cool kind for these warm days, at 50c. and 75c. each.
Hard and Soft Felt Hats from.....75c. to \$2.50 each.
Children's Straw Sailors from.....20c. to \$1.00 each.
DO NOT FORGET THAT WE SELL
GROceries OF ALL KINDS
Orders taken for
STRAWBERRIES
—Fresh every day
G. W. ANDERSON.
Produce taken in exchange for goods or for cash. Phone No. 29.
SUMMER SHOES
Footwear suitable for the hot weather. The right kind in style, quality and price. Men's, Women's and Children's.
We are anxious to demonstrate our ability to please you, and you cannot do better before purchasing than inspect our stock.
We are still giving discounts on Ladies' Kid Oxfords, Patent Leather Boots and Chocolate Shoes.
White, Black and Tan Shoe Polish always in stock. Prices, 5, 10, 15 and 25 cents.
REPAIRING neatly done.

J. W. BROWN
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT
Strayed
From the premises of the undersigned, on or about June 8th, a yearling bull and a yearling heifer, both red and white, with horns. Any person giving information that will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.
MILES MASON, Spring Brook.
Notice to Creditors.
In the matter of the estate of Jane Reid, late of the township of Huntingdon, in the county of Hastings, widow, deceased.
Notice is hereby given pursuant to the provisions of the revised Statutes of Ontario, chap. 129, sec. 34, that all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the late Jane Reid, who died on or about the 30th day of May, A.D. 1907, are required on or before the 20th day of July, A.D. 1907, to send by prepaid, or deliver to Agnes Conley of the township of Huntingdon, executrix of the estate of the said deceased, at West Huntingdon postoffice, or her solicitor as hereunder, at Stirling postoffice, their claims and statements, with addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and a statement of the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, verified by affidavit.
And notice is further given that after the date mentioned the said executrix will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which she shall have notice, and that the said claims will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by her at time of such distribution.
And further notice is also given that all persons indebted to said deceased must pay the amount of the indebtedness to said executrix or her solicitor hereunder named, forthwith.
Dated at Stirling this 20th day of June 1907.
G. G. THRASHER, Solicitor for Executrix.

Interior Decorating
We do all kinds of Painting, Graining, Hardwood Finishing, Paper Hanging, Etc., and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every instance. We have the newest and most artistic Wall Paper from leading foreign and Canadian manufacturers, and will be pleased to show you these goods and give an estimate for decorating one room or your whole house.
S. A. MURPHY.
Farm for Sale
or To Let
First class Dairy farm, partly situated in the Village of Stirling. Particulars from
DR. POTTS, Stirling.
CARLOAD OF
McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES
JUST ARRIVED
Now is the time to secure your Buggy, as I have just opened up a carload of McLaughlin Carriages, consisting of
Steel tired Corning Box Buggies
Steel tired Plano Box Buggies
Mikados, Democars
And a good assortment of Rubber tired Buggies
This is, without a doubt, the finest assortment of Carriages that has ever been shown in Stirling. A call solicited.
Also some Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Harness, etc., at rock bottom prices.
A full line of Massey-Harris Farm Implements always on hand. Three Massey-Harris Binders at a bargain.
N. LANKTREE,
Mill Street, Stirling.
P.S. One one-horse Wagon, one two-horse Delivery Wagon, nearly new, and one horse for sale.

Spring Brook Medical, Surgical and X Ray Institute,
SPRING BROOK, ONT.
All Difficult and Chronic Diseases diagnosed and special treatment given.
DISEASES OF LUNGS, THROAT, EAR AND NOSE. FITTING OF GLASSES.
Diseases of Women, Piles, Constipation, Prostatic Diseases of Men, Rectal Troubles, Catarrh of the Nose and all Acute and Chronic Diseases treated by the most approved scientific principles.
All in doubt of their ailments should have an X RAY Examination.
R. ELGIN TOWLE, M.B., M.D.C.M., Physician-in-Charge.
Office Hours 12 to 3 p.m. Drug Store in connection.

Wedding Invitations
NEATLY PRINTED IN THE
BEST STYLE AT THE
NEWS-ARGUS OFFICE.

Mrs. Emma Stolt, of Appleton, Wisconsin.

"A Neighbor advised me to use Peruna. I began to improve at once."



MRS. EMMA STOLT.

Mrs. Emma Stolt, 1069 Oneida St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "Peruna has done me a great deal of good since I began taking it and I am always glad to speak a good word for it."

Three years ago I was in a wretched condition with backaches, bearing down pains, and at times was so sore and lame that I could not move about. I had inflammation and irritation, and although I used different remedies they did me no good.

"A neighbor who had been using Peruna advised me to try it, and I am glad that I did. I began to improve as soon as I took it and I felt much better."

"I thank you for your fine remedy. It is certainly a godsend to sick women."

CATARRH OF THE INTERNAL ORGANS.

Miss Theresa Bertles, White Church, Mo., writes: "I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and internal organs. Everything I ate seemed to hurt me. I never had a passage of the bowels without taking medicine. I was so tired, nervous, and ached all over. I had a pain in my left side, and the least exertion or excitement made me short of breath."

"Now, after taking Peruna for six months, I am as well as I ever was. Peruna has worked wonders for me. I believe Peruna is the best medicine in the world, and I recommend it to my friends."

MY REGULAR PATIENTS

CHAT WITH A SURGEON ON A BIG OCEAN STEAMER.

The Doctor Meets With Some Very Strange People on a Sea Voyage.

I am rapidly coming to the belief, said a Transatlantic surgeon recently, that the queerest people in the world are those who go about sight-seeing, crossing the ocean twice a year, and "doing" the different countries for their own amusement and, very often, other people's annoyance. I have been a "ship's doctor" now for nearly twelve years, and during that time I have come across queerer patients on board than ever I have met on shore.

It is when they are out at sea and alone on the great waste of water that nervous voyagers begin to fancy they are ill, and the number of fussy old and young and middle-aged ladies whose nerves I have to quieten during a single trip is often remarkable. Some of these women have been told by palmists and other charlatans that they are destined to lose their lives by drowning, and when the sea gets up a bit and the wind begins to blow they get so nervous that they make themselves ill.

A year ago I had a patient—a lady—who was so firmly convinced that she would never see land again that she had worked herself into a state absolutely dangerous to her health. I did all I could to calm her, gave her drugs, argued with her, and finally, when I began to see that all my efforts were unavailing,

I SENT THE CHAPLAIN TO HER.

He succeeded in accomplishing what I couldn't—talked her into a quieter state of mind and so saved her reason. I afterwards found that there was some cause for her agitation, for, years before, she and her husband had been wrecked in the Stella, and for twenty-four hours each thought the other lost. This was the first time the lady had ventured on the water since, and hence her terror.

As you probably know, doctors who practise on board Atlantic liners are paid by the company, and their services are at the free disposal of any passenger who may be in need of them. But any passenger suffering from a complaint which developed before coming on board is expected to pay for any medical treatment received, the fees being about the same as they would be on shore. Of course, in such cases, the passenger usually kicks on receiving his bill, and grumbles considerably about the "grasping" ways of the company.

Two trips ago a young man—evidently wealthy, for he had a suite and a valet to wait on him—came on board with his arm in a sling. I learned that the member was still in splints. The day following the valet knocked at my door and begged that I would pay his master a visit. Of course I went, and after the young man had explained his trouble I dressed the arm and

MADE HIM COMFORTABLE.

I told him that it would be best for me to see it each day, as it was still far from healed, and he appeared to be grateful for the attention.

For eight days I attended him, and the day before we docked I sent him a bill for four guineas. He came to my office and expressed his amazement at my

"nervous" in making a charge for services which were free to all on the boat. I drew his attention to a little notice which is printed on the passenger's ticket, and after he had quoted down I asked him how pretty accurately. At the close of my address I said that if he considered my services had brought him no relief, then I would not press the charge. I thought I knew my man, and so I did, for there and then he "unlatched," and we parted very good friends.

Have I ever had patients die during a voyage? Well, just a few, and one or two as the results of seasickness, in spite of the assertion made by many that mal de mer is invariably an excellent thing for the constitution. As a rule I am not called in for a fit of seasickness, but during a trip East three years ago a lady entered my office and declared that her son was in so terrible a state from seasickness that she would be glad if I would come and have a look at him. I immediately went and found the young fellow—a delicate-looking lad of about twenty—lying in his berth, a deathly pallor on his cheek. As I entered, so severe a fit of sickness came upon him that I knew, unless it was stopped, he would end by breaking a blood-vessel. I hurried back to my surgery and returned in less than two minutes, but during the interval what I feared had taken place, and

HÆMORRHAGE HAD COMMENCED.

I did what I could, but the bleeding broke out again and again, and before the journey was half over the boy was dead. A similar case—this time a young lady—occurred on the very next voyage.

I had rather an amusing experience last year. An elderly gentleman, who was suffering all the horrors of mal de mer—which, however, in his case was without danger—sent to me, and when I made my appearance he begged and implored me to give him something that would stop the terrible sickness that gave him various things supposed to reduce the nausea, but they evidently afforded him little relief. He groaned and swore and turned his face to the wall and prayed that the ship might go to the bottom, so that he could enjoy the sensation of being stationary, if only for a moment. Then, turning to me with a look of agony, he told me to fetch the chaplain and the lawyer along, explaining that the latter gentleman was required in order that he might change his will, as he was determined to leave every cent he possessed to be devoted to the search for a certain cure for seasickness.

Then, instead of doing as he requested, I sat down beside him, told him all the funny stories I could think of, "colored" him about his courage, and finally persuaded him to eat a bunch of grapes. After that he seemed better, managed to conjure up a watery kind of smile at my witlessness, and when I left him he began to take a rosier view of life. An hour later I met him on the deck and he confessed that he was beginning to feel as fit as possible. Moreover, he declared that his recovery was entirely due to my society. That this was not mere flattery was proved subsequently, when he presented me with a handsome cheque in payment for my unique "services."

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to well children, and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. But the prudent mother will not wait until trouble comes—she will keep her children well through an occasional dose of this medicine. The Tablets ought, therefore to be kept in the house at all times. Mrs. Chas. Warren, Nevis, Sask., says: "My little boy was greatly troubled with his stomach and bowels, but a few doses of Baby's Own Tablets wrought a great change in him. I would not be without the Tablets in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TO RESTORE HOLYROOD.

\$40,000 Said to Have Been Guaranteed for the Purpose.

A sum of \$40,000, or about \$200,000, is said to have been guaranteed for the purpose of restoring the venerable pile of the Abbey Church of the Holy Rood, adjoining the Royal Palace of the same name, a little outside Edinburgh. Holy Rood dates from the twelfth century. The exact year is uncertain, but 1128 is generally accepted as approximate.

According to the legend King David I., who was banishing in the neighboring forest, was attacked by a stag, which had been brought to bay by the hunting party. He was thrown to the ground by the furious animal and was in imminent danger of death. Suddenly, says the Rosary Magazine, a cross arose from the ground between the form of the beast and the monarch; and the stag, affrighted, fled. The cross remained on the spot. Its material substance was a mystery to those who examined it.

The occurrence was looked upon as miraculous. In gratitude to heaven the King ordained that a shrine should arise on the ground adjacent. He decreed that it be called the Church of the Holy Rood, and gave it in the care of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. What remains of the abbey is called the Chapel Royal. It is only a fragment of the old building, but is yet considerable. The portion formed the nave of the great abbey. Its walls are lofty, its windows tall, and its western door of generous proportions. The carving is rich, though not florid.

The tombs within the abbey walls include those of King David I., King James II. (of Scotland), King James V. and his Queen, Margaret, Henry, Lord Darnley, and many other members of the Scottish nobility. The grave of Riccio is not within the abbey enclosure but in a leading passage leading to the quadrangle of the palace.

FEELS BIG.

"Many a lobster imagines himself a whale."—And many a lobster feels like a whale—about an hour after you have eaten him.

Nurses' & Mothers' Treasure
—most reliable medicine for baby—
Used over 50 years. First compounded by Dr. P. E. Picault in 1855.
Makes Baby Strong
Restores the little organs to perfect health. Gives sound sleep, without resort to opium or other sleeping drugs.
At druggists, 25c. per bottle & 2 for \$1.
National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal.

KAID WAS IN CANADA

COMES OF A LONG LINE OF FIGHTING ANCESTORS.

Sultan of Morocco Gave Him 150 Wives for Valued Services to British Court.

Kaid Maclean the captured commander of the Moroccan forces, for whose safety the British authorities have required an assurance from Morocco, was stationed with the 69th Regiment for some years in Canada. He has relatives near Kingston, in Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island.

Sir Hurry Aubrey de Vere Maclean was born at Dalrymple, Scotland, in 1848 and is a son of the late Gen. Andrew Maclean, a distinguished soldier. He comes of a long line of fighting ancestors. It is recorded in the history of the clan that, after the battle of Culloden, one of them, lying stricken upon the field, declined to inform the Duke of Cumberland as to the whereabouts of the ill-fated Bonnie Prince Charlie. The duke called upon a young officer to slay the wounded man, but this the officer, who afterwards became immortal as Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, refused to do.

WAS IN CANADA.

Sir Hurry began his career in the army in 1869, when he obtained a commission as lieutenant in the 69th Regiment, which was sent to Canada shortly afterwards. The regiment shared in the defence of the frontier during the Fenian invasion of 1870, and he was decorated with a medal by Lord Strathcona in London a few years ago, while undergoing special treatment for wounds received in one of his innumerable skirmishes. Sir Hurry's regiment was stationed for some years in Canada, and while he was in Quebec most of the time he was also posted for intervals at Toronto, Brantford and London.

WENT TO MOROCCO.

From Canada he was shifted to Gibraltar, where he had a staff appointment. The Sultan of Morocco was desirous of obtaining a British officer to drill his half savage army, and the position was offered Maclean. The prospect appealed strongly to his martial tastes and love of adventure, and he gladly accepted, resigning in 1876 to enter upon his duties of organizing the sultan's forces. He rapidly rose in favor by his daring, intrepidity and military genius, and became a prime favorite with the late sultan and inspired equal regard and confidence in his successor.

SCOTCH ALL THROUGH.

Maclean, whose headquarters have been at Fez, has maintained a band of 12 pipers, all Moors, in charge of a Scotch band, and wearing the proud tunic of the Maclean clan. For some time Major Angus Ogilvy, of the 13th Hussars, was in command of his cavalry. Major Ogilvy was in Canada some years ago, and is known to a number of Canadian military men.

In 1893 Sir Henry visited England for the first time since he had severed his connection with the British army. He was on a special mission from the Sultan, who was anxious to obtain assurance of British support.

GIVEN A GUARD.

So apprehensive was the Oriental potentate that Maclean might be induced to remain at home, that he caused an escort of one hundred armed Moors to accompany him, with the injunction that unless the Englishman should return every man in the detachment would be beheaded. While away the guard never allowed Maclean out of their sight and his chamber door and casement were kept locked and a sentry on duty at the length of his window while he slumbered. So successful was Sir Henry in his mission that on his return, the Sultan, as a particular mark of favor, insisted on presenting him with 150 wives.

Sir Henry was the victim of an unhappy marriage. He obtained a divorce from his Spanish wife several years ago, causing considerable of a sensation in London society. He has a son and several brothers in the army.

NEVER NO MORE.

Friend—"Now look here, Nye, when are you going to repay me that five you borrowed from me last year? I've asked for the return of it eighty-seven times; but remember this, I shan't ask you for it again."

Nye (delightedly)—"What, you won't? You really won't? Well, that's what I call being a real, good partner, and no more. I wish there were more like you. Now, do you think you could possibly lend me that?"

With a howl of derision, the creditor fled, completely routed by the Nye artillery.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, BLISTERS, ITCHING, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE KIDNEYS.
Solely sold by Dr. J. C. Dodd, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

Pen-Angle Underwear
Guaranteed
Nothing you can wear costs you so little in real comfort, real service and real satisfaction as
Pen-Angle Underwear
Warranted to you by the dealer, by the maker to him. Form-fitted for comfort's sake, won't stretch, shrink, or fade. Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in long and short sleeves for men, women and children. Trade-mark in red at above.

Pen-Angle Underwear

Guaranteed

Warranted to you by the dealer, by the maker to him. Form-fitted for comfort's sake, won't stretch, shrink, or fade. Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in long and short sleeves for men, women and children. Trade-mark in red at above.



WILSON'S FLY PADS
Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES. 10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. Will last a whole season.

HAD ENOUGH.

"Reginald, what is this I hear about your having been engaged in a fight with our new neighbor's little boy?"

"Yes, I was."

"Now I wish you to promise me that you will never quarrel with him again; will you make me that promise?"

"Yes; he kin lick me."

SEWING MACHINE BARGAINS

real ones, at Singer stores. Buy here and deal with the manufacturers. The Singer Company is permanent and responsible; its representatives are always at hand to care for Singer, and Wheeler & Wilson machines. Look for the Red S. Singer Sewing Machine Co. Write us at Manning Machines, Toronto, for set of Bird Cards free.

Doctor—"I don't think it is anything very serious, but you will have to stay in bed at least two weeks." Patient—"But, doctor, do you know that this is a very expensive hotel?" Doctor—"Yes; I am a friend of the proprietor."

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are deterred from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

"You have three pairs of glasses, professor?" "Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance, and the third to find the other two."

Yes, indeed, "blood will tell," when blotches and eruptions mark the skin. Weaver's Cream and Weaver's Syrup make short work of all blood and skin troubles.

"My husband has promised to allow me to choose what I want for my birthday." "Oh, then there will be no surprise this year." "Yes, there will. He will be surprised enough when he gets the bill."

Always a Good Friend.—In health and happiness we need no friends, but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. These hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, for when the Oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands who without it would be indeed friendless.

Friend—"Didn't your husband rave when you showed him the dressmaker's bill?" Wife—"Rather." Friend—"And how did you quiet him?" Wife—"I showed him the milliner's next, and then he became absolutely speechless."

Pale, sickly children should use Mether Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

"You young scamp!" roared the old broker, rushing in unexpectedly. "I thought you told me you didn't smoke cigarettes, read 'Deadwood Dick,' or whistle while you worked." "Well," yawned the office boy, laconically. "And here I come in and catch you doing all three." "Yes; but you don't catch me working."

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch in human or animal cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

Heiress—"Which would you rather lose, Jack-me, or my money?" He—"You sweetheart!" Heiress—"Oh, Jack!" He—"I would, because, don't you see, dearest, even if I lost you, I would still have your money to offer large rewards for your recovery, and get you back again." Heiress—"Dear Jack!"

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmentier's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly, but thoroughly, on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

One method of dodging popularity is to give your neighbors advice.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

There is no royalty without love. To defer a right determination is to make a wrong one.

The acid of envy eats out all happiness from the heart.

You cannot get high moral tone out of loose mis-spoken words.

If you do not know how to let up you do not know how to live.

You can do little for humanity without the saving salt of humor.

There is no complete understanding of a duty until it is completed.

The man who borrows trouble is little better than the one who makes it.

No learning can make up for the lack of that which the home can give.

The greatest sins are the ones committed against the least of the children.

When the wage is the end the work loses much, but the worker loses more.

Many a man thinks he is a great force because he creates so much friction.

Every time you depend on a bracer you knock out your own underpinning.

When we confess to our own faults usually we are thinking of our neighbor's.

Every man may have a right to his own grudge, but he has a duty to keep it to himself.

If you are afraid of being misunderstood you are not likely to do much worth understanding.

It makes all the difference whether you want to be known as good or want to know the good.

It is possible to take the right way in life and yet to take life in such a way as to lead others wrong.

It seems to be as easy to think our cheerfulness to ourselves as it is to think our troubles out loud.

It is strange that when some folks talk about lifting up their hearts they are sure to pull down their faces.

PERSONAL.

Diggs—"What salary do you get?" Wiggs—"One hundred and fifty per."

Diggs—"Per week, per month, or per laps?"

To Prevent is Better than to Repent. A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective, and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

Stranger—"You are the only gentleman in the room." Guest—"In what way, sir?" Stranger—"When I slipped in the dance, and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh." Guest—"The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress."

If You are Nervous and Irritable, take "Ferrovin," the nerve and blood tonic; you will be a new person by the time you have used a bottle. \$1.00 bottles. All dealers.

There seems to be more charitable-ness connected with the brotherhood of man than there is with the sisterhood of woman.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Jennie—"Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding-day?" Olive—"Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her."

"Grandpa," asked little Harold, who was on a visit in the country, "is that bell on the cow to keep her from falling asleep in this quiet place?"

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Celluloid Starch
IT SAVES
Fine muslin, dainty lingerie, iron easier, look better, last longer if the laundress uses the only cold-water (no boiling) starch that really saves work and really won't stick. Try it. Get

CREAM OF THE WEST FLOUR

A pure, hard Manitoba flour for bakers and others demanding strength, color and uniformity.

STRONG & WHITE

AT YOUR GROCERS

DEALERS EVERYWHERE SUPPLIED WITH FLOUR AND FEED WHITE US.

WE ALSO MAKE "QUEEN CITY" BLEND FLOUR THAT HAS GAINED GREAT FAVOR AS A GENERAL HOUSEHOLD "ALL PURPOSES" FLOUR.

THE CAMPBELL MILLING CO. TORONTO JUNCTION ONT.

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Dyeing and all kinds of feather work can be sent by post, to per cent. the best place is

IARE HE?

OR, A SAD LIFE STORY

CHAPTER XXXV.

Jim's first care on returning to his hotel is to ascertain that the departure for Hammam Rihra has really taken place, and, having been reassured on this point, returns to his own bedroom to re-examine the terrace, upon which it gives. The sun has been drunk up the rain from the tiles, and the chairs have been set out again. The hotel guests, in all the sociability of their after-lunch mood, are standing and sitting about. The widow Walman, with great play of eyebrow and lip, is pacing up and down in rich conversation with her habitual victim. Snatches of her alluring talk reach Jim behind his curtain as she comes and goes.

"I think that caged birds ought to be loved." "The prophet was a wise man, was not he? he knew a little about us," etc.

In her usual place, aloof from the rest of the company, Elizabeth is sitting in a clinging white gown of some woolly stuff. With a dainty white kerchief twisted about her head, and a bundle of many-tinted Eastern stuffs on her knees, she looks like a little Romney. Now and again, as fragments of the widow's siren strains reach her ears, she sees her lips curl up into delighted laughter; but, for the most part, she seems to be looking round rather uneasily, as if seeking something or someone. Can it be herself that she, in her innocence of being observed, is on the watch for? He has no right to be playing the spy on her in any case. It is clear, that, dressed as she is, she cannot be meditating going out. He must not frighten her by any too direct or sudden attentions. In a little while the other occupants of the terrace will drift away, and he will stroll out and join her, and together they will watch the shade of the ficus-tree lengthening over the red flags. But she presently baffles his calculations by rising, and, with her rainbow-tinted pile of brocades clasped in her slender arms, slowly passes into the house. Has she retreated thither for good? and will he have to frame some new flimsy excuse for knocking at her door? But again she is out of his reckoning, for in about a quarter of an hour she re-issues, dressed for walking; and after one more lingering, and, as it seems to him, disappointed glance around her, paces a solitary little figure, down the hill. He lays his watch before him, and he counts the minutes on his dial-plate, sets off in pursuit. He overtakes her just as she reaches the point where the lane debouches into the highroad. She stands, looking rather disconsolately, first up the hill, then down it, evidently uncertain which direction to choose.

"You cannot make up your mind?" he says, pausing beside her, and taking off his hat.

She gives a slight start, and a friendly, pleased smile runs all over her face and up into her eyes—a smile that makes him say to himself confidently that it was he whom her glance had been seeking on the terrace.

"Which do you advise?"

"I advise the town."

He has long known her teachableness, so it is no great surprise to him that she at once turns in the direction counselled. "As I am going here myself, will you allow me to walk a little way with you?"

He makes the request with respectful diffidence; and, after one small troubled look, evidently given to the memory of her father's assents, they set off down the hill together, the air, sharp after the rain—as sharp, at least, as Algiers' stingless air ever is—bringing the color to Elizabeth's cheeks, as she steps along light-heartedly, scarcely refraining from breaking in to a run down the steep incline. Her spirits are so evidently rising at every yard that he hazards his next step.

"I am going to see the Arab town; Miss Strut says that I ought."

"She means you to ask her to show it you," cries Elizabeth, with a laugh; "but she was quite right—it is delightful; I am sure you will like it."

"You have been there?"

"Yes, once or twice; not half so often"—regretfully—"as I should like to have been."

Dare he speak upon the last innocent hint? But while he is doubting she goes on:

"You must take care not to lose yourself; it is such a puzzling place; all the streets are exactly like each other."

"You do not feel inclined to show me the way about it?"

He throws out the suggestion in a semi-lanterning voice so that it meets with obvious disapproval he may at once withdraw it. She stops suddenly, stock still, and faces him.

"Are you speaking seriously? It would be very enlightening; but do you think I might? Do you think I ought?"

She lifts her eyes, widely opened, like a child's at hearing of some unexpected treat, to his. How astonishingly clear they are! and how curiously guileless! He has not the least doubt that she will sweetly acquiesce in his decision, which ever way it tends; and, for a second, a movement of irritation with her for her pliability crosses his mind. She ought to be able to have an opinion of her own. While he hesitates, she speaks again.

"It is just the afternoon to do something pleasant on," she says wistfully, and yet gaily too. "Oh, how good the air tastes! and how dearly I love the sun!"

lifting her face with sensitive lips, half open, as if to suck in his grace, draped like Greek statues, aureoled along between the blue-washed walls, that look in their effective variation upon the blinding whiteness as if some of the sky-color had rubbed off upon them.

Jim and Elizabeth have paused, in their leisurely strolling and staring, to look from the straight shadowed alley in which they are standing up a long

olden upon the propriety or impropriety of any given course of female action, now answers with an almost brutal decisiveness:

"I do not think that there is the smallest doubt about it."

A relieved look crosses her features.

"Then I am sure it is all right," she says, with a joyful surrender of her judgment into his keeping; and so, once again, steps along with her quick feather-light feet at his side.

For the moment she is the happier of the two, since he is not perfectly pleased either with himself or her. It is in vain that he tells himself that it is no babe whom he is beguiling; that, difficult as it is to believe it, those limpid eyes have looked at the sun for seven-and-twenty years. He still has a lingering sense of discomfort at having availed himself for his own profit, of her docility. And yet, five minutes later, he takes yet further advantage of that quality in her. They have reached the Plateau Sautiere, and the stand of fancies that "station-ment" there. Jim pauses.

"It is a good distance to the Arab town, I fancy, and very tiring walking when you get there."

"It is as steep as the side of a house; we shall be like flies on a wall," cries she delightedly.

"It would be a pity to be too tired to enjoy it before you got there, would not it?" says he doubtfully, and eyeing her bright slenderness with an air of uncertainty as to her powers of endurance.

"Had not we better—would you mind—our driving there?"

"I am not at all tired," replies she; "I do not feel as if I ever should be tired to-day; but if you think it better—"

Still he looks at her dubiously. To him there appears to be a much greater degree of the compromising in a tele-auto drive than in a walk. In the one case the meeting may have been accidental; in the other there can be no mistake as to the deliberate intention. But either this does not strike Elizabeth, or she thinks, "In for a penny, in for a pound;" or, lastly and most probably, having given up her judgment into his keeping, she finds it easier and most natural to acquiesce in whatever he may propose.

The ungenerous thought flashes across him that if this is the principle on which she has guided her life, it is small wonder if she have made shipwreck of it. He halts a moment, and silently hands her in, and again they are off.

Elizabeth has disclaimed fatigue, and yet the restful position is evidently agreeable to her delicate body; and she thanks him so gratefully for his thought of her that his hard thoughts of her dissolve into remorse, and by-and-by change into an enjoyment almost as entire and uncalculating as her own.

Elizabeth has astonishing powers of enjoying herself. If he had not known that fact before, the afternoon would have revealed it to him.

She must have driven through the French town almost every day since her arrival, and yet its cheerful white-shuttered houses, its boulevards of glossy-leaved trees, its cafes, its crowded streets with their polyglot promenaders, seem to fill her with as lively a pleasure as if she had but just landed from the steamboat that brought her.

The three Spahis, eternally sitting in a row on a bench outside some general officers' quarters, robed in their great red cloaks, with muslin-embroidered heads and long red-leather boots, dimly described beneath the stately sweep of their mantles, sitting there motionless, solemn and silent as the statues; a venerable Arab, only to be distinguished from Abraham or Isaac by his carrying a vulgar brown umbrella; a short Kabyle seen in back view, with his rope-bound head-dress, his brown-and-white striped frock, and his bare legs, striding along, looking exactly like a ludicrous and indecent old woman; a Baskrah water-carrier, poising a great burnished copper pot on his shoulder; two little baggy-trousersed white ladies waddling along; a dozen of smart blue Turcos. She is enraptured with them all.

They leave their place in the Place de la Cathedrale, and enter upon the mysterious recesses of the Arab town. Up and down endless flights of steps, up street after street—if streets they can be called, that are not wider than a yard in their widest part—and above their heads the rafter-supported houses lean together, letting scarce a glint of daylight drop down upon the dusky path below.

They pass arched doorways, with pretty designs in plaster—doorways whose doors open inwards upon mysterious interiors—house or court, or mosque or Marabout. All along stand tiny shops, like wild-bee dens, as far as light and space go, the only bright light—in reality, only semi-darkness—enters in from. How can they see to work—pale straw, for instance? as the three black negroes are doing, upon whom they stare in astonishment. The ground, the turban, and the red sashes, and the burnished glimmer of the little dim frontages, whose charming pierced-brass Moorish lamps hang and swing aloft; and leaping piles of dully splendid brocades and bright gold-embroidered gauzes gleam from the crowded shelves.

The narrow streetlets are full of un-busy, un-hurrying Easterns, hideous old negroes grinning like monkeys, idle Arabs sauntering along in their lazy grace, draped like Greek statues, aureoled along between the blue-washed walls, that look in their effective variation upon the blinding whiteness as if some of the sky-color had rubbed off upon them.

Jim and Elizabeth have paused, in their leisurely strolling and staring, to look from the straight shadowed alley in which they are standing up a long

flight of steps to a low carved doorway, and a bit of starch-blue wall at the top. Down the steep flight a veiled, trousered woman is waddling, her immense pantaloons waddling awkwardly as she descends.

Elizabeth stands still, shaking with laughter at the sight. Jim laughs too. "There is no expense spared in material there, is there? It would not be a bad dress for a fancy ball. Did you ever go to a fancy ball as a Moorish lady?" Her laughter lessens, though her face is still alight with mirth.

"I never was at a fancy ball."

"Never?"

"Never; I never was at a ball in my life."

Her laughter is quite dead now. "Never at any ball in your life!" repeats he, his surprise betraying him into one of those flights back into the past for which she has always showed such repugnance. "Why, you used to love dancing, didn't you? I remember your dancing like a dervish. What is more, I remember dancing with you."

"Oh, do not remember anything to-day!" cries she, with a sort of writhing in her voice; "do not let either of us remember anything! Let us have a whole holiday from remembering!"

So saying, she moves on quickly; and yet with the dance gone out of her feet it never quite comes back. They look into an Arab club, where men are squatting, playing with odd-looking cards and drinking muddy coffee. Then a loud noise of jabbering young voices makes them peep in upon an Arab school, where a circle of little Moslems is sitting on the ground, scribbling Arabic on slates; while between the knees of the turbaned master a tiny baby scholar, of three or four, is standing in a lovely dull green coat. Elizabeth strokes the baby-learner's coppery cheek with her light hand, and says with a laugh, that it seems odd to see little street boys writing Arabic; but her laughter is no longer the bubbling, irrepressible joy-drunk thing it was before he had indulged in his tactless reminiscences; it is the well-bred, civil, grown-up sound that so often has no inside gladness to match it. In his vexation with himself for the clouding over of his little heaven that he himself has effected, he tries to persuade himself that it is caused by bodily fatigue.

"If I were asked," he says, by-and-by, looking down affectionately at her pallid profile, "I should say that you had had about enough of this; your spirit!" smiling—"is so very much too big for your body that one has to keep an eye upon you."

"It would not be much of a spirit if it were not," replies she, with a pretty air of perfectly sincere disparagement of her own slight proportions; "I know that I look a poor thing, but I am rather a fraud; I do not tire easily; I am not tired now."

"Bored, then?" with a slight accent of pique.

She lifts her sweet look, with a sort of hurry of denial in it.

"Most distinctly not."

"You would like to go on, then?"

"Yes."

"Or back?"

She hesitates, her eyes exploring his with, as he feels, a genuine anxiety in it to discover what his own wishes are, so that her decision may jump with them.

"Yes—perhaps; I have really no choice."

She both looks at her and speaks to her with a streak of exasperation.

"Do you never have a will—a preference of your own?"

It is evidently no unfamiliar thing to her to be addressed with causeless irritability. The recollection of her father's tone in speaking to her flashes back remorsefully upon Jim's memory. Is he himself going to take a leaf out of that book? It would be a relief to him were she to answer him sharply; but to do that is apparently not within her capabilities, though the tender red that tinges her cheek shows that she has felt his snub.

"In this case I really have not," she answers gently; "but I dare say that it was tiresome of me not to speak more decidedly; let us—let us—let another swift and apparently quite involuntary glance at him to see that she is not, after all, running counter to his inclinations—"let us go home!"

So they go home. It is near sunset as they drive along the Boulevard de la Republique, the fitting end to so princely a day. At the quay the moored vessels lie, their masts and spars making a dark design against an ineffable evening sky of mother-of-pearl and translucent pink. The sea, which to-day has not been of sapphire, but of "watchet-blue," pierced and shot with white, now copies exactly the heavens. It, too, shines from opal to translucent pink. How many changes of reinment there are in the wardrobe of the great wet mother!

(To be continued.)

ASLEEP FOR A YEAR.

In the French hamlet of Recoules, not far from Rodez, there is a girl of fifteen who has lain in an unbroken sleep from June 1 of last year. She is the daughter of a farmer, the eldest of four children, who all enjoyed good health until the spring of 1906, when the eldest developed stomach troubles which necessitated her being kept in bed, and she took less and less nourishment, until on June 1 she fell into a sleep from which she has never awoken. Her case has been studied by seven doctors.

It doesn't, necessarily follow that a man is any good just because he's as good as his word.

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment

until they are able to take a little milk with it and a little cod liver oil with it

and a little cod liver oil with it

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ON THE FARM

UP-TO-DATE DAIRYING.

Clean Milkers and Clean Milking.—The stable should be provided with brushes readily attached to the milking stools or accompanying them. The milkers should be encouraged to use these brushes before milking and if such milkers are naturally cleanly, they should also be encouraged to dampen the ladders before beginning to milk.

If the milkers are not naturally orderly, systematic and cleanly, discharge them and either get clean milkers or quit the business. It is impossible to make a filthy man clean by any set of rules or by any amount of possible supervision. Though they should brush a foot in a morning, wearing what with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

The milk is received in pails washed in this way. They are first rinsed off in tepid water; then wash in water too hot for the hand and containing some cleansing powder or sal soda, the washing being done by brushes rather than cloths. They are then rinsed with boiling water and steamed if possible, otherwise taken from the rinsing water, the loose drops shaken off and allowed to dry without wiping.

The milk is strained through two or three thicknesses of cheese cloth which pieces are washed and scalded or boiled between successive hours of milking.

After straining, the milk is either aerated, cooled and sent to the factory or it is run through the separator.

Use of Hand Separator.—The hand separator bids fair to revolutionize the dairy industry. By the use of this labor and butter saver, the farmer can take practically all of the fat from the milk and can do it at the time of milking while the milk is warm. The skim-milk is then ready for the calves or pigs.

Who then will buy a separator? He that has four or more cows and wants to make all the butter possible from them at the least cost.

Why shall he buy? Because the amount of fat a separator saves over the cold deep setting will not only pay the interest on the first cost of the machine but will actually pay for the machine in a few years, if the number of cows is large enough to warrant. Because, too, the skim-milk is not taken into the house

at all, but is fed warm to the young stock.

Again, if the cream is delivered to a creamery to be made into butter, the milk does not have to be hauled to the factory and back again. It is kept separate, uncontaminated with skimmilk from other courses and is fed before souring.

An examination of the records of pigs officially condemned as tuberculous at the Chicago stock yards shows that the great bulk of tuberculous pigs come from the dairy districts and undoubtedly got the disease from drinking unpasteurized skimmilk returned from the factory. By separating the milk at home the cow owner avoids this source of infection for his young stock.

What Sort of Separator Shall Cow Owners Buy?—The one that will skim the largest amount of milk the cleanest in a given time with the least force to run it. Separators vary widely in capacity. Some of the hand machines will separate only 250 pounds an hour, while others will run through fully eight hundred pounds. Other things being equal the larger machines are the more economical.

Separating milk is a slow job at best. It takes from one to two hours a day and this multiplied by the number of days in the year grows to a very perceptible share of the working time of the season.

Again it takes no longer to wash and care for a large machine than a small one. Finally no one should intend to remain a dairyman with two or three cows. His ambition ought to be to increase the size of his herd until he is supporting all the cows his farm can support. The larger machine will not have to be exchanged when the number of cows increases. The separator should have capacity, skim clean, be durable, simple in construction, easily cleaned and easy of separation.

Separators' Location is important.—The care of the separator is not a hard problem if the location is right, the foundation good and the essentials in the way of accessories are convenient.

One thing required is pure air. A cow stable will not do, because the air cannot be kept pure. Although it is handy to have the separator right there so you can pour the milk from the pail into which it is drawn, through a strainer at the top of the separator can still such a practice is rightly forbidden in the stable itself. The separator must be placed where the air is always pure.

The room where the separator is must be free from dust, hence the woodshed is forbidden unless a part of it be parti-

tioned off and well floored so that it can be kept clean and sweet.

The floor of the separator room has better be made of concrete since milk is bound to be slopped over at some time and must be washed up with abundance of water. This demands a tight, sound floor and good drainage. A cement floor is slippery and cold, but it can be kept much sweeter than a wooden floor.

The room must be arranged to exclude flies. The separator must be kept spotlessly clean, and this cannot be done in a room to which flies are admitted. Screens to windows and doors are necessary, with an occasional use of insect powder to kill off such flies as steal in with the milkers.

The room ought to be where it can be kept cool and yet where the sunlight can have free range to kill the bacteria. It is not to be understood that the separator is to be set off into a world of its own where nothing but pure milk enters and only angels can attend it. It is quite possible to build a room as an integral part of the barn itself, or as part of the house, where all the requirements are fully met. Pure air, kept pure, free from dust and fairly cool with sunlight, are the essentials.

MOBBED.

Sunday School Teacher—"What does this verse mean when it says: 'And the lot fell upon Jonathan'?"

Bright Boy—"I guess it means the whole gang jumped on him."

IGNORANCE.

Harold—"Well, Johnny, how do you like your new teacher?"

Johnny—"Not much. She don't know anything. To-day she asked me who discovered America."

THE ONLY WAY.

"Tell me," said the lovelorn youth, "what is the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?"

"Marry her!" replied Peckham, promptly.

THE PARTING GUEST.

"Yes, sir," said the man in Cell 711, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses."

"And what brought you here?"

"They caught me coming out!"

AVOID DANGER.

Mother (to future son-in-law)—"I may tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she cannot cook."

Future Son-in-law—"That doesn't matter much, so long as she doesn't fry."

Why Betty Forgot to be Lonely

N O, BETTY didn't mind being called "old-fashioned." Of course, she was "old-fashioned." Aunt Jane told her so every day, so it must be true, although Aunt Jane did say people were "odd" mostly when they didn't do things her way. You know they say you're "old-fashioned" when you see things that other people can't see, when you dream such beautiful dreams, and when you play nice games with what Aunt Jane would call the people of your imagination—though to you they're real girls and boys, just the same.

Oh, it's nice to be "old-fashioned," especially when you live in a big farmhouse, with the nearest neighbor a mile away. It keeps you from growing lonely.

But, in spite of all your imagination, sometimes you get a wee bit lonesome. At least Betty did, until she found her Other Self. Let me tell you how this came about.

Betty liked rainy days. Sounds funny, doesn't it? Not that she didn't enjoy being out-of-doors, but next to swaying in the branches of her favorite tree in the orchard, she liked to be up in the big, roomy attic, listening to the rain-drops pattering on the roof. Somehow it made her feel sort of sad—and you know a nice to feel that way sometimes.

Tian, that you're altogether sad, for your heart gives you a funny throb when you look around the shadowy nooks that it makes you feel almost happy and yet a little bit afraid, as though some strange person you would like to meet were near, yet you were afraid to meet her.

It was just such a day when Betty made the acquaintance of her Other Self. Many and many a time she had climbed the narrow stairs to the attic. So often had she rummaged through the old trunks and furniture that she could have named everything there. That is, almost everything, for near the window there was one great chest, inside of which she had never peeped. The big, rusty lock seemed to mock her whenever she tugged at it—sometimes so strongly that she felt sure it must give way.

You may know how surprised she was when, upon giving it a jerk this time, the lock gave way with such suddenness that she fell back into the old cradle. But still more surprised was she when she raised the lid. She found treasures without number. There were handsome dresses all made in queer fashions. Trying one of these on, she found that it just fit. Somehow, it seemed to feel more comfortable than her own, but perhaps that was because she, like the gowns, was "old-fashioned."

Eagerly she now went on with her search. Soon she came upon an old leather-covered diary. Opening it, she started on finding her own name on the flyleaf.

Betty's heart beat quickly as she sat down in her grandfather's armchair and began to read the curious old diary. Reading from the very beginning, she saw this entry:

"May 1, 1795.—Aunt Priscilla says it is wicked for me to keep anything secret from her. Be it so, and this diary is wicked. I must ask Uncle Richard one's self. Such beautiful thoughts come to me that I must write them down. Last time when I was dreaming I thought I thought that the lightning and the people grew wings and flew away. It was splendid, only I didn't go along with them. But when I wrote about the dream in my other diary, Aunt Priscilla said it was nonsense and not at all a dream, and that it was wicked



to dream in church. I wrote about duty and obedience in my other diary today, and Aunt Priscilla was so pleased that I almost owned up about this Thought and Dream Diary. But I cannot write love and obedience forever, and I must have named everything, for near the window there was one great chest, inside of which she had never peeped. The big, rusty lock seemed to mock her whenever she tugged at it—sometimes so strongly that she felt sure it must give way.

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CONTINUE

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until they are able to take a little milk with it and a little cod liver oil with it

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- Will not harm the plant,
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—Prevents Blight, Rot and Scab.

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All rips sewed free. Repairing neatly done and promptly attended to, at

CEO. E. REYNOLDS,

SHOE KING.

Eggs taken in exchange.

Alien Convicts to be Deported

Something unique in the history of prisons in Canada is about to take place in connection with the Kingston penitentiary. It is the deportation of foreigners who are convicts to the countries whence they came. A beginning is to be made in a few days with a prisoner named Harrison, who hails from the United States. This order has come from the Ottawa Justice Department, and is the application of the new law regarding undesirable immigrants. He has served only a portion of his term and must now return to his native land. The landing place for him is to be Detroit, where he will be handed over to the American authorities. Another prisoner will be deported shortly from the prison in a similar position. They are being looked over and listed by the local authorities, and it is likely that the taxpayers of Canada will be greatly relieved by the new policy, for the law applies to jails and all other prisons as well as penitentiaries.

Prospectors state that the district between Larder Lake and Abitibi is all a gold country. The distance between the two points is about twenty-four miles. Gold has been found in both places.

Hon. H. S. Blake, on laying the cornerstone of a new Anglican church in Toronto, said: "We hear people talk about keeping the Sabbath rationally, while in reality they are kicking the foot through it, and are not keeping it at all. Pay no heed to those who only understand carnal things, and yet who would give a 'rational' interpretation of the Scripture. We know not any part of the Bible that is not inspired. It is God's word, and so simple that any one can understand it."

Constipation

Relief sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others, coarse salt-water bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a very subtle remedy to relieve every ailment known to man. If physicians can find Nature's way to health, and this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation. The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this very fine bark, sold in various forms. Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this same Cascara is given its greatest possible power to correct Constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Laxative, is now made at the most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Indigestion, Stomach, Bad Breath, Bowel Obstruction, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Laxative is put up in beautiful little boxes of 10 tablets each at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

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MORTON & HAIGHT.

For Those Who Cannot See

In making his annual appeal to the readers of Ontario newspapers for information which will enable him to locate the children and youths of both sexes who are eligible for admission as pupils of the School for the Blind at Brantford, Principal Gardner asks THE NEWS-ARGUS to call public attention to the need for some institution where the adult blind may be instructed and employed. General experience has demonstrated the inadvisability of combining a workshop for adults with a school for children under one management, yet the blind adults, who far outnumber the children of school age, should be no longer neglected. In New York state it has been ascertained by careful inquiry that out of 6,008 blind persons only 584, or 9.72 per cent. of the total number are under 21 years of age; 3,198, or 53.14 per cent., are over 60 years of age; while 1,975, or 22.88 per cent., are between the ages of twenty-one and fifty—in the prime of life and capable of being rendered in whole or in part self-supporting. It is probable that the percentages in Ontario are similar to those in New York. Many lose their sight by accident after passing school age, and many who have been blind from birth or childhood need help and direction in order to work profitably. In California, Connecticut, the District of Columbia, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin workshops or "homes" have been provided, and in Washington, Colorado and other States the matter has been taken up by Women's Clubs and other associations of philanthropic ladies, whose influence upon public opinion and the Legislatures will certainly effect the desired result.

The first necessity is to get an accurate knowledge of the facts, and to this end Mr. Gardner will gladly receive information relating to blind residents of Ontario of all ages (names and post-office addresses). Those under twenty-one years of age, not deficient in intellect, and free from disease and physical infirmity, who are unable to read ordinary type and attend a school for the seeing without serious injury to the sight, should attend the school at Brantford, which is maintained by the Provincial government for their benefit. A letter or post card, addressed to the Principal, will receive immediate attention.

The International Council of Women is holding its annual convention in Vancouver.

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Don't suffer needlessly when you have a positive and guaranteed cure in "Bu-Ju" drugs, or by mail direct from

The Claffin Chemical Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Susy's Opinion of Her Father.

Before Susy began the biography she felt full a remark now and then concerning her character which showed that she had it under observation. In the record which we kept of the children's sayings there is an instance of this. She was twelve years old at the time. We had established a rule that each member of the family must bring a fact to breakfast—a fact drawn from a book or from any other source; any fact would answer. Susy's contribution was in substance as follows: Two great exiles and former opponents in war met, in Ephesus, Scipio and Hannibal. Scipio asked Hannibal to name the greatest general the world had produced.

"Alexander," and he explained why. "And the next greatest?" "Pyrrhus," and he explained why. "But where do you place yourself, then?"

"If I had conquered you, I would place myself before the others." Susy's grave comment was: "That attracted me. It was just like papa, he is so frank about his books."

So frank in admiring them, she meant.—From "Mark Twain's Autobiography" in North American Review.

Impossible.

A year or so ago an American student in Berlin was attending a lecture in a room drowsily close through lack of ventilation. To keep awake he began whispering to a German at his side the story of Mark Twain about the man who lived all his life in a chronic fear of fresh air. The relatives of this man, as is well known, decided after his death to have his remains cremated, and the climax of the story occurs when the undertaker, opening the door of the oven to see whether incineration was complete, was appalled to hear the corpse speak out and request him to close the door and shut off the draft. The American sprang the joke as effectively as he could, but never a smile was his reward. His German friend remained for several moments in a perplexed study; then he leaned over to the American and said: "But how could that be? The man was dead!"—Harper's Weekly.

Power of Falling Water.

It is perfectly well known to every one that water constantly dropping upon a stone will wear it away, and there is a trite old proverb regarding this fact. The force of a single drop of water falling from a height is not great, but the results of this tiny blow when it is many times repeated are astounding. There is a story of one poor wretch who was bound with his back to a stone wall and had a stream of water "of the bligness of a man's finger" directed on to his bare head, the water falling from a height of about eighteen feet. The receptacle from which this apparently harmless stream trickled was a barrel holding only twenty gallons, but before the water had more than half run out the man was dead, with a hole in his skull which exposed the brain.—Popular Mechanics.

All She Had.

In the absence of his wife and the illness of the servant Mr. Taylor undertook to help three-year-old Marjory to dress. He had succeeded in getting her arms in the sleeves and through the armholes of her garments and had buttoned her into them. Then he told her to put on her shoes herself, and he would button them. He soon discovered that she was vainly striving to put a left shoe on her right foot.

"Why, Marjory," he said impatiently, "don't you know any better than that? You are putting your shoes on the wrong feet."

"Dey's all do foots I dot, papa," replied Marjory tearfully.—Youth's Companion.

Climbing a Water Stair.

Even a steamboat can climb a hill by going up one step at a time. This remarkable performance can be witnessed several times daily during the season of navigation beside the Vrang waterfall in the Baudok Noreje canal, Norway. At this point falls in the river prevent the passage of boats up or down, and a canal has been built round the rapids and falls. The ascent is made through a series of locks which accommodate one boat at a time, and in passing from the lower to the upper lock the boat is lifted about ninety feet.

Spider Talk.

In the kindergarten during a natural history lesson. Teacher—So you see one of the differences between us and animals is that we can talk. Little Boy of three—Spiders can talk. Teacher—No, dear; spiders are very clever little insects, but they can't talk. Little Boy—Well, then, how did the spider say, "Will you come into my parlour?"

The Mistake.

Customer (looking at the bill)—Here, waiter, there's surely some mistake in this total. Waiter (politely)—Ze thousand pardons, sir! Mit my usual carelessness I have added in ze date and forgot to charge you for ze butter.—London Advertiser.

Health and Music.

Health is of the first importance in any business or profession, but in the musical profession it is the very essence of the whole thing. And how to preserve that health is the bugbear of a musician's life.—London Black and White.

Disappointed Hopes.

"You can't rake up anything against that candidate." "Well, I happen to know he is in love with a married woman." "Do you?" "Oh, who is she?" "His wife."—Baltimore American.

Not to Be Fooled.

A resident of a New England town who was noted for his great kindness to animals viewed the first horse car with dismay. "It's sheer cruelty, that," what it is," he insisted, and the plea of convenience or necessity had no influence upon him.

"I'd walk to Boston and back before I'd add a pound's weight to what those poor creatures have to drag," he declared, and no persuasion could induce him to ride in a street car dragged by overworked, tired horses. When electricity was applied and the cars went smoothly along without the horses, his son said:

"Now, father, you can ride on the street cars without worrying about horses. You can go into Boston at your ease now."

"James," said the old man, "you always rush at conclusions. You don't study into things as I do. Don't I read in the papers about every car having to have so much horsepower? And don't I know well enough what that means?" And the old gentleman sighed. "It just means, my son, that the poor horses are being worked just as hard and just as many hours, only we don't see 'em."

"Those power houses could tell tales, I reckon. No, I've no more use for street cars now than I ever had, and for the same reason."—Youth's Companion.

Barber's Hair Cut.

"Wished I had time to go out and get my hair cut," remarked a barber as he removed part of the latter from the customer's lips with his second finger. "Time to go out and get it cut?" repeated the man in the chair, with the emphasis on "out." "Are you like the man that won't eat in his own restaurant? Aren't you willing to trust one of your own men to cut your hair?" "Oh, I'd trust them, all right!" said the barber. "It isn't that, but you hardly ever see a barber getting his hair cut in his own place. The other barbers all like to go home promptly at quitting time, and if one of us gets work done during the day there is sure to be a rush about that time, and it makes a customer 'sore' if he has to wait with two barbers right here and not waiting on him. He doesn't like to wait around while one barber cuts another barber's hair."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Impression.

Mr. White—Tell me, Uncle Rufus, how did you feel when that savage catamount jumped on your back as you were coming through the woods in the dark and began to claw and rend you? Uncle Rufus Rank—Uh, well, sub, tell yo' what's a fact, thank—'I loved 'twuz mah wife! Yo' see, I was 'ugittin' home duss a little bit antiquated fum de lodge o' de Cultud Knights and Shrivyleers, and mah nach'l 'spleon was dat de lady had got tired o' waitin' and come to meet me. If I'd organized dat 'twuz a catamount dat had me by de back, I reggin' I'd uh-be'n skeered plumb to death; but, thinkin' to mahself dat 'twuz nobody but mah wife, I dess breshed de varmint aside, accawdin' to mah custom, and come uh-bogin' along home, happy in mah ignuance.—Puck.

The Gloved Gambler.

An American who visited Monte Carlo was telling of an incident there. "In one of the gold rooms," he said, "a gentleman in lavender gloves was playing in wonderful luck, winning nearly every stake. As a great stack of plaques—'you know those beautiful, big gold pieces called plaques—was pushed to him in the croupier I heard a young lady whisper in his ear:

"It is very odd, monsieur, to wear gloves at play. What do you do it for? Luck?"

"The fortunate player smiled grimly.

"Not at all," he replied. "I promised my wife on her deathbed never again to touch a card."

Traveling Sand Hills.

On the coast of Pomerania there are large tracts of sand heaped up by the wind, hundreds of yards in breadth and from 60 to 120 feet high, and these hills, propelled by the wind, move steadily in an easterly direction. The speed at which these great hills travel is from thirty-nine to fifty-six feet a year. Pine woods, which sometimes come in their line of march, cannot stop them and are completely destroyed. The branches are rotted off by the sand, and nothing is left of the trees but the bare stems, which after a few years wither and die.

A Crowd Is Not Company.

But little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—Bacon's Essay on "Friendship."

A Good Point.

Prospective Automobiles like the looks of this automobile, but suppose I should run over some one and—Salesman—The springs are so easy, sir, you'd scarcely be jarred at all.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Playing Railroad.

Irate Parent—Here! What is all this racket? Bobby—Please, papa, we are playing a train of cars, and I am the locomotive, irate Parent—You are the locomotive, eh? Well, I think I'll just switch you.

Well Acquainted.

Magistrate—Stay! I cannot allow you to address the bench in this familiar manner. Prisoner—Beg your honor's pardon, but you and me has met so often we seems like old friends.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

The Force of Habit.

"Do I snore?" said the fat commercial drummer. "I should say so. That's why I can't use an alarm clock. I can't hear 'em. My snore drowns the best of 'em. And, speaking of the force of habit—I put up once at a crowded country hotel where I had to double up in a acquaintance. I told him I snored a few, but he didn't mind, he said, because his wife was a star in that line, and he had a 'system' to beat it."

"I'll just tap you on the shoulder every time you begin to snore," he explained. "That'll stop you without waking you, and after a little I'll drop off myself."

"It worked like a charm," I felt his taps for a time, but finally off I went on a dream of \$10,000 salary and 10 per cent commission. Well, sir, when I awoke in the morning there was that chap tapping away at my shoulder regular as clockwork, and he sound asleep. Been at it all night, don't you see? Force of habit."

And he beamed indignantly on the silent party.—New York Globe.

The Bachelor Maid's Keys.

"Do I enjoy the freedom of a latch-key?" exclaimed the bachelor maid bitterly. "Look at that bunch"—holding aloft a ring full of keys. "Fifteen, and I have to carry all of them all the time. This one is the key to the studio building, this to my own studio, this to my club, this to my lamp at the club, this to my desk, this to the secret drawer of the desk, this to a trunk, this to another, this to my letter box, this to my sewing machine—oh, yes, the woman who cannot clean my studio would do her annual sewing there if I didn't—this to the piano—to keep the woman from using it, of course—this—positively I forget what it is for, but I know I need it often. I'm wrist worn out fugging around a wimpy bag big enough to hold them all. I assure you, my dear, that if you ever hear I have committed matrimony you may tell all my friends I needed a man to carry my keys for me."—New York Sun.

Greater Than the Nation.

There is a certain congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment. Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington on their return Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been entrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" scoffed the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are entrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—Success.

The Mystery of Death.

Oh, death, how bitter is the thought of thee! How speedy thy approach! How stealthy thy steps! How universal thy sway! The powerful cannot escape thee; the wise know not how to avoid thee; the strong have no strength to oppose thee; the rich cannot bribe thee with their treasure. Thou art a hammer that always strikes, a sword that is never dull, a net into which all fall, a prison into which all must enter, a sea on which all must venture, a penalty which all must suffer, a tribute which all must pay. Oh, death, death! Impalpable enemy to the human race! Why didst thou enter into the world?—Luis de Granada.

Made Sure It Was Used.

An old farmer and his wife, noted for their niggardliness, had a custom of allowing the servant only one match to light the fire with each morning.

One morning the match failed to kindle, so the servant went to their bedroom door and asked for another one.

A whispered consultation was held between the two, then audibly the wife said:

"Will you risk her wif' another one, John?"

"I doot we'll hae tae risk her, Janet," replied John, "but be sure an' seek a sight o' the aine sho got last night."—Glasgow Times.

One Ring and Another.

"I wonder when 'the ring' first became connected with fighting?" said the follower of pugilism. "Oh," replied Henpeck, "I suppose it dates back to the beginning of the Christian religion." "What's that? What has pugilism to do with religion?" "Oh, I thought you were speaking of the wedding ring."—Philadelphia Press.

The Doctor's Aim.

Some frivolous person has remarked that illness was like a struggle between two people and that the doctor resembled the third man, who intervened to separate them with a club. Sometimes he hit the disease on the head and sometimes the patient.—Hospital.

Intermission.

He yelled at the top of his voice for two hours and then stopped.

"Well," said his mother, "are you going to be good? Have you finished crying?" "No," said Tommy, "I have not finished; I'm only resting."

Forcing Business.

Coster (irritable through lack of trade)—Buy a box of oiled lozenges, 'rang you! Bustarders—I haven't got a cough. Coster—Well, fight me an' buy some stuff for black eyes.—London Tit-Bits.

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LONDON A CITY OF CALAMITY

Terrible Disasters in 1881, 1883, 1898 and Now That of 1907.

TALES OF THE DISASTER.

Miss Ethel Earle, one of the girls who was caught in the falling ruin of floors and walls in the terrible disaster at London on Tuesday of last week, but who was extricated, is one of the patients in the hospital. In conversation with a reporter she described her experience.

DEATH OF CLARA MULLIN.

"I was standing near the centre of the Brewster store with Libbie Smith and May Handingham, when, without any warning at all, there was a splitting crash and a roar that sounded like an explosion, and the walls of the building seemed to be sliding westward. I remember crying out, 'Libbie, we will never get out of this alive.' I took about two steps and was then hurled in by the ruin. Libbie ran to me and we placed our arms around one another, and the debris seemed to surround us in a minute. It was the most frightful experience I ever went through, and I tell you that the ordinary person has no idea of how it feels to be caught in a trap like that. One reads of a tragedy like the San Francisco earthquake, but cannot begin to realize it, unless they have an experience like mine. Poor Clara Mullin was standing near us, and after the walls had fallen I could hear her moaning where she lay. She must have been in great pain, for we heard her sobbing and crying, and yet we could not move to do anything to assist her. Not long after her moans ceased, and instinctively we knew that the poor girl was dead.

"We were hemmed in on all sides. We lay in perfect darkness. We might have been five or fifty feet under head-heavy walls, bricks and beams for all we knew, for we could hear nothing. It seemed like eternity before help came. I wonder my hair is not grey."

Miss Libbie Smith, who is a stenographer, was injured internally, but she worked with the instinct of one to whom life is dear and death is not far distant, to retain her senses after the crash.

ESCAPED SUFFOCATION.

"If it had not been for the fact that my right arm was free and uninjured, I would, undoubtedly, have choked and suffocated after the accident," she said. "It came without a moment's warning. Ethel Earle and I were not far apart when it seemed to me that the whole building shivered. Then there was a deafening roar and clatter and the building seemed to crumble up. It was a most terrifying moment. The next thing I knew I was swept off my feet and was caught fast in a mass of debris. A dense, choking dust rose from around me and a stream of dust and what seemed like ashes began to rain down around from the ruins above. In a short time this filled my ears and got through my hair. I got my right arm free and I warded off the stuff as it trickled down from entering my mouth and nostrils. Otherwise I should have been suffocated."

PRAYED TO DIE.

"While my plight seemed most desperate, I shall never forget one terrible part of it. Where I lay I could hear the moans of Frank Smith, manager of the store, who was afterwards taken out dead. The poor fellow was not more than half an hour dead, and I seemed, and I heard him moan and cry as I never before heard anyone. He prayed repeatedly that he might die and have his terrible sufferings ended. I heard him say finally, 'O, my God, let me die.' It seemed more like a prayer of resignation than anything else, although I knew that his injuries must have been terrible from the agony in his voice. I heard no more from him, and he must have died soon after."

IN A TRAP.

"No words can begin to picture the horror of this time. To be alive, yet hemmed in by solid substances that seemed as if no human force could ever move them, sends the blood to the heart in a sickening feeling of fear. One would do anything, I think, in a time like that, to save his life, but what is added to that the cries of others badly hurt, it is terrible.

"I wonder my hair is not grey. It is difficult for me here in this cool place, surrounded with attentive doctors and kind, cheery nurses, to realize that I am not still in the wreck. If I go to sleep I awake with a start and a cry. In my fancy the walls have just fallen again."

FULL INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

By common consent it is admitted that there must be a thorough investigation into the cause of the disaster and the responsible parties brought to book.

What was the immediate cause of the collapse is still a matter of surmise, and the ultimate verdict must be based upon the expert testimony which will be adduced at the inquest. At first the supposition was that the inner portion of the crystal hall gave way, carrying with it the outer portion, which crashed into and demolished the Brewster store. Another theory is now advanced that it was the outer portion of the building fronting on the alley which first gave way, and this opinion is firmly held by City Engineer Graydon. Six windows were being inserted in the wall facing the alley and the suggestion is made that the supports were altogether inadequate. This, however, is a point which will have to be cleared up at the inquest, and although in certain quarters blame is being attached to certain individuals, the bulk of the citizens are wisely withholding their censure until they have obtained proper grounds upon which to base their verdict.

PREVIOUS DISASTERS IN LONDON.

London, Ontario, seems to be a city of terrible tragedies. It is only a little over nine years ago since the collapse of a platform at the city hall killed 23 people and injured over one hundred others. A meeting in celebration of a municipal election was in progress, without the slightest warning, the platform and the floor of the hall gave way, precipitating about 150 persons to the floor below. Near the platform stood a large iron safe, which, going down with the floor, added its terrible crushing weight to the falling timbers, and pinned fast the unfortunate victims, who might otherwise have had a chance of escaping. The cave-in occurred immediately over the City Engineer's office, and more than 200 people were precipitated into the funnel-shaped death trap, with the safe and a heavy steam coil falling on top of them. Groans from the dying and agonizing cries from the injured, mingled in an appalling and never to be forgotten chorus. Numerous thrilling escapes were recorded.

FLOOD CLAIMED 22.

It was the flood that caused the historic disaster preceding that. On May 10 and 11, 1883, the Thames overflowed its banks, and twenty-two people were drowned. They were chiefly residents of the west of London.

WHOLE FAMILIES WIPED OUT.

But the greatest tragedy of all—a tragedy which it is hoped will never be duplicated—occurred in 1881. It happened in the midst of merriment and thoughtless mirth of the celebration of the Queen's Birthday, May 24. Five hundred excursionists were returning on a steamer "Victoria" on the River Thames. Carrying a load far in excess of her capacity, the steamer collapsed and 187 of the excursionists were drowned in shallow water. Struggling women and helpless children went to watery graves, and whole families were wiped out in that brief but agonizing catastrophe.

UNDER TERRIBLE SHADOW.

And now comes the great calamity of 1907 with its toll of victims again well up in double figures. No sooner is one tragedy almost forgotten than another occurs. Truly the shadow of calamity seems to perpetually haunt this otherwise beautiful Canadian city.

WIFE'S PATIENCE GONE.

Pours Gasoline on Erring Husband and Lights It.

A despatch from Vancouver says: R. Hebblethwaite, a character well known about town and figuring frequently in the police court, was noted on a charge of drunkenness and failure to provide for his wife and children, and is in the hospital brooding on a foretaste of fiery torment. He came home drunk, and, failing to get into the house, went to sleep in the back yard. His wife heard him, went out and read him a lecture, which he never heard. Becoming incensed at his failure to answer, she poured a can of gasoline over him, set fire to his clothes and left him. Hebblethwaite, waking speedily, ran yelling about the yard until neighbors in night clothes appeared with blankets and smothered the flames. He was badly burned and was removed to the hospital, where he will be confined for some time, but will probably recover. Meanwhile the wife lays another charge of drunkenness, and when he is able to leave the hospital he must go to jail. The Attorney-General's department was notified of the wife's action, but refused to prosecute unless he makes complaint.

SHOT BY HER YOUNG SON

A New Brunswick Woman Very Seriously Wounded.

A despatch from Moncton, N.B., says: Shot by a revolver in the hands of her five-year-old son, Mrs. Sanford Anderson of Edgell's Landing, near Hillsboro, was on Wednesday so seriously injured that she may die. She was operated on but her condition is serious. Mrs. Anderson, who is in a delicate state of health, was sitting at a desk in which her husband kept a loaded revolver.

In securing writing material she left the drawer containing the revolver open, and her little son took the silver open, but turned and saw him. He reached to take it, and as she pulled the trigger and the bullet entered the mother's abdomen. A Moncton physician was summoned, and there are hopes of Mrs. Anderson's recovery.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 23.—Ontario Wheat—Dull; No. 2 white, 85½¢ to 86½¢; Manitoba Wheat—No. 1 hard, nominal; No. 1 northern, 98¢; No. 2 northern, 95½¢.

Corn—Continues normal; No. 2 yellow, 61½¢ to 62¢.

Barley—Nominal.

Oats—Ontario—No. 2 white, 44½¢ to 45¢, outside; Manitoba—No. 2 white, 45½¢ to 46¢, on track at elevator.

Peas—Nominal.

Stocked—Nominal.

Flour—Ontario—90 per cent. patents, \$3.45 bid, \$3.50 asked; Manitoba first patents, \$3.75 to \$5; seconds, \$4.40 to \$4.50; strong bakers', \$4.20 to \$4.30.

Bran—\$17 to \$17.50, outside; shorts, about \$20 outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Creameries are quiet, but deliveries are in good demand.

Cranberry—Dull; No. 1, 21¢ to 22¢; do solids, 19¢ to 20¢.

Berry prints, 18¢ to 19¢.

do solids, 17¢ to 18¢.

Cheese—12¢ to 12½¢ for large and 12½¢ for twins, in job lots here.

Eggs—Prices are firm at 17½¢ to 18¢.

Beans—\$1.05 to \$1.20 for hand-picked and \$1.50 to \$1.55 for primes.

Potatoes—Dull. Delawares, 90¢ to \$1, in car lots on track here.

Baled Hay—\$14 to \$15 for No. 1 timothy; No. 2, \$12.50.

Baled Straw—\$7 to \$7.25 per ton, in car lots on track here.

PROVISIONS.

Dressed Hogs—\$9.25 for lightweights and \$8.75 to \$9 for heavies.

Pork—Short cut, \$22.75 to \$23 per barrel, mess, \$21 to \$21.50.

Corned Beef—Saled Meats—Long clear bacon, 11¢ to 11½¢ for tons and cuses; hams, medium and light, 15½¢ to 16¢; heavy, 14½¢ to 15¢; backs, 16½¢ to 17¢; shoulders, 10½¢ to 11¢; rolls, 11½¢; out of pickle, 12¢ less than smoked.

Lard—Steady; tierces, 12¢; tubs, 12½¢; pails, 12½¢.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 23.—Oats remain firm, with small demand. Sales of Manitoba No. 2 white were made at 49¢ to 49½¢; Ontario No. 2, at 48½¢ to 49¢; No. 3, at 47½¢ to 48¢, and No. 4 at 46½¢ to 47¢ per bushel, ex-store.

Flour—Choice spring wheat patents, \$5.10 to \$5.20; seconds, \$4.50 to \$4.60; winter wheat patents, \$4.85; straight rollers, \$4.10 to \$4.25; do., in bags, \$1.90 to \$2; extras, \$1.00.

Milled—Manitoba bran, in bags, \$19; shorts, \$23; Ontario bran, in bags, \$18.50 to \$19; shorts, \$22 to \$23; milled meal, \$24 to \$25 per ton, and straight meal, \$30 to \$32.

Rolls Oats—The demand for rolled oats is limited at \$2.25 per bag; cornmeal is unchanged at \$1.45 to \$1.50.

Hay—No. 1, \$16 to \$16.50; No. 2, \$15 to \$15.50; clover, \$13.50 to \$14, and clover, mixed, \$12.50 to \$13 per ton in car lots.

Butter—Townships, 20½¢ to 20¢; Quebec, 20¢ to 20½¢; Ontario, 19½¢; dairy, 17½¢ to 17¢.

Cheese—Ontario, white, 11½¢; colored, 11½¢ to 11¢; eastern, 10½¢ to 10¢.

Eggs—No. 1 candied, at 17¢; No. 2 candied, at 16¢, and No. 2 straight, at 12½¢ per dozen.

Provisions—Harels short cut mess, \$22 to \$22.50; half barrels, \$11.25 to \$11.75; clear fat back, \$23.50 to \$24.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50 to \$21.50; half barrels do., \$10.75 to \$11.50; dry salted long clear bacon, 10½¢ to 11½¢; barrels, plate beef, \$14 to \$16; half barrels do., \$7.50 to \$8.25; barrels heavy mess beef, \$10; half barrels do., 5.50; compound lard, 10½¢ to 10¢; pure lard, 12½¢ to 12¢; kettle rendered, 13¢ to 12½¢; hams, 14¢ to 15¢, according to size; breakfast bacon, 14½¢ to 15¢; Windsor breast, 15½¢ to 16¢; fresh killed about dressed hogs, \$9.75 to \$10; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.40.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, July 23.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—\$1.00, easy; No. 1 Northern, \$1.03½; winter, quiet. Corn—Little demand. No. 2 yellow, 58½¢; No. 2 white, 57½¢. Oats—Steady; No. 1 white, 49½¢; No. 2 mixed, 46¢. Barley—Little doing. Rye—Chicago cash, 86¢.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, July 23.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 97¢ elevator; No. 2 red, 89½¢ f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, \$1.11 f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 100½¢ f.o.b. afloat.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, July 23.—Buyers complained about the poor quality of many of the butchers' cattle brought forward. Choice cattle kept up well in values, the range being from \$5 to \$5.25 per cwt. Medium and fair butchers' cattle brought \$4.25 to \$4.75 per cwt. A steady trade obtained in choice cows at \$3.75 to \$4.25 per cwt., but common and rough cows were a little hard to sell at \$2.25 to \$3. Butchers' bulls were quoted at \$3.50 to \$4.25 per cwt.

Choice stockers were worth \$3.50 to \$3.75, and common from \$2.50 to \$3 per cwt. Feeders were salable at \$4.50 to \$4.80 per cwt.

Milch cows continued to sell at \$35 to \$55 each for choice, and \$25 to \$30 for common.

Veal calves were quoted at 3 to 6 cents per pound.

Ewes were worth \$3.50 to \$4.75 per cwt., and bucks and rams sold at \$3.50 to \$4 per cwt. The prices of lambs ranged from \$8 to \$8.40 per cwt.

Select hogs sold at \$6.90, and lights and fats at \$6.95 per cwt.

President Fallieres of France to reduce expenses, has banished costly fish from his table.

General Alkhannoff, Governor-General of Kaitais, was blown to pieces by a bomb placed by revolutionists.

STEAMSHIP COLLISION.

One Hundred and Fifty of the Columbia's Passengers Drowned.

A despatch from San Francisco says: The coastwise passenger steamer Columbia, northbound, for Portland, Ore., was wrecked and the great majority of her passengers were drowned, last Saturday evening. These figures show the extent of the tragedy:—

Cabin passengers 163
Steerage 21
Crew 60

Reported saved 98
Unaccounted for 151

The Columbia left here last Saturday morning with a heavy passenger list and much freight. At midnight she was steaming along slowly off Point Delgada in a heavy fog, with her everything from sight completely. Suddenly out of the fog loomed the dark hull of the San Pedro, southbound, which was evidently out of her course. Whistles were blown and frantic efforts made by the helmsmen of each vessel, but they were of no avail. The San Pedro struck the big steamer on the port bow, tearing an immense hole in her side, through which the water rushed in great volume.

Alarms were sounded throughout the big ship, and the terrified passengers scrambled from their rooms in an effort to escape. But time was too short to do the life-savers. The vessel sank within eleven minutes after the collision. A life raft was launched with several passengers on board, but only a few of the entire number aboard were saved on it. Most of the passengers were asleep and never knew that the vessel was wrecked. Only the fact that the San Pedro was lumber laden prevented her from sharing the same fate, as the water poured in her hold.

From midnight, when the boats struck, the survivors drifted into the fog-covered sea until daybreak Sunday, when the vapor raised and they were sighted by the steamer George W. Elder. She immediately took the half dead survivors aboard from the rigging and lumber of the San Pedro.

The San Pedro was then deserted and the Elder searched the ocean for boats and rafts. As soon as the boats and rafts were found the Elder returned and took the San Pedro in tow for Eureka, where they arrived Monday afternoon.

SHOT HIS WIFE DEAD.

North Ontario County Farmer Used Gun With Awful Effect.

A despatch from Sunderland, Ont., says: Adam Lodwick, of Valentyn, about 4½ miles west of this place, shot and killed his wife at an early hour on Saturday morning. It seems Lodwick had been in a low state of health during the last few months, and while his wife was in bed with a four-weeks-old infant in her arms, he procured a shot gun and placed the muzzle almost close to his wife's face and literally blew off the top of her head. Strange to say, the baby was not injured. T. H. Glendinning, J.P., and County Constable Davidson, of Sunderland, were telephoned for, and on arriving found Lodwick in an unconscious condition, sealed in an armchair. Dr. Blanchard was sent for, and after a few hours Lodwick recovered sufficiently to acknowledge taking the entire contents of a bottle, which the doctor found to be a preparation he had left for the man for his nerves, with which he had been troubled. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. Philip St. John, a highly-respected farmer of Valentyn, and leaves a family of five to mourn her terrible death.

COUNTERFEITERS CONFESS.

Five of the Lindsay Prisoners Plead Guilty.

A despatch from Lindsay says: Five members of the counterfeiting band under arrest here pleaded guilty before Magistrates Jackson and Moore at the Court House on Monday afternoon, and were remanded until Friday for sentence. Charles Burke, Robert Logie, John Eveleigh, Richard Wynn and Archibald Boyce, all admitted their guilt. Inspector Rogers went on the stand and told of the confessions made by Boyce and Logie, revealing an organized conspiracy to manufacture and dispose of counterfeit Bank bills. Logie's confession included complicity in the counterfeiting of the Bank of Montreal and Dominion Bank bills three years ago, and his statement directly implicates both George Miller and John Gestling, the remaining two of the accused.

KINGSTON LADY SHOT.

Miss Caldenhead Killed by U. S. Soldier at the Soo.

A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., says: Miss Elizabeth Caldenhead of Kingston, was accidentally shot in the Michigan Soo on Monday by one of the guards at Fort Brady, who was pursuing an escaping prisoner. The deceased lady, at the time of the accident, was accompanied by her brother, George Caldenhead, of the Canadian Soo, and his daughter, Katie of Strathroy, all of whom were returning from viewing the fort building. The ball entered Miss Caldenhead's head at the ear and came out at the eye. Several persons were on the street leading to the fort at the time of the accident. The guard has been placed under arrest. Mr. G. Caldenhead already has taken proceedings in an action against the United States Government for damages.

BLOOD WAS DRAWN.

Montreal Recorder Imposes a Heavy Fine on Horse-beater.

A despatch from Montreal says: Fifteen dollars or one month was the penalty given by Recorder Dupuis on Wednesday morning in the case of Olivier Ross charged with cruelly beating his horse. The case was one of peculiar interest in view of Recorder Dupuis recent decisions about cruelty to animals. In this instance there was the testimony of an eye witness and blood had actually flowed from the sides of the animal.

CRIPPLE PLUNGED TO DEATH

"Tell My Friends That I Have Gone to Glory."

A despatch from Niagara Falls, N.Y., says: People who had on Thursday evening gathered in Prospect Park and in Victoria Park, were startled at 7.40 o'clock to see the body of a man come dancing down the rapids of the American channel and plunge over the American Falls. As the man came sweeping along with the currents and waves it looked as though he was waving farewell to those on shore, but it is likely that the waves gave the motion they felt was a human effort to say farewell.

This latest suicide is known to have entered the bridge between the mainland and Green Island from the island end. He walked out to the second bay on a crutch and a cane, and there he climbed over the wall of the bridge and dropped into the rapids. He left his

crutch and cane behind, also a note which reads: "Tell my friends that I have gone to glory." This note as well as the crutch, bears the initials "J.D.," and no doubt they will be a great help in identifying the man. Inquiry at the hotels does not reveal that any of the guests are missing, nor do any of them report having a guest who was lame.

The body made the awful plunge over the brink about 20 feet out from Prospect Point, and when it was announced in the park that a human being was plunging down the rapids toward the Falls there was a hurrying of many to the point to witness the terrible plunge to eternity. The rush was impulsive on the part of some, and many were saddened by the sight. Superintendent Perry has the articles left behind.

GASOLINE TANK EXPLODES.

Fatal Accident at Yonge Street Dock, Toronto.

A despatch from Toronto says: A startling accident—one of the most shocking in the history of Toronto Bay—occurred on Friday shortly after noon, in which, with the first stroke of her propellers to send her on her way to her cruising grounds off the Island, Mr. Amelius Jarvis' pleasure yacht "Sitarah" was suddenly shaken by an explosion of gasoline, and in the fire which followed, one woman, Mrs. V. Backensten, unable to escape, was mangled and burnt beyond recognition; another, Mrs. Lena Johnson, was so terribly burned that she now lies at a death's door; a man, one of the crew, had his arm fractured in two places and narrowly escaped death in the flames; two little children were also burned, one of whom had his collarbone broken, and the yacht itself to escape destruction by the flames, had to be scuttled where she lay.

FLAMES ENVELOPE BOY.

A despatch from Cornwall says: Harlan Cubley, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cubley, of Massena, N. Y., was fatally burned on Friday by a gasoline explosion while with his parents, on their way down the Grass River to Stonehouse Point, east of Cornwall, where they intended camping. They were in a steam yacht, at the stern of which was a demijohn of gasoline they were taking to a friend. The receptacle must have leaked and the fluid ran to the fire under the boiler, where it ignited. In a minute there was an explosion and the boy who was seated at the stern, was blown into the air and fell into the flames. Mr. Cubley shouted to him to jump overboard and took him ashore, where Mrs. Cubley had beached the yacht.

The boy was very badly burned, but his recovery was hoped for. He died, however, after suffering four days.

IMMIGRATION INFO CANADA.

Returns for May Show an Increase of Twenty-three Per Cent.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The total immigration into Canada for the month of May was 45,677, as compared with 37,191 for May of last year, an increase of 4,486, or 23 per cent. The immigration through ocean ports was 38,755 and from the United States 6,922. The total immigration into Canada from the 1st of July, 1906, to the 31st of May, 1907, was 214,395, and for the same period of the fiscal year 1905-06 it was 161,744, an increase of 52,651. The immigration into Canada for the five months of this calendar year was 131,776, as compared with 106,133 for the same months of 1906, an increase of 25,643.

ONLY ONE BROKE PAROLE.

Two Hundred and Ninety-nine Prisoners Kept Faith.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Mr. Archibald, parole officer of the Department of Justice, says: Of the three hundred prisoners allowed out on parole last year only one broke faith and had to have the privilege cancelled.

VEZUELOA HAS INTIMATED THAT IT WILL REFUSE TO PAY THE \$2,000,000 DEBT TO ITS BRITISH CREDITORS.

This decision is contrary to the finding of The Hague Tribunal, and the Government is doing its utmost to induce Vezuela to carry out The Hague verdict.

TRAINS COLLIDE, MANY PERISH

Thirty Persons Killed on the Pere Marquette Railroad.

A despatch from Salem, Michigan, says: Thirty persons were killed and six are injured as the result of a wreck on the Pere Marquette Railroad, near this place, shortly before 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. A special train of eleven coaches left Ionia with between 800 and 1,000 of the employees of the Pere Marquette for the annual excursion to Detroit, and about half-way between here and Plymouth the special train had a head-on collision with a west-bound freight train.

The passenger train had been given the right-of-way, but because of some blunder on the part of the crew of the freight train it kept on instead of waiting at Plymouth, which is the dispatching headquarters for this division, to let the passenger pass.

The passenger train was just rounding the curve at Washbourne Crossing, when it sighted the freight train. Both engineers apparently saw their danger at the same moment, shut off steam and applied the brakes. With the passenger train travelling at 45 miles an hour a crash was terrific.

Above it rose the screams of panic-stricken passengers, who had been picked up into the middle of the cars, nearly all of them more or less injured, and crazed with fright. There was a stampede, the terror-stricken people fighting to get out of the doors and windows, while from the pile of wreckage came the cries of those who were pinned down by the weight, suffering agonies from broken bones and mangled flesh and with no hope of being extricated until a wrecking train arrived from Detroit.

The fear that the pile of wreckage, in which many persons' bodies were buried, would catch fire, hurried the survivors to the work of rescue, a work in which they were assisted by the farmers in the vicinity. With their bare hands or with improvised tools they set to work to remove the heavy timbers, under which many were lying, and one after another was released until when the wrecking train arrived nearly 20 bodies had been extricated, besides several wounded people. The dead were nearly all crushed beyond recognition, and their clothing was literally torn off them.

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ARE HE?

OR, A SAD LIFE STORY

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

"If I had as many gowns as the Medici," said Elizabeth, with a smile. "It is the first time she had spoken since they had set off on their return drive. She is lying back, with her hands carefully shielding in her lap a few little crochery pots that she has bought of a Turk for some children at her hotel. Her face looks tired; and yet over the small area is spread an expression of content that makes his heart warm. Is it only the peasant of sky and ocean that has called forth that look of real, if passing, happiness on the features of her who is always so tremulously sensitive to an instrument for all influences of beauty and grandeur to play upon? Has his own neighborhood anything to say to it? Before he can give himself an answer to this anxious question, she speaks again.

"You do not mind my not talking to you, do you?" she asks, half apologetically, and yet with a confidence in his sympathy that still further quickens the beats of his already not very still heart. "No, I am sure you do not. Some-how—it is a great gift—you always feel in tune with one, and one does not chatter most when one is most greatly pleased, does one?—what a treat you have given me."

As she speaks, her humid eyes travel from his face to beyond, the long Atlas range, delicately toothed and cut out, rises the gold-washed snow of the Kabyle mountains, that retire majestically invisible on dull days, and only come out, cadenced and regal, when the great sun rides in pomp. Above their heads wild plumes of deep rose, that it seems ridiculous to call clouds, tuff the sky.

Jim's look has followed his companion's; the chins of both are in the air; the cheerful va-et-vient of the boulevard is lost upon them. They see neither the Frenchmen nor plump Frenchwomen drinking coffee outside the cafes, nor the idle indigènes leaning draped against the sea-wall. (Never does that industrious race seem to attempt any severer exertion.)

"Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired."

But it is brought back to life with a jump.

"Arretez! arretez!" cries a female voice. "Jim! Jim! do you not see us? Arretez! arretez!"

Obedient to his ears, Burgoyne's eyes make one bound from the heavenly spectacle down to earth, and alight upon the Wilson's carriage, which, going in the same direction as himself, has just been brought to a standstill alongside of his, by the solemnly beautiful yellow-jacketed native coachman.

It is, of course, Cecilia's voice that has apostrophized him, but oh, portent! does his vision, so lately recalled from the skyward bowers, play him false? or is it really the moribund Sybilla, stretched beside her, with only two instead of three cushions at her back, with a bonnet on her head—he did not even know that she possessed a bonnet—and with a color in her cheek and a lustre in her eye that may owe their origin either to the freshness of the evening air, or to the invigorating properties of the conversation of the very ordinary-looking young man seated opposite to her?

In a second Jim has leapt out of his own vehicle, and gone to the side of the other. It is a perfectly futile impulse that leads him to do so. Not all the leaping in the world from her side now can alter the fact that he has been driving tele-a-tel with a superbly beautiful, elegant, and that the Wilsons have seen him so doing; but yet it is a dim instinct of preservation towards, and shielding of her, that leads him to adopt this useless course of action. It is Cecilia who has summoned him, and yet, when he reaches at her back, she does not seem to have anything particular to say to him. Sybilla is the one to address him.

"A miracle! a miracle! I know you are saying to yourself," cries she, in a slightly voice; "and well you may! This is the miracle-worker!" indicating with a still sprightlier air her visitor.

"Dr. Crump, let me present to you Mr. Burgoyne—Jim, our Jim, whom I have so often talked to you about."

The person thus apostrophized responds by a florid bow, and an over-galant asseveration that any person introduced to his acquaintance by Miss Sybilla needs no further recommendation. "It is an experiment, of course; there is no use in pretending that it is not an experiment," continues she, with a slight relapse into languor; "but—lowering her voice a little—"they wished me to make the effort."

It is a favorite allocation of Sybilla's that any course of action towards which she is inclined is adopted solely under the pressure of urgent wishes on the part of her friends. Burgoyne has long known, and been exasperated by this peculiarity; but at present she may say what she pleases; he hears no word of remembrance that Cecilia is leaning over the carriage-side to shoot at Elizabeth. "Oh, Miss Le Marchant! is it you? I beg your pardon, I did not recognize you at the first moment. One does not recognize people—does one?—when one is expecting to see them?"—is an intended sting lurking in this implication? "How are you? How do you like Algiers? I hope Mrs. Le Marchant is well. What a long time it is since we met! I hope we shall see something of you."

(No, evidently no sting was meant. Cecilia with all her airs is really a good soul, and he will take her to hear the band play next Tuesday.)

There seems to him to be a slight flutter in the tone with which Elizabeth re-

sponds, and her voice sounds curiously small and low; but that may be merely owing to its flute quality, following upon and contrasting the other's powerful organ.

It is not till the two parties have again separated, and that she is once seated by her side in the fledge, that he dares steal a look at her face to see how plainly written on it are the traces of vexation caused by a meeting which has produced in his own breast such acute annoyance. Good heavens! it is even worse than he had expected. Down the cheek nearest to him two good-sized tears are unmistakably trickling. No doubt the consciousness of the mysterious story attaching to her past makes her smartly aware of how doubly discreet her own conduct should be—makes her bitterly repent of her present position.

He is a strait-laced man, and it seems to him as if there were something gravely compromising to her in this tele-a-tel drive with himself, in the known absence of her parents at Hammam Rihra. Why was he fool enough this morning to admit to Cecilia that they had gone thither? He had no business to have led her into temptation, and she had no business to have fallen into it. Remorse and irritation give a tartness to his tone as he says:

"After all, I do not think you need take it so much to heart."

"Take what to heart?" she asks, in unaffected surprise, turning her full face, and her blue eyes, each with one hot rain-drop dimming its slate-blue upon him. "Oh, I see," she says, in an instant spring to a carnation—"I see what you mean; but you are mistaken—I—it had not occurred to me; I was only thinking—only remembering that the last time I saw her was at Vallombrosa."

Vallombrosa. Is he never to hear the last of Vallombrosa?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The latest waking impression left on Jim's fancy is that it is the golden rule of Elizabeth Le Marchant's life to comply with any and every request that is made to her; moreover, that in her mind the boundary line which parts the permitted from the unpermitted is not so clearly defined as, did she belong to the naked hypothesis makes his strait-laced heart give a jump, he should wish it to be. On the morrow, with the sun shining and the leaf-shadows dancing on the fretted balcony-wall, he invites her to some fresh junket, he is sure that she will readily and joyfully acquiesce; that her spirits will go up like rockets at the prospect; and that her one anxiety will be that she may be sure to hit in her choice upon the form of dissipation most congenial to him. He will therefore not invite her. He will have a greater care for her reputation than apparently she has for it herself. Not until the return of her parents, not until the difficulties of intercourse with her are entangled and the pleasure minimized, will he again seek her.

To put himself beyond the reach of temptation, he sets off immediately after breakfast on a long walking expedition, which he means to occupy the whole of the daylight hours. He wanders about the great plain of the Metidje; he visits a Kabyle village, with its hovels cowering among its jagged firs; he visits a mission-house, and finally drops down to the Jardin d'essai, the delightful botanic garden which is one of the many blessings for which Algerian France has to thank the much-vilified Napoleon.

It is difficult for even the reddest Republican to think hardly of that ruler as he walks down the avenue of gigantic palms, that lead, straight as a die, to where, like a deep-blue gem far away, the Mediterranean shows.

No bigger than the agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman."

Jim walks along beneath the huge date-palms that give him a creek in the neck to gaze up at ere he can perceive their towering head of waving plumes far up against the blue. They remind him of the pictures in his mission-house, of the log-cabin, the blackmoors, and the missionary in a palm hat. Is he the black-belted, and is this lanky negress from her face, his one collection.

Alternating with the date are superb fan-palms, of which it is difficult to realize that they are stunted; piny pines, which, anxiously tended, grow spindly and creaked, drag out a languid existence in a London drawing-room. Among their Tilt feet, like grapes, a yard and a half long, strung upon ropes of yellow worsted.

Halfway down its length the main avenue is intersected by a splendid array of bamboos, which lean their sinuous, jointed stems and their luxuriant narrow leaves towards each other across the dimmed interspace, and unite in a pointed Gothic web of living green.

Jim pines objectlessly down the long arcade, stooping now and again to pick up a fragment of the peeled bark that looks so strangely like a papirus roll with a mother-of-pearl glaze upon it. He pulls it taut, only to find the secret of some forgotten rain written upon its shining surface; but it reads any secret there, is only his own, which, after all, is not much of a secret. He merely says written there that it is too early to go home yet; that there is no security that Elizabeth may not still be sitting on the terrace, sitting away with her gold thimble and her

colored silks. The sun, it is true, has left the garden, but he departs thence over early. It will be safer to stay away yet half an hour or so.

Thus resolving, he retraces his steps, and explores in a new direction, snatching down a rose-alley, where, climbing immoderately high up tall palms, seeming as if they would strangle them with their long bowery arms, rose-trees, whose fair above him in the still air; and upon them, though it is still but the month of January, when people are skating, blue-nosed in England, creamy tea-roses show their pale-yellow hearts, fair and frequent, on the upturned boughs, rioting in licensed liberty above his head. The walk ends in a circle of gigantic magnolias, which in a hand of gardeners would be a square fountain-basin. Each huge trunk is, as it were, a little commonwealth of trees rolled into one, instead of a single tree. Beneath them benches stand. Upon one his negroes, sitting with a French bonnet, on a second there is also something female and slender, something with its little white profile, how white it looks in this deceiving light—lifted, although white, yet smiling, animated, and talking to a man beside it.

He is divided and kicked his heels, and runs the chance of contracting a spiteful Southern chill, in order to see Elizabeth; and he has succeeded in running straight into her arms.

He does not at the first glance recognize her companion, but a second look shows him that he is one of the inmates of the hotel—a French vicomte; and though Jim knows that he is both a coward and the father of a family, that knowledge does not hinder the rising in his breast of the jealous and serious thought that he has detected Elizabeth in throwing a great deal more than the necessary modicum of amiability into her manner to him.

As Jim comes into sight, the Frenchman clicks his heels, doubles up his body, lifts his hat, and walks away. It is evident at all events, that their meeting was a casual one, and the reflection brings with it a feeling of relief, coupled with a feeling of shame at his own rooted readiness to suspect her, on any or no evidence, which yet, on the other hand, is not strong enough, when she turns her sweet bright look towards him, to hinder the thought that it is actually, at it all, sweeter or bligher than that which he had caught her squandering on the casual table d'hôte acquaintance who has just quitted her.

"You, too?" she says, "why, the whole hotel seems to be emptied out into these gardens; the widow Vadman is buying violets—mark if they do not appear upon Uncle Toby at dinner to-night. The vicomte—"

"Yes, I saw you engaged in animated dialogue with him," interrupts Jim, with slight archness; "I had no idea that you were such allies."

"Had not you?" rejoins she innocently. "I was telling me about his English governess, what a treasure she is—her face dimpling mischievously—and how wonderfully pure her accent. So it is—pure Cockney. You should hear the little vicomte talk of the baby and the pipers."

He rewards her small pleasantry only by an absent smile, and she speaks again—rather wistfully this time.

"Have you been on another expedition?"

"No, not on an expedition; only a walk. If—yielding to the temptation of putting a question which no one would have judged more severely than he, had he been sure to hit by anyone else—"If I had invited you to do me the honor of making another excursion with me to-day, do you think that you would have consented?"

As he speaks, he departs yet further from the line of conduct he has marked out for himself by sitting down on the bench at her side.

His eyes are fixed upon the soaring date-palms in which stands, instead of a water-jet, in the middle of the fountain-basin, and on which the last year's dead plumes hang saps and ready to fall off, in contrast to this year's verdant vigor.

"Is not that rather a tantalizing question when you did not ask me?" inquires she, in the middle of her next speech that I should archness. "Yes, I suspect yesterday; and although you told me 'other night'—swallowing a sigh—"If you supposed I must love my own society, in point of fact, I do not think I do."

After all, the sun is not quite gone; there are flashes of light in the verdant gloom, and green reflections in the water. "And, yet," says Jim thoughtfully, "you seem to have a good deal of it to suppose, in your position, it is unavoidable."

He had meant on allusion to her situation, and had third to her uxorious parents; before his mind's eye has risen a picture of the little foreigner, whose figure he had seen studying its Italian grammar with the door shut upon its loneliness; but almost before the words are in his lips, he sees how different, of how cruel, a construction they may be capable.

He snatches a glance of real terror at her, to see whether she has made that erroneous, yet all too plausible application—a glance which confirms his worst fears. She has turned as white as his pocket-handkerchief which she is passing over her trembling lips.

"Yes," she says in a hollow whisper; "you are right. In my position it is unavoidable, and it is cowardly of me not to accept it as such."

"I mean," he cries desperately—"I only meant—I meant—"

But she does not suffer him to finish his uttered explanation. "It is cold," she says, rising. I will go home."

He does not attempt to accompany or follow her.

(To be continued.)

HOW HE PROVED IT.

"I knew you were a fool before I married you!"

"I presume my proposing to you satisfied you on that point?"

ENOUGH OF HIS OWN.

Prospective Suitor—"Sir, I love your daughter."

Her Father—"Well, don't come to me with your troubles."

A Message for the Czar

"Landlord, can I have a sledge from here to convey me to the nearest railway station?"

The speaker was a man of somewhat severe and forbidding aspect, who had just entered the inn of a Russian village.

"I fear not, sir," said the landlord.

"Why? Didn't I see a good-sized sledge in the yard as I came in, all ready for a journey?"

"Yes," said the landlord, "and it is going the right way for the railway, but it is engaged."

"Then surely whoever has engaged it can find room for me?" inquired the stranger.

The landlord smiled.

"I fear no one would be welcome," said he. "The fact is young Ivan Dobro has secured it to take him and his bride, and a stranger might not be welcome."

"Pshaw! They will want a driver in any case, and surely sleighing along these roads does not offer much chance for lovers' conversation. They might find room for me."

"Well, you can ask them," said the landlord. "Come this way." He led the way along a narrow passage, and knocked at a door. Almost before he was any time for response he threw it open, and the stranger entered.

A young man and young woman were in the room, and they looked round when the door was opened.

The stranger made a bow that would have done credit to a Frenchman, and his first words were suggestive of French influence.

"A thousand pardons for this intrusion, but I desire to ask a favor. It is of the utmost importance that I shall reach the railway without any delay, and there only appears to be the sledge you have hired available for the journey. Can you find room for me?"

The bridegroom looked doubtful, and the bride looked angry. The stranger plainly meant to glance at him which he did, and he saw that the bridegroom read the meaning in an instant, and before the young man had time to answer he shut the door on the landlord, who was lingering near, and, advancing into the room, he said in a low tone:

"I will explain the urgency of the case. As you may know, there is an important State ceremony in Moscow in three days' time, and at this time we must be on the ground. I am the bearer of a message for the Czar, and I must deliver it in person."

The young man sprang to his feet and saluted.

"In that case, sir, our sledge is at your service. We thought of starting in an hour. Will that be convenient?"

"I will be ready," said the stranger, as he withdrew. "Blessed be the word of the secret I have entrusted to you. So it came to pass that four human beings drawn by two horses started out on their journey an hour later. The stranger brought nothing with him except a small handbag, presumably holding his dispatches, for he carried it in his hand all the time. He sat silent at the rear of the sledge, while the young people conversed as well as the condition of the road would allow.

After they had covered a number of miles they came to a very wild and forsaken part of the country, where a mere track served as a road through snow-covered desolation. At some distance to the right of the road there stretched a forest, the dead edge of which made an abrupt line of dark hue against the whiteness of the snow-covered ground. It seemed as if Nature had sohemed to give an effect of utter desolation.

Even the young bride and bridegroom shared in the depression, for they became silent as the sledge reached this part, and watched the frowning edge of the forest, without finding any inspiration for a continuance of their conversation.

Then suddenly from somewhere out of the depths of the wood there came a sharp, shrill, and menacing sound, and instantly the horses plunged with such violence as to almost unseat the occupants of the sledge. Then they settled down to run at a greatly increased pace.

"What was that, Ivan?" said the girl, clasping her husband's arm. "Was it the cry of a wolf?"

"Yes," he replied. "It is surprising that any wolves should be so near us as this, but the severe weather may have driven a few farther this way than usual. But have no fear. There will not be many. Not enough to interrupt by a repetition of the sound, but this time with the answer of a chorus. Again the horses plunged, and the driver applied his whip. There was no need for whip, however. The animals knew the danger that was near, and they broke into a gallop, which made it difficult for the occupants of the sledge to keep their seats.

A few seconds of tense silence followed, and then they could see a dark light coming out from the forest at their side, and spreading out from the line of trees like a quantity of spilled ink. It grew larger and larger, and then separated from the trees and came hastening towards them over the snow. Ivan drew his breath with a sharp hissing sound. He knew what dark path meant, and he would see how terrible was the danger which threatened.

It was a large pack of wolves, evidently forced away from their usual quarters by extremes of hunger, and, coming from the side as they did, almost able to cut off the sledge as it went on its course.

The ominous dark pack began to take definite shape. Something of the form of the wolves could be discerned, and their numbers estimated. Ivan reached down to the bottom of the sledge, and he suddenly drew his hand up with a half-suppressed cry of dismay.

"What is it?" asked the girl quickly. For a few seconds he did not answer, and then, as she insisted, he replied:

"I have not brought my gun. I am unarmed."

For a few more seconds he stared helplessly at the approaching wolves, and then, rousing himself, he took up his effort, he touched the stranger on the arm.

"Sir," he shouted, for it was necessary to shout, with the wind whistling round their ears and the sound of sledge and boots—"sir, are you armed? Have you a revolver or pistol with you?"

The stranger looked at him with something very much like a smile.

"No, sir," he replied. "Like the majority of my countrymen, I am unarmed."

The wolves almost cut them off. They reached the track at a point the sledge had left only a few seconds before, and chased the full horror of the situation was evident to the fugitives. They could plainly see these hideous, hungry ghouls, those gaunt forms, those cruel eyes, and, above all, the awful look of determination, as if they were absolutely certain of their prey, however the chase might be.

The horses were straining themselves to the utmost, and for a while it seemed that the wolves gained very little. But Ivan saw no hope of escape. He knew the staying power of wolves, and he knew that the horses could not possibly maintain their speed. The wolves would have been of little value, and he was absolutely unarmed.

Worse still, he knew that little more than a mile ahead there was a long hill, which would inevitably check the speed of the horses, strain how they might, and that would be the end.

It seemed a long time before the end was reached, though in reality it was only a few minutes. The sledge slackened its speed as the hill was reached, and simultaneously there seemed to be a movement throughout the pack of wolves, as if they knew that the prey was theirs. Rapidly they drew nearer in their final rush.

Then for the first time the stranger, who had been regarding the enemy with the same kind of half-smile with which he had answered Ivan's question, roused himself up. He glanced ahead at the long slope in front of them, and then called out sharply:

"Driver, is there any chance of our escaping?"

"There was no reply. Either the driver did not hear, or he was too terrified to understand the question."

"Driver," called the stranger, more imperatively, "do you hear me? Is there any chance of our escaping?"

The driver cast a frightened glance over his shoulder and said: "No. Heaven help us! There is none."

"Then I will save you on one condition," said the stranger. "Do you hear me, all of you? I will save you on one condition. You must swear to me by the most sacred thing you know never to tell anyone how I do it. Will you swear? Swear that you will tell no one how I saved you. Be quick! There is no time to waste."

"I swear!" said the driver, but hardly knowing what he said.

As if in a dream the young man and his bride repeated the words "I swear!"

At that moment the stranger fastened his hand-bag, and drew from thence a spherical object the size of a cricket-ball.

"Lean right forward," he shouted. "Keep down as low as possible. Now for a test."

With the last words he threw the ball of steel into the midst of the oncoming wolves.

There was a vivid flash, a deafening report, and the animals were hurled in every direction, as if some demoniac force had been let loose among them. Some were blown to pieces, many were killed, and still more wounded by that awful explosion. Closely packed as they were, a large number had come within the deadly range of the circle. Those that were unhurt stopped for a moment, as if stunned by the force of the enemy which had attacked them. Then the instinct of hunger triumphed, and after the manner of their kind they fell furiously on the dead and the wounded.

The sledge reached the top of the hill, and quickened its pace as it began the descent. The horses still did their best, and the driver urged them on for some time before he realized that the chase had been abandoned.

The young girl was gazing back in the direction from whence they had come, half-dazed by the terror through which she had passed. It all seemed like a dream to her, until she was suddenly aroused by the stranger. He did not say a word, but he seemed to be leaning upon her more and more heavily, until at last his head was almost pillowed on her lap.

"Yes," he replied, "it is surprising that any wolves should be so near us as this, but the severe weather may have driven a few farther this way than usual. But have no fear. There will not be many. Not enough to interrupt by a repetition of the sound, but this time with the answer of a chorus. Again the horses plunged, and the driver applied his whip. There was no need for whip, however. The animals knew the danger that was near, and they broke into a gallop, which made it difficult for the occupants of the sledge to keep their seats."

"You are hurt!" she exclaimed, bending over him.

"Yes," he gasped faintly; "our driver struck back at me; he was hurt."

"Courage!" said Ivan, trying to raise him to a more comfortable position. "We will soon have help for you."

"It is useless," said the stranger still more faintly. "Pain has gone, and I shall be dead in a few minutes."

There was silence for a short time, and as they watched the face of the stricken man they felt that what he said was true.

"What a message," said the girl, with a sudden recollection. "What can it be? The message for the Czar that you had to deliver!"

Something almost like a smile appeared on the face of the dying man, and they just heard his whispered answer. "I gave it to the wolves,"—Pearson's Weekly.

ON THE FARM.

PASTURING HOGS.

I often think of the loss that is sustained by many of our farmers when they do not provide suitable pasturing for their hogs, thus necessitating the feeding of more expensive foods during the season when they could, with very little expense, be kept in a thriving condition on pasture.

The hog is a pasture lover. With pastures he thrives, keeps healthy and consumes; while without it he becomes emaciated, and is easy mark for disease. It is the men who raise hogs without pastures that usually tell all manner of hard luck stories. Their brood sows have small litters, the pigs are weak, and the sows eat their young.

Feeding hogs without pasture means selling grain at a poor market. It is a great mistake to shut up growing hogs in a close pen, where they exercise and their health. The longer the hogs are kept on pasture the better, for the less time they have to be kept in the pen.

Prof. Geo. E. Day, one of the highest authorities on swine in Canada, has the following to say regarding the use of the most common crop that are grown for green feed for pigs:

Rape.—This is an exceptionally valuable food for swine, and may be pastured or cut and fed to the pigs in the pens. For fattening hogs, best results were obtained by the use of rape. A College from feeding about two-thirds of the ration and all the rape the hogs would eat. The hogs were kept in pens with small outside yards, and the rape was cut and carried to them. This method of feeding gave more economical gains than feeding on pasture, and the bacon was of equal quality.

For breeding sows, however, pasturing rape is preferable, owing to the exercise the animals receive. When on rape pasture, mature sows require little other food, but young growing sows require a moderate meal ration in addition to the rape.

Vetches.—Hogs will eat vetches even more readily than rape, but the vetches do not furnish so much food per acre. Vetches are ready for pasture a little earlier than rape and if a part of the pasture lot is sown with vetches early in the spring it can be sown with rape after the vetches have been eaten off, and thus the ground will raise two pasture crops during the one season. Vetches may also be used as a soiling crop as described under rape.

Barley Vetch.—The seed of this crop is very expensive. There is no doubt, however, that it makes an excellent pasture crop for swine. If not pastured too closely, the hogs will eat it quickly when the hogs are removed. For early spring pasture, it should be sown during the latter part of August, so that it can make a considerable growth the preceding fall. About one and one-half bushels of seed per acre are required.

Green Rye.—Fall sown rye will make a very early spring pasture, and after it has been cut the hogs will eat it. It may be sown with some other crop such as rape. It has not a very high feeding value and its main recommendation is the fact that it gives early pasture.

Red Clover.—This crop is best suited for pasture, and the hogs should be given a large range of pasture. They will be killed out. It is especially useful for breeding sows. If it is used, two pastures are necessary, one to seed down while the other is being pastured and so on back and forth from year to year.

For a short order hog pasture my own experience is that a heavy seedling of a mixture of rape seed, barley and clover is a good combination of seeds to sow, especially on land where clover does not thrive. Experiments conducted at the various experiment stations in Canada and the United States indicate that from sixty to eighty pounds of grain per acre will furnish one acre of pasture than one hundred pounds of grain without pasture.

Hogs can be grown so much cheaper on pasture than there is no money in the hog that is fed all summer from the pen.

RULES FOR SHEEP DIPPING.

The best time for dipping is on one, to three months after shearing.

The sheep should not be overworked, or thirsty at the time of dipping.

If the sun is very hot it is better to have the dipping pen under a shade.

If the nights are cold, the dipping should always be stopped soon enough to allow the sheep time to dry before sunset.

See that the preparation is properly mixed with the correct quantity of water added. Don't guess at it.

Never hurt them in dipping. Always take care that every sheep is kept in the bath the full time—never less than one minute nor more than two minutes.

Have the bath well and regularly stirred up from the bottom always before beginning to dip, and whenever any stoppage occurs.

Never allow droppings from the sheep to fall on anything they are likely to eat. If rain comes on before they are dry, keep them off pasture until after it has ceased.

When dipping twice allow an interval of not less than 12, or more than 18, days between the dippings.

Unweaned lambs should be kept apart from dipped ewes for a few hours after dipping.

GOOD STOCK PAYS.

One of the greatest mistakes, and the most common, among our farmers is the notion that because they have an inferior mare they should breed her to a superior scrub horse because the service fee is low. In this way you are sure to get an inferior colt. But if you pay \$5 or \$10 more and breed to a first-class horse you stand a show of getting a colt that will develop into a horse that will sell for double what you would get for your scrub. The difference in service fee is a small matter, and it costs no more to raise a good colt than a poor one.

Disease takes no summer vacation. If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,

Toronto, and all druggists.

222.

Clean Seeds vs. Weeds

The fact that over 300 farmers of Ontario are growing a field of grain to compete in the special prizes given by the Ontario Department of Agriculture means much for the question of clean seeds. It will be remembered that the government limited their grants to the first ten fair associations sending in their applications, so that we have over 10,000 acres of grain being grown in Ontario for its cleanliness and good sample. Some places have chosen to grow oats, others peas, others guinea wheat, others Manchuria barley. Just how the oat crop will pan out will be interesting to hear.

The pea crop has had an exceptional year, and no doubt some very favorable yields and samples will be seen at the local fairs and at the Canadian National and Guelph Winter Fair.

Because it puts a premium on clean fields, the move is a most commendable one. Weeds are becoming more troublesome in Ontario. Each year sees a harder fight put up against them. The sow-thistle is most persistent and devastating weed. It spreads quickly, grows easily, and chokes out all grain where found. Even the model farm has its hands full with the pest. Weed grass, mustard, wild oats and rag weed are all too common. If the farmer of to-day has not the trouble and hardship of breaking the virgin soil, he has to earn his living by the sweat of his brow in another but just as exacting way. It is a fight with weeds and some of the enemies made is most persistent and they grow, so persistent as they in their growth. But vigilance and work will overcome them.

Vaccination for Blackleg and Anthrax in Cattle

The disease known as Blackleg in cattle, although entirely unknown in many extensive agricultural sections of Canada, and not at all wide spread in any district or province, annually causes quite extensive losses to cattle raisers. Anthrax, which is quite a different disease, although frequently confused with Blackleg in the minds of many cattle raisers, is also the cause of serious loss of stock. The former disease almost entirely confined to cattle under 3 years and is generally fatal. The latter attacks other classes of farm animals, and the human subject is not exempt from its infection, which generally results seriously.

By the aid of science cattle raisers are now enabled to protect their stock against these maladies. As the human family is vaccinated against small pox, in the same manner cattle are rendered immune from blackleg and anthrax. The Department of Agriculture at Ottawa through the Health of Animals Branch is now in a position to supply preventive vaccine for each of these diseases at the nominal cost of five cents per dose. Until recently, by special arrangement with extensive manufacturers in the United States, these products were secured at a reduced cost, and were placed in the hands of Canadian cattle raisers at ten cents per dose for blackleg vaccine and fourteen cents per dose for anthrax vaccine. It is due to the fact that these preparations are now being made at the Biological Laboratory in connection with the Health of Animals Branch that they can be supplied at five cents per dose.

The vaccine for blackleg may be administered by any intelligent person by means of an instrument supplied by the Department at fifty cents.

Anthrax vaccine, which is also supplied at five cents per dose, is more difficult to administer, requiring a qualified veterinarian to treat an animal.

Cattle raisers who have fear of an attack of either blackleg or anthrax would do well to apply to the Veterinary Director General at Ottawa for the proper preventive treatment.

The Training of Children

The editor of the Ladies' Home Journal never said a truer thing than when he stated in a recent number that what we needed in America was not so many lessons about the training of children as lessons about the training of parents. Give us well trained parents and well trained children will follow as a consequence.

The training of children is easily the most important work in the world, and yet how ignorant and lazy and careless we parents are about applying the most simple principles.

Education should fit the child for life by moulding its character in sound morality. And by the inculcation of the principles of patriotism and good citizenship. What matters it whether the child has knowledge of a few trifling facts more or less as long as it emerges from the school with the knowledge and inclination to do what is right, and the capacity to become a moral, intelligent and patriotic citizen?

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, your face will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowl to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching over your eyebrows; and, oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit which steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong, and when it is too weak. We tie our brows in a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about; but why scowl? What good will it do? Better cultivate an even temper and maintain a cheerful countenance.

How Local Option Works

In the village of Winchester all bars were closed on May 1st as a result of Local Option being passed in January. One of the large hotels was immediately started as a temperance boarding house. It receives more trade than the house did previously. Commercial men always report that they receive as good a service and some report a better service than formerly. The temperance shareholders are running the house at a profit, and rates are the same as before. A few days ago a case of liquor was brought into town, but before it had reached the central part of the village it was detected. The temperance house and livery refused to allow the man having it to drive on their property. The outcome was that the liquor is now in the hands of the temperance party awaiting the owner to prove his property, but the owner, as yet, fails to appear. Business in all lines is progressing favorably. The liquor supporters, who were formerly the antagonists of the village, have now sunk into oblivion, and peace and a higher standard of moral life now prevail. The plea that no bars cause the business of a place to go down is shown to be without foundation. Mismanagement will always cause failure, but Local Option where properly followed up by the temperance party afterwards is always sure to produce the best results.

He's a Backslider

When John Watson of Montague was serving a sentence in the county gaol recently on a charge of threatening to shoot a constable in the discharge of his duty, he experienced a change of heart. Whether it was his associations with Paddy McMahon or the fatherly influence of Governor Ketcheson that brought about the change we are unable to say, but at all events when he returned to Bancroft he had assumed a clerical appearance, and at once proceeded to evangelize the heathen up in Montague. He refused to look upon the wine when it was red, and it is said that he could "lead in prayer" in a manner that would bring tears to the eyes of the hardest sinner. However he appears to have fallen from grace, and on Saturday last in the police court he was convicted on a charge of stealing a quantity of timber from Mr. A. Riddell. Watson, it appears, had disposed of the timber some time ago to Mr. Riddell, and later on traded part of it to Mr. W. G. Gibson in payment for a horse. He was fined \$5 and costs and ordered to reimburse the complainant for the timber illegally taken.

There is another serious charge hanging over Watson's head which will be ventilated in the police court. The complainant is Gilbert Woodcock, who has just returned from an enforced visit to Castle Ketcheson. He alleges that during his absence Watson was altogether too attentive to his wife, and the harmony of his home was disturbed. With a flood of tears rolling down his cheeks that threatened to engulf the magistrate, Woodcock told his tale of woe and asked for speedy justice.—Bancroft Times.

Man's Unwisdom

The simplest and plainest laws of health are outraged every hour of the day by the average man. Did Adam smoke? Did Eve wear corsets? Did Solomon chew tobacco? Did Ruth chew gum? Did the children of Israel make for a beer garden after crossing the Red sea? Did Rebecca eat gumdrops and ice cream, and call for soda water? Adam was the first and was made perfect from head to heel. How long would he remain so after eating a mince pie before going to bed? Suppose he had slept in a bedroom five by seven, with the windows down, the door shut, and two dogs under the bed? Suppose Eve had laced herself up in a corset, put on tight shoes, sat up all hours of the night eating her fill of trash, and sizzled her hair. When you come to look at the way a man misbehaves himself, you can only wonder he ever lived to get there. Verily, the average man behaves as if he were little better than a fool.

The Toronto World's trip to London voting contest for the most popular ladies in Toronto, Hamilton and the Province, closed on Monday, and the eleven successful candidates are given a free trip to London and return. The party, with an escort from the World staff will leave Toronto on Aug. 1st, and the return trip will be made so as to bring the ladies home 22 days after leaving Toronto. The expenses of the party throughout are paid by the World. The names of the ladies are: Miss McGregor, Miss Vandemark, Miss Hodgson, Miss Virtue, Miss Skene, Miss Stephenson, of Toronto; Miss Board, of Hamilton; Miss Allin, Whitby; Miss Thompson, Peterboro; Miss Richardson, Oshawa; Miss Flanagan, Kingston.

The Conscientious Cow

The old cow walked by the dairy shed And, in her rambling way, she said: "I'm feeling about as fine as silk. But I'd like a drink of my own good milk." And, looking around, she presently saw A well-standing bucket beside the door. It was butternut, about two days old, But the aged vacca hadn't been told: "She only remarked: 'It was mean to blick An industrious cow of her own good milk.' And she took a drink, and she looked surprised. And she walked away and that cow survived. And she said in astonishment mixed with pain: "To judge by the flavor of that there milk, I can't be feeling as fine as silk. I must be illing, 'I'll bet a hat. When I get to giving down milk like that."

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive. It cures itching, painful, protruding or blind piles, and its use is simple. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50c. Sold by J. S. Morton.

COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

DEAR SIR,—I take up the quill to sound a note of warning to my brother farmers concerning the greatest and worst pest that ever struck this part of the country, which is the sow thistle. Doubtless some do not need to be warned, while there are others who do. I have had two years' experience with it, and I know whereof I speak. This pest propagates itself both by root and seed, and anyone who has it should take every means to extirpate it in justice to the farming community, for line fences or any other fence won't stop it. If they do not they will be sorry only once, and that will be as long as they live, for when it once gets possession of the ground it has complete possession, for it crowds everything else out. They should be very cautious, and not let a stalk of it go to seed. A word to the wise is sufficient.

ROBERT TOTTEN.
Wellman's Corners, July 15, 1907.

Fasted 61 Days

For the first time in sixty-one days George E. Hufford, a lawyer, of Chicago, joined his family at the breakfast table on Monday. For all of two months Mr. Hufford listened to the tinkling of the breakfast, luncheon and dinner bell with stern resistance and determination, and contented himself with a glass of water.

He undertook the long fast to cure himself of chronic stomach and throat trouble, catarrh, biliousness and nervousness, and claims these ailments have been routed by his long refrain from eating. Mr. Hufford's weight has decreased from 194 pounds to 159 pounds. He is forty years old, and was formerly an attorney of Austin, Texas.

Nuggets

A little warm cheer does more than a lot of cold cash.

The most empty life is one that thinks only of itself.

People who sow no joy are first to complain that they reap none.

Many a good deed has died in intention for lack of a little appreciation.

Whatever is gained at the cost of character gets on the wrong side of the ledger.

There are a million ways of spelling love and none of them confined to letters.

You are sure to be disappointed in the inventory of your blessings if you count only your gains.

Farm improvements are being made all over the country. New buildings, fences, and better accommodations.

The Salvation Army is negotiating for the purchase in New Ontario of ten townships, or 280,000 acres, at 25 cents an acre. Senator Cox is said to be their financial backer.

The acreage planted to sugar beets east of Toronto this year is not nearly so large as last year. No doubt the action of the companies about shipping time has had its effect. You can't fool farmers the second time.

F. W. Hodson has sold his big farm at Columbus, Ont., to George Foster and Son, who have been tenants of the farm for some time. Later the farm has been fitted up and made one of the most convenient places in the province. Glen Hodson, as it is called, adjoins the farms of Hon. John Dryden and Charles Calder, M.P.P.

The Methodist Church is grappling with a tremendous problem in China. The whole of West China, with a population of ten millions, has been assigned to the Canadian Methodists exclusively. A few months ago there were just ten missionaries in this immense field. Recently this force was doubled by the sending out of a party of young Canadians, mostly college men. Now Dr. Sutherland announces that ten or twelve more missionaries will be sent in the near future.

A leading newspaper recently stated that people drink "because they like it." In the light of the remarks made by Sir Frederick Treves, who asserted that alcohol was a "virulent poison," it is really the only excuse the moderate drinker has for continuing to indulge in the use of stimulants. Sir Victor Horsley says that science is dead against the use of alcohol, and, seeing that nine-tenths of the crimes committed in the United Kingdom are traced to strong drink, and that 82 per cent. of the lunacy of this country is due to the same cause, one wonders why people still persist in their loyalty to King Bung.—Belfast Witness.

One of the drawbacks with which the Church has to contend is the tendency to endeavor to raise money as a contribution to religious or benevolent causes by questionable means. This really degrades the nerve of true Christian benevolence, and places giving on a wrong basis, while it taints the enterprise thus supported. Far better to give a smaller sum outright, as a willing and thankful offering, than to bring discredit upon the credit of the matter of Christian charity by ministering to the pride or the passion of any questionable elements in the name of religious benevolence.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my book on either Dyspepsia, the Heart or the Kidneys. Troubles of the Heart, or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves, the inside nerves—mean Stomach weakness, always. And the Heart, and Kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weak these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative lives and acts. No other remedy even claims to treat the inside nerves. Also for bloating, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write for the free sample and free book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by J. S. Morton.

CATS' WHISKERS.

These Sensitive Organs Are a Relief of Jungle Days.

It is perhaps not generally known that a cat's power of discernment, especially at night, is due almost entirely to his whiskers as to his eyes. To any one who goes to a menagerie and looks at the giant cats of the forest—the lion and his like—the purpose of these vibrissae, as science names the hairs that project from the muzzle and from above the eyes, is evident enough.

They are delicate organs of touch, wonderful mechanisms of warning. Each one grows from a follicle, or gland, served to exquisite sensibility. Its slightest contact with any obstacle is distinctly felt by the animal, though the hair itself is tough and insensitive. These exaggerated whiskers on the muzzle often project to each side of the animal so far that from point to point they stretch to just the width of his body.

Imagine, now, a lion stealing through a jungle at night, tracking his prey, where the stir of a twig gives alarm. His long hairs indicate through the nicest nerves any object that may be in his velvet path. A touch stops him short before pushing through some close thicket where the rustling leaves and boughs would tell aloud his presence. Wherever his head may be thrust without a warning from the vibrissae there his body may pass noiselessly, and it is in their aid, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, that enables him to travel as silently as the snake.

How to Become an Artist.

Holman Hunt began his art labors when at the age of four he cut off a lock of his own hair to make a paint brush. It is rather a serious matter for the young artist rightly to choose some picturesque and as far as possible inadequate means of beginning his career. We all know the story of Benjamin West and the cat's tail. Alston, being a colorist, is supposed to have squeezed the luscious hues from flowers to make his paints. As there are probably many young artists contemplating a career, why not suggest a few new ways of beginning?

Make a brush from popper's shaving brush, from mummy's hairbrush, from uncle's chin whiskers, from auntie's false front.

No doubt the reason there are few great artists nowadays is that it is so hard to avoid ready made paint brushes. They are thrust upon children in the public schools. How can we hope for a Benjamin West with brushes a drug on the market?—Phillip L. Hale in Boston Herald.

A Dog Detective.

In 1829 a peasant was found murdered in a wood in the department of the Loire, France, with his dog sitting near the body. No clew could at first be gained as to the perpetrators of the crime, and the victim's widow continued to live in the same cottage, accompanied always by the faithful dog. In February, 1837, two men, apparently travelers, stopped at the house, requesting shelter from the storm, which was then granted, but no sooner had the dog seen them than he flew at them with great fury and would not be pacified. As they were quitting the house one of them said to the other, "That rascally dog has not forgotten us." This raised the suspicion of the widow, who overheard it, and she applied to the gendarmes in the neighborhood, who followed and arrested the men. After a long examination one of the criminals confessed.—Ralph Neville in Outing Magazine.

A New Phase of Biology.

A widow recently came from Albany to live with relatives in Brooklyn. Her new neighbors discovered that she was given to romancing about small matters. On her own behalf she claimed to take the "poetic view" of life. But one of her neighbors was inclined to use a "shorter and more ugly word" in describing the trait. Among other things the woman from Albany stated that her late husband was a biologist in the state's service, presumably at Albany. Later on it was learned that he really had been in the state's service, doing time at Sing Sing for a small forgery.

A professor's wife came to the rescue. "Biologist is the poetic term, all right," she said. "My husband tells me a biologist is a student of cell life."—Brooklyn Eagle.

For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

The best kind of a testimonial— "I had dandruff for over six years." Made by J. O. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by J. S. Morton, Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

St. George and the Dragon.

Other nations besides England have fought under the banner of St. George, and other knightly orders as well as that of the Garter have been instituted in his honor. He was the guardian saint of Sicily, Aragon, Valencia, Genoa, Malta and Barcelona; a Venetian order of St. George was created in 1200, a Genoese in 1472, and a Roman in 1402. More modern orders bearing his name are those of Bavaria (1729), Russia (1767) and Hanover (1839). The device of St. George slaying the dragon forms part of the arms of the czar and appears on several Russian coins. The conjecture that this was owing to the presentation of the Garter by Elizabeth to Ivan Vassilievitch has no foundation in fact, for Chancellor, the first outspoken Englishman to visit Russia, speaks of a dispatch sent in 1554 from Ivan Vassilievitch to Queen Mary, the seal of which "was much like the broad seal of England, having on the one side the image of a man on horseback in complete harness fighting with a dragon."—London Chronicle.

Queer Positions of Hearts.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head. Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things. Hearts in the middle of the back also are quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster for example, and the crayfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.—St. Nicholas.

One Source of News.

For many years a certain New York paper received society and club gossip from a man whose identity was concealed by a clever ruse. Even his checks were made out to his wife in her maiden name. He furnished information about the doings and wrangles in various clubs—little stories involving people whose names are known by reputation to practically all readers of newspaper columns. He is said to have averaged an income of about \$10 a week—not much, but enough to buy hats, gloves and canes. He was a most immaculate and apparently prosperous person. It is needless to say that he has never been suspected of this small traffic. A wealthy relative died and left him independent. When some such man furnishes the clew to a delectable scandal he has done a stroke of business that will keep him in small luxuries for months to come.—Whitman Bennett in Bohemian.

Not So Daft After All.

Daft Tam, as he was called, wandering through the village one day, got severely bitten by the village lion dog. Proceeding to the inn, he showed the mistress what her "daft" had done. She was much alarmed and, putting a half crown into Tam's hand, said: "Awa tae the doctor noo an' pay him wi' the hauf crown." Tam eyed the coin, saying: "I dinna think I'll bother wi' the doctor, but jist keep the siller." "For my sake gaug the lion, or else ye'll gang daft." "Hoots, wumman; ye're bletherin. Daft folk canna gang daft twice."—Dundee Advertiser.

Pat Took the Prize.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains. "Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains, and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge." "I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot. "Be jabbers!" said Pat. "I was one day in a train in my country, and we passed a field of turnips and a field of carrots, also a field of cabbage and parsley, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was broth!"

Pepys on Shakespeare.

Pepys' Diary, 1659-1660, commenting on Shakespeare's plays, says of "Midsummer Night's Dream," "It is the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw in my life," and upon reading "Othello, Moor of Venice," which I have hitherto esteemed a mighty good play, but having lately read the 'Adventures of Five Hours,' it seems a mean thing."

Just a Suggestion.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, ma'am," replied the polite shopwalker, "if he's a very small man maybe you'd better use both eyes."

A Thoughtful Wife.

"Why did you tell your husband that there would be three parts to the concert? There are only two."

"Yes, I know, but he will be so pleased when it leaves off sooner than he expects."—Fliegende Blätter.

The Jury.

"When I goes to de co'thouse," said Uncle Eben, "it sometimes looks to me like de jury was a committee to award a prize to de smartest lawyer."—Washington Star.

Foot Comfort

Gives ease to tired feet. Is cooling and soothing. It acts quickly. Sweetens and deodorizes.

Thymoline Tooth Wash

Whitens and preserves the Teeth.

D. C. Cream of Violets

A hot weather Lotion for hands and face.

J. S. MORTON

Druggist, Stationer, Etc.

Fire, Accident & Plate Glass Insurance.

Guardian Fire Insurance Co. Liverpool Union Fire Insurance Co. Liverpool, London & Globe San Insurance Company. Gore Insurance Co. Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Co. Ontario Accident Insurance Co. W. S. MARTIN, Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

The Appeal Is To You!

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

For It Cares for Every Sick Child in Ontario whose Parents Cannot Afford to Pay for Treatment.

The Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto, appeals to fathers and mothers of Ontario for funds to maintain the thousand sick children that it nurses within its walls every year.

The Hospital is not a local institution—but Provincial. The sick child from any place in Ontario who can't afford to pay has the same privileges as the child living in Toronto and is treated free.

The Hospital had last year in its beds and cots 868 patients—331 of these were from 231 places outside of Toronto. The cost is 1.37 cts. per patient per day, and there were 138 sick little ones a day in the Hospital.

Since its foundation the Hospital has treated 12,120 children. About 9,600 of these were unable to pay and were treated free.

Your money can put gold on the door of the Hospital's mercy. Every body-dollar may be the friend of a sick child.

Somebody's child.

Your dollar may be a door of hope to somebody's child. The Hospital pays out dividends of health and happiness to suffering childhood.

Every dollar that is paid by friends of little children.

If you know of a child in your neighborhood who is sick or crippled or has club feet send the parent's name to the Hospital.

See what can be done for club-foot children. There were 36 like cases last year and hundreds in 31 years.

Two Club Foot Cases in Plaster.

Please send contributions to J. Ross Robertson, Chairman, or to Douglas Davidson, Secy-Treas., of the Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto.

Before After

Lax-ets Sweet to Eat

A Candy Bowl Laxative.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. F. PARKER,
ISSUER OF
Marriage Licenses
STIRLING, ONT.

Marriage Licenses.
GEO. E. CRIVER, ISSUER.
Residence: Stirling House, Stirling.

J. S. MORTON,
OPTICIAN, GRADUATE CANADIAN
Ophthalmic College. Member Canadian
Association of Opticians.
Eyes examined and imperfect sight cor-
rected with glasses.
At MORTON & HAUGHT'S Drug Store.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.
FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN
Dentistry of the University of Toronto.
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Sur-
geons, of Ontario.
Office—Over Sovereign Bank.
Open every day. Evening by appointment
only.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, M.A.,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY.
Public Commissioner, Conveyancer, &c.
OFFICE—In Sovereign Bank Building.

G. G. THRASHER,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEY-
ANCER, &c. Office in W. S. Martin's
Block, Mill Street.

L. O. L. NO. 110
Meets in Lodge Room, the first Friday
evening of each month at 8 o'clock.
W. H. RODGERS,
Secretary.

STIRLING LODGE
No. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room,
Conley block,
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
At 8 o'clock. G. G. THRASHER, R. S.

Notice to the Public
THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN
out license as Auctioneer for the County
of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on
short notice. Terms as low as the lowest,
and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at
the N. W. & A. O. O. F. Hall, addressed to me at
Stirling, will be promptly attended to.
WM. RODGERS.

PERSONALS.

Miss Winnie Hoard, of Toronto, is at
home.

Miss Edna Black is visiting friends in
Toronto.

Miss Mabel Drewry left on Tuesday
morning for Chicago.

Mrs. A. Phillips, of Campbellford, is
visiting at Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

Miss Louie Martin has been visiting
friends in Napanee for the past week.

Miss Stella Haggerty is visiting her
sister, Mr. Wm. Wickens, at Plainfield.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee, and son, Walter,
of Orillia, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. L.
Coulter.

Misses Bessie and Peggy Sherlock, of
Toronto, are spending a few days at Dr.
Bissonnette's.

Mrs. Geo. Leury and children are visit-
ing at the home of Mr. Leury's parents,
near Belleville.

Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Holman, of Syra-
cuse, N. Y., are visiting their parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Jas. Airhart.

Mr. and Mrs. David Tucker intend leav-
ing for Saskatoon and other points in the
Northwest on Tuesday next.

Miss Jennie Pearce, of Marmora, and
Miss Laycock, of Deloro, spent last week
with Miss Florence Bissonnette.

Mr. M. Sarles, formerly manager of the
Saylor store, Frankford, has joined the
staff of employees at "Stirling Hall."

Miss Violet Wellbank, of Picton, is a
guest of Mrs. H. B. Alger. Miss Jennie
Wright, of Tweed, spent Sunday with Mrs.
Alger.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Haight, Miss Bessie
Parker, with friends from New York, and
Miss J. Wescoe, are enjoying camp life at
Crown Lake.

Mr. Joseph Bateman, of Marion, Ohio,
and Miss Pearl Brown, of Madoc, were the
guests of his niece, Mrs. Wm. Haggerty
last week.

Misses Della Bull and Flora Thorburn,
who have been visiting at the former's
home, left on Tuesday on the return trip to
Little Current, Manitoulin.

Mr. F. A. Girdwood, of Perth, spent a
few days with relatives. Mrs. Girdwood
and little son, who have been here for
some time, and Miss Annie Sprague re-
turned with him on Tuesday.

The annual excursion to St. Anne de
Beauce took place on Tuesday. Those
from here who left on the trip were: Mrs.
Hutchinson, of Mantreal, Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. Whitty, and Misses Della Descant
and Lena Lagrow.

Coming events that are calculated to
separate people from their coin are
always heralded by an advance agent.

Mr. J. J. Kelso, in his annual report
of Ontario's dependent children, reports
388 children placed in homes, 335 receiv-
ed back and placed in other homes, and
500 other homes wanting children and
none to supply them.

Clubbing List.

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the
following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe.....\$1.80

The Weekly Mail & Empire,
with premium picture.....1.80

The Family Herald & Weekly
Star, with premium picture.....1.75

Wood, with picture and book.....1.85

The Weekly Sun.....1.80

The Toronto News (Daily).....2.25

The Toronto Star (Daily).....2.25

The Toronto Globe (Daily).....4.50

The Farmers' Advocate, weekly \$2.25

We recommend our readers to sub-
scribe to the Farmer's Advocate and
Home Magazine, the best Agricultural
Journal in America.

Best Medicine in the World for Colic and Diarrhoea

"I find Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy to be the best remedy
in the world," says Mr. C. L. Carter, of
Skirrow, Ala. "I am subject to colic and
diarrhoea. Last spring it seemed as though
I would die, and I think I would if I had
not taken Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy. I have not been trou-
bled with it since until this week, when I
had a very severe attack and took half a
bottle of the twenty-five cent size of Cham-
berlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea
Remedy, and this morning I feel like a
new man." For sale by J. S. Morton.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers—Three lines and un-
der, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines,
35 cents each insertion; over three lines, 45
cents each insertion. Matter set in larger than the or-
dinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers—10c. per line each
insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Train to Stirling station as follows:
GOING WEST.
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Passenger, 10:17 a.m.
Passenger, 6:42 p.m. Mail & Ex. 8:40 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1907.

LOCAL MATTERS.

A number of villagers are camping at
Oak Hill Lake, and others intend going
in a few days.

St. John's Church Sunday School
went to Oak Hill Lake for a picnic yester-
day afternoon.

Mrs. E. Lanktree has sold her resi-
dence on John street to Mrs. Wm.
Clarke, of the Oak Hills.

Don't forget the lawn social by the
ladies of the Presbyterian Church to-
morrow evening, on the grounds of Mr.
F. T. Ward.

The Quarterly Meeting service on
Rawdon Circuit will be held at Mount
Pleasant on Sunday, Aug. 4th, com-
mencing at 10 o'clock a.m.

The Garden Party at St. Thomas'
Church, eighth line Rawdon, last week
was well attended, and a success in
every way. The sum of \$85 was realized.

The sermon on Sunday morning, July
28th, in the Methodist church, will be
for the children. Parents of the congre-
gation are requested to give special en-
couragement to the children to attend.

At the Stirling cheese board on Tues-
day 800 boxes were offered. The sales
were—M. Bird 380 and Cook 215, all at
10c. The balance was unsold. The board
will meet as usual next Tuesday.

A special meeting of the County
Council was held in Belleville on Tues-
day. The principal business was the
formal taking over of the new House of
Refuge, which has been completed by
the contractor, Mr. Alford.

Mrs. C. F. Stickle met with an ac-
cident last week which caused serious
injuries. In getting out of a buggy
after a drive she in some way fell,
breaking one arm, and receiving other
injuries which have confined her to the
house since. We hope to hear of her
speedy recovery.

There are many complaints about the
unfair paper set for those who wrote
at the recent examinations in the High
Schools. The greatest protest is made
against the ancient history, chemistry,
and physics papers. On this account it
is said there will be a large number
who will fail to secure a pass.

The members of Wellman's L. O. L.
No. 172, will attend divine service in
the grove at Wellman's Corners on Sun-
day Aug. 11th. A procession will be
formed at the Orange Hall at 2 p.m.,
and proceed to Mr. T. Hubble's grove,
where Rev. Bro. W. H. Stevens will
address the gathering. The public are
cordially invited.

During the thunderstorm on Wednes-
day forenoon lightning struck the barn
of Mrs. Wm. Shaw, Front street west,
but fortunately did not set it on fire.
The lightning struck the corner of the
building, slivering a board, and then
followed a wire clothes line attached to
a large apple tree, scoring it in three
places, and thence on to a post by the
roadside.

Mr. S. Holden has purchased the
property on the south side of Front
street which belonged to Mr. John
Ralph, as also the two lots to the west.
He intends fitting up the large metal
covered building on the Ralph lot for
his store, and will put a stone founda-
tion with cellar under the building, as
well as a plate glass front, and will re-
move his store there as soon as com-
pleted. It is probable that next year he
will erect a residence on the corner lot.

Ho! for the 1000 Islands

The best trip of the year will be the
excursion run by the Queen St. Methodist
Church, Lindsay, to Thousand Island
Park, N. Y., on Saturday, July 27th, to
25th, via Holy 25th. G. T. R.
special train will leave Stirling at 8 a.m.
Fare \$1.55, children half price. See large
bills.

School Estimates

The estimates prepared by the School
Board of money required for school
purposes for the ensuing year are as
follows:

PUBLIC SCHOOL

Teachers' salaries.....\$1,500.00

Caretaker.....85.00

Heating and ventilation.....1,727.10

Accounting clerk, via Belleville.....67.00

Repairs and supplies.....100.00

Secretary.....20.00

Fuel.....125.00

Sundries.....100.00

Government grant.....\$94.00

Township grant.....21.70

\$3,814.30

HIGH SCHOOL

Teachers' salaries.....\$2,350.00

Caretaker.....50.00

Repairs and supplies.....90.00

Secretary.....100.00

Wood.....35.00

Sundries.....45.00

Examinations.....90.00

\$2,735.00

Government grant.....\$604.25

County grant.....616.73

Examination fees.....25.00

1,895.23

\$883.77

Stirling School Board

A special meeting of the Stirling
Board of Education was held on Friday
evening, 19th inst., at the office of the
Secretary.

Members present—C. W. Thompson,
chairman, Dr. Alger, F. T. Ward, Dr.
Bissonnette, W. S. Martin, J. S. Mor-
ton, Dr. Faulkner, Dr. Walt, J. Dock.
Moved by Dr. Faulkner, seconded by
Mr. Ward, that the clause in the min-
utes of last meeting, which was an
adjourned one of the regular meeting,
wherein it states the meeting was to
take place on July 18th, be corrected to
proper date, which was to be the 19th.
—Carried.

The contract for the heating and ven-
tilation of the Public School was consid-
ered clause by clause.

Moved by Dr. Faulkner, seconded by
Dr. Bissonnette, that this Board accept
the tender of the Pease Foundry Co. for
the installation of such a furnace and
equipment as mentioned in the speci-
fications, completing in full chimneys
and all openings for our Public School,
to be completed by Sept. 12th, 1907, and
to provide for change of air not less than
three times per hour in each room, all of
the labor to be performed by the Com-
pany excepting the cement floor in the
basement, which this Board is to pro-
vide; payments to be made as may be
agreed upon by the following Commit-
tee—Mr. Martin, Dr. Walt, Secretary
and mover—Carried.

The Committee reported one-third
when material was on the grounds, one-
third when the contract is completed
and the balance on Jan. 1st, 1908.

Moved by Mr. Ward, seconded by
Mr. Martin, that our Public School be
changed to a three teacher school
instead of a four teacher school.—Car-
ried.

Moved by Mr. Ward, seconded by Dr.
Alger, that Miss Skitch be notified that
she will be engaged as first assistant at
the salary of \$350 for the first year, with
an increase each year thereafter of \$25
until the maximum of \$400 is reached.

Moved by Dr. Walt, seconded by Mr.
Ward, that the Secretary be authorized
to engage Miss Ella Faulkner for the
primary department at a salary of \$400,
and if unsuccessful to advertise for a
teacher of experience at the same salary.
—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Martin, seconded by
Mr. Ward, that the Finance Committee
report of estimates for the coming year
be presented to this Board for approval.
—Carried.

Moved and seconded that this Board
adjourn until Monday night, 22nd inst.

Minutes of a special meeting held on
July 22nd, at the office of the Secretary.

Members present—C. W. Thompson,
chairman, M. Bird, F. T. Ward, Dr.
Bissonnette, W. S. Martin, Dr. Faulk-
ner and J. S. Morton.

The Finance Committee made their
report for the ensuing year, which was
presented before the Board.

Moved by Mr. Morton, seconded by
Dr. Faulkner, that the report of the
Finance Committee be adopted as pre-
sented, and that the same be forwarded
to the Municipal Council.—Carried.

Moved by Dr. Faulkner, seconded by
Mr. Martin, that the disposal of the
furnaces in the Public School and other
materials not in use be left to Property
Committee.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Martin seconded by
Dr. Walt, that the matter of tenders for
cement basement of Public School be
left to a Committee composed of the
Chairman, Dr. Faulkner, Dr. Walt, F.
T. Ward, J. S. Morton, Dr. Bissonnette,
and Dr. Alger with power to act, and
that they meet at 9 o'clock on July
23rd, at the office of the Secretary.

On motion the Board adjourned.

G. G. THRASHER, Sec.-Treas.

Fatal Accident Near Tweed

A fatal accident occurred at the sul-
phite mine near Tweed on Monday
evening. The victim was Joseph
Chambers, engineer. The unfortunate
man had just finished his day's work,
and had shut off steam. Chambers put
his head and shoulders between the
spokes of the flywheel in order to reach
a bolt which needed tightening. The
weight of his body on the spoke of the
flywheel was sufficient to turn the wheel
slightly, and there being some steam
still in the cylinder, the flywheel made
a quick revolution, and caught him be-
tween the flywheel and the crank shaft.
He was so badly injured that he died
in a few minutes. He leaves a widow
and eight children.

Burglars Captured

The Bancroft Times says: The two
men who created so much excitement
here recently by shooting at Constable
Steenburg and his assistant when they
attempted to arrest them were captured
at Depot Harbor, Parry Sound District,
last week. The senior member of the
gang, who kept in the background here,
was also taken into custody, and is said
to be doing time in the Kingston peni-
tentiary already.

Last week a message was received
here asking for a description of the men,
which was forwarded, and yesterday
Constable Stanyer received photographs
of the two younger men. These were
positively identified by Constable Steen-
burg and others.

A great fire in Victoria, B. C., on
Tuesday destroyed a large number of
buildings. The district burned over
was about a mile in length and half a
mile wide.

Mr. R. G. Macpherson, M.P., declares
the Japanese are a menace to British
Columbia, and that he will take radical
measures to force the government to
keep them out.

Free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a
Trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Rem-
edy, sent free of charge. It is a snow-
white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm.
Containing such healing ingredients as
Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc. It
of the nose and throat. Make the free
test and see for yourself what this prepa-
ration can do for you. Address: Dr.
Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50c.
Sold by J. S. Morton.

The Miracle of the Growing Corn

It is up level with the fence to-day.
A few days more and the posts and
wires will be out of sight. A fortnight
hence a man and horse could be hidden
in its dense masses. Stalks there are
even now with the size and strength of
young saplings, and the waving leaves
are an army with banners appearing
over the distant hill top.

There is a delicate beauty in the luxu-
riance of the elements, and fragrance is
in the breath of the rose, but nowhere
does Nature show such stupendous
power as in the miracle of the growing
corn.—Weekly Sun.

"Making a newspaper is a soft snap."
You often hear that. It reminds me of
the deacon who once said: "Preaching
is as easy as rolling off a log." On Sat-
urday the parson was taken sick, and
the deacon was asked to preach on Sun-
day. Certainly he would. He went
into the pulpit, and went through the
opening exercises. Then opening the
Bible he gave out his text, "Why do
the heathen rage, and the people im-
agine a vain thing?" Then he looked
at it and read it again. Then he waited
for the spirit to grab his mind and start
on the sermon. Not a grab. He took
his glasses off, and polished them up,
read the passage over again, waited a
moment, then said, "I don't know why;
let us pray." Most anybody can make
a newspaper that way. The right thing
for every moral or Christian man is to
help make a newspaper. Take it, pay
for it, put your "ad" into its columns,
and pay for that on time.

Hastings civic holiday will be on
August 8th.

Madoc has fixed August 14th as the
date of its civic holiday.

Belleville will build a new ten thou-
sand dollar isolation hospital.

Forty-five persons were fined \$1 each
for walking on the railroad track at
Peterboro.

A hailstorm visited a portion of Madoc
and Elzevir townships on Saturday
causing considerable damage to crops.
A lot of glass was broken in Madoc vil-
lage.

Mr. Robert Phillips, foreman of the
Oliver Muncie Mine, Hungerford Sta-
tion, has made a valuable find of corun-
dum a few miles north of where he is at
present working. The specimens he is
showing are certainly of a high grade.
—Tweed News.

WANTED—Girl for general housework.
Apply to
MRS. J. MCC. POTTS, Stirling.

Dates of the Fall Fairs

Ameliasburg.....Oct. 4, 5

Belleville.....Sept. 17, 18

Brighton.....Sept. 26

Campbellford.....Sept. 24, 25

Coe Hill.....Sept. 20

Colborne.....Sept. 30, Oct. 1

Frankford.....Sept. 19, 20

L'Amable.....Oct. 1

Madoc.....Sept. 12, 13

Napanee.....Sept. 18, 19

Peterboro.....Sept. 26, 27, 28

Picton.....Sept. 25, 26

Shannonville.....Sept. 25, 26

Stirling.....Sept. 25, 27

Tweed.....Oct. 2

Warkworth.....Oct. 3, 4

Wooler.....Sept. 18

Bad Burn Quickly Healed

"I am so delighted with what Cham-
berlain's Salve has done for me that I feel
bound to write and tell you so," says Mrs.
Robert Mytton, 457 John St., Hamilton,
Ontario. "My little daughter had a bad
burn on her knee. I applied Cham-
berlain's Salve and it healed beautifully."
This salve always allays the pain of a burn
almost instantly. It is for sale by J. S.
Morton.

Deaths.

JOHNSTON.—In Rawdon, on July 18th,
Maidie Mary, wife of Geo. Johnston, aged 43
years.

Spray Pumps for Sale

Spray Pumps for Paris greening pota-
toes, spraying hen houses, spraying cattle,
washing windows and buggies. Can be
got at Henry Warren & Son's store or
from Agent.

Also agent for Fruit Trees.

GERALD FERGUSON,
Stirling, Ont.

For Sale

A Windstacker for a threshing machine,
in perfect order. Will be sold cheap.

EDGAR FOX,
Lot 14, Con. 3, Rawdon,
Stirling, Ont.

Fresh Lime

The undersigned has for sale a kiln of
fresh burned lime. Price, 20 cts. per bush-
el, at the kiln.

W. F. McMULLEN,
Lot 34, Con. 9, Sidney.

Moving Sale

Before leaving my present premises
I have decided to offer my

Entire Stock at
Greatly Reduced Prices

The stock is all new and fresh and
it is in the interest of the buying pub-
lic to secure their supplies now.

On Crockery

I am offering

25 per cent. Discount

Reforming a Reformer.

The doctor examined the child's arm, and laughed.

"Why, Lawton," he said, "judging from your lugubrious expression, a person would be justified in suspecting something serious."

"And it is—"

"Nothing at all. Merely a slight discoloration of the outer skin, the result of a blow, or—yes, there are two distinct marks. Someone has been pinching the child—viciously, I should say. Have a straight talk with her nurse, and don't allow your parental feelings to magnify a mountain."

Lawton gave a sigh of evident relief. "There is no probability of it being a permanent disfigurement," he questioned.

"None whatever!"

"Of future developments?"

"Absolutely none!"

Picking the little mite up in his arms, he kissed her fondly, and left the room. Outside a tiny governess-car was waiting, and a nurse-maid relieved him of his charge. Then he returned.

"Don't you think I had better examine you—professionally?" said the doctor.

Lawton smiled.

"No queer pains in the head, melancholic symptoms, or—"

"None whatever! I'm as sound as a bell!"

"Then, for goodness' sake, explain yourself! A man doesn't come to a surgeon, even if it is that of his friend, with gloomy forebodings of complications arising from a slight bruise, unless his liver is out of order."

"It's Maud—my wife" was the reply.

"She left me two days ago—"

The doctor sprang to his feet, but Lawton waved him to his seat, and continued:

"And came back last night, after I had inflicted that mark upon the little kid's arm. Ugh! I feel quite a brute! You see, I proceeded, 'some time ago she became acquainted with a Miss Tarter, and got inoculated with the Women's Rights Question.'"

"And you objected, naturally?"

"No, not then; but later I thought it was occupying her attention too much, and suggested it would be better if she left the rights of man to Maud flared up. In an instant, and declared I was wrong in treating such a serious matter so lightly. 'Women ought to have a vote,' she said; so I offered to give her mine—told her I would vote any way she wanted, if that would satisfy her."

"But it didn't. She rattled off something to the effect that she wouldn't rest until every woman in the country had one; so I went out to the club."

"The posters came out last week, and—well, I'll leave you to guess my surprise when I saw Maud was announced as one of the local speakers."

"Have you seen it?" she questioned proudly, when I landed home. They have put my name next to Miss Tarter, and she is one of the leaders—from London, you know."

"Seen it, my dear? I reread it. 'It's the talk of the town! The pavement before each poster is crowded with an enthusiastic, excited mob, and dirty little gutter-snipes are already making chalk-marks round your name!'"

"She flushed, and the tears came into her eyes."

"Miss Tarter said I must expect ridicule," she replied huskily; "but I didn't think you would be the first to give it. I thought you would be proud!"

"But, my dear girl, I persisted, 'you have never had any experience as a public speaker, and will probably cry your pretty eyes out if you are interrupted, or—what is more likely—howled down!'"

"She dashed the tears away and faced me defiantly."

"An organized opposition already," she said coolly, "led by you."

"Further argument was useless, so I stroled down to the club again. The other martyrs were waiting, some with despair, and others with something like murder expressing itself upon their faces."

"Congratulations your wife for me, old man," said one. "She is the only woman of the local crowd who dare speak. The rest of them—my better half included—are contented to support her by their presence on the platform, looking pretty in new dresses made specially for the occasion—dresses, perforce, we masculine oppressors must pay for!"

"I propose we put them all pay for lock and key!" shouted Jones.

"And give them a good advertisement," sneered another. "Howl them down!"

"Too vulgar! Let the ladies have their own way," said Captain Turner.

"Why?" we questioned.

"Because they'll regret it—they always do," he drawled. "Or—he stopped and smiled sarcastically—'come here.'"

"We gathered round him and waited. For a moment he appeared deeply in twinking with suppressed merriment. Then he spoke with suppressed merriment. Then he spoke, and when he had finished we stared at each other, speechless with astonishment."

"Glad," said Jones presently, "but it's good!"

"Funny it has never been thought of before!" returned Smith. "And, collapsing into a chair, he roared with laughter."

"Then you'd do it?" queried the captain.

"Do it?" replied a round half-dozen voices. "Of course we will!"

The night of the meeting arrived, and Maud was ready when I arrived home, and, flushed with excitement, looked prettier than ever."

"Are you going to be there?" she asked.

"Certainly!" I replied.

"And you won't interrupt me?"

"I won't speak a word aloud," I promised.

"And if anyone threatens me?"

"Be it man, woman or child, dear," answered, "they will never want a vote again—on this earth, at any rate!"

"She disappeared, well pleased with my passive resistance, I suppose, and

for the moment I half regretted the course I was taking. But the arrival of the rest of the conspirators put an end to that.

"When we reached the hall it appeared packed to excess, but as we had reserved front-seat tickets, the struggling crowd did not trouble us. We paraded the front and waited."

"Presently a cab rolled up to the side entrance, and Jones announced 'No. 1.' Others followed in rapid succession, until six cabs stood in line, and six Johns stood grinning on the pavement."

"Then it was that we sent the captain to reconnoitre."

"You're right in the front row," he reported, a moment later, "the hall-keeper is ours. Enter by the side entrance."

"Hastily discarding our overcoats, we obeyed instructions. As we were all in evening-dress, our entrance created something like a sensation, and made the ladies on the platform glance at each other uneasily. Individually, I suppose, they didn't fear us, but collectively we seemed to startle them."

"Ten minutes passed, and the chairwoman ended her remarks. A half-hearted cheer announced the appearance of the great London leader. She stepped forward with grim determination, opened her mouth, and then—stopped."

"Captain Turner was standing at the side entrance with an expression of supreme indignation upon his face, and beside him two nurse-maids, each carrying a young child. After a momentary hesitation, they attempted to ascend the platform, but the hall-keeper prevented them. I recognized Kiddie's nurse, and nerved myself for the ordeal. The captain was blandly pointing us out to the nervous giggling girls, and a moment later they were crossing the hall. Though acting upon instructions, their nervousness made the incident appear magnificently real, and the audience roared when Jones and I, each with a despairing look towards the stage, took the children, and sat down."

"Miss Tarter looked first bewildered and then indignant. As the laughter died away she commenced to speak, but not for long. Two more nurse-maids appeared; the same attempt to reach their respective mistresses was made, and two more despairing fathers stood up to rescue their children."

"By this time the crowd had seen through the joke, and fairly shrieked with laughter; and although Miss Tarter still held forth indignantly, it was impossible to understand what she said."

"A moment later the last two maids appeared, and six unhappy fathers, presumably acknowledging the supremacy of women, were struggling manfully with six startled little kiddies."

"The uproar was deafening, and the ladies on the platform looked like fainting. They glanced at us with pathetically appealing eyes; but we wouldn't relent, and held the children in the awkward, idiotic manner fellows do when unaccustomed to the task."

"For at least ten minutes we were subjected to a torrent of sarcastic suggestions for the management of children, and I began to tire of it. The peals of laughter, rising and falling at each witticism, got wearying, and, worse still, Kiddie had hopelessly disfigured the spotless whiteness of my shirt-front, and I didn't like it. The other fellows were doing no better, and the persistent rain was rolling down their faces. Jones's younger wife was somewhere round his neck, and treating his father's confused efforts to dislodge him as a good joke. To make matters worse, the ladies on the platform—our wives—began to laugh."

"With one accord we looked towards the door, and prepared for immediate flight; but the captain saved the situation. Striding manfully across the hall, he passed before us."

"Pinch the beggars!" he whispered.

"For a moment we hesitated. Pinch Kiddie! I shuddered; but it had to be done."

"Instantly six little mites stopped struggling, and gazed at their unhappy fathers with regretful, wondering eyes. Another second, and little mouths contracted, and little lungs gave vent to a yell of agony, heard even above the ironical laughter. I saw Maud's face flush with indignation, and pinched again—I really had to. Simultaneously Kiddie roared, and a pathetic wail for 'Mummy' ensued. A battle royal ensued on the platform; the wailing cries of terrified infants and the maternal instincts of mothers struggled against the desire for votes—and won!"

"Maud, ever the leader, gave way first. She rushed down the steps and fairly smothered Kiddie with kisses, and the rest following, the meeting ended in a fiasco."

"I left the hall hurriedly and sneaked away to the club. Later, I went home, to find a note from Maud, saying she had gone away until I apologized. Yesterday, however, she returned, and, contrary to my expectations, kissed me affectionately, and then actually laughed."

"And that, doctor, is the reason why I called with Kiddie. Maud has noticed those bruises, and, although she suspects the cause, it would simplify matters if you were to tell her that nervous excitement sometimes causes an involuntary contraction of the digital extremities; or if you would put it in Latin would be better. You will? Thanks! Good-night!"—London Answers.

GERMANY'S RULERS.

Germany is ruled by one emperor, four kings, six grand dukes, seven princes and one simple count. These sovereigns occupy very different degrees of importance, even in the eyes of their own immediate subjects, but in one degree or another they all very much enjoy the dignities and privileges of kingship, and have to face some of the responsibilities of state. Every one of them has a capital and a court of his own. Some of the capitals are not very big cities, but they are all very proud. Among them are places with populations of 11,000, 9,000, 6,000, and 5,000. Arolsen, the capital of the principality of Waldeck-Pyrmont, has only 2,629 inhabitants. The entire population of the principality of Liechtenstein, the smallest of them all, is about 9,500 souls. The capital is Vaduz, with 1,120 inhabitants.

GEORGIAN BAY CANAL

FINAL PLANS FOR THE GREAT WATERWAY FOR SHIPS.

A 21 Foot Canal From the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence — the Cost \$105,000,000.

Many thousands of years ago the Great Lakes are supposed to have discharged their waters through the French River, Lake Nipissing and the Mattawa, Ottawa, and St. Lawrence rivers into the Atlantic. This is the very route that Champlain followed when he reached the inland seas and gazed over their vast expanse.

Over this route for centuries passed all the traffic between the Canada of the early days and the western outposts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and this is to be the route of the Georgian Bay Canal, which Canada now proposes to build and which will be by far the shortest waterway between the lakes and the ocean.

The project has been in the air for years, but not till now has it taken definite shape. Many questions have been involved and among them, the form the canal should take. Should it be a four-foot canal for canalboats of large size, or a twenty foot ship canal or a thirty foot ocean freighter proposition, so that great ocean freighters might load at lake ports and unload in Europe?

All the questions have now been answered. For two years the Georgian Bay Canal Commission of Canada has been studying every phase of the enterprise, and it is now preparing the plans for the building of the canal.

IT IS TO BE A SHIP CANAL,

providing a continuous and easily navigable waterway, with a minimum depth of twenty-one feet, from Georgian Bay to tidewater. The cost is estimated at about \$105,000,000.

The fact is, there is very little canal to build. Some long stretches in the rivers must be canalized at large expense and about thirty miles of rocky barrier and a few mud and sandwast banks must be removed.

To this will be the nearest approach to an air line water route between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic for which nature has provided facilities. It will make a water channel between the Soo Canal and Montreal 350 miles shorter than by way of the Welland Canal, the line of least resistance between the Lakes and the ocean.

Not a dollar will have to be spent on the route from the Soo Canal, the great gateway into Lake Superior, to the mouth of the French River, on the shore of Georgian Bay. The route will hug the Canadian coast, passing through the North Channel, landlocked because the long island of Great Manitoulin is a bulwark against the waves of Lake Huron. Thus a deep and protected channel from on an eleven miles wide is provided from the Soo to the French River, a distance of 160 miles.

This river, during the waters of Lake Nipissing to Georgian Bay, the nature forming the summit level seventy feet above the bay. At low water the French River carries some 10,000 cubic feet of water a second out of Lake Nipissing, and there will be forty-six miles of canalization on this river, with three short rock cuts.

THROUGH THE RAPIDS.

East of the lake is the divide, which is only about two miles wide and a few feet above Nipissing. Then the descent begins through two small lakes and the Mattawa River, which drops 150 feet into the broad bosom of the stately Ottawa. This river, obstructed by some stretches of rapids and banks of sand, is otherwise broad and deep, and will carry the Lake fleet to the St. Lawrence a little above Montreal.

Producers and shippers in States of the United States bordering the Lakes have taken a great interest in this project because it promises to give them the shortest and cheapest water route to the ocean. Not a few Western railroad men are also in hearty sympathy with the enterprise.

J. J. Hill of the Great Northern Railroad said a while ago that the Georgian Bay Canal would be the most popular enterprise that the Canadian Government would have to carry out in many years. When it is completed, he said, "See the grain business from north of St. Louis and as far west as the grain grows in the Platte Valley taking this route to the sea. Only thirty-two miles of actual canal would have to be dug, and for the remainder of the distance existing water channels could be used, with considerable dredging here and there. He said that the distance from Chicago or Duluth to Montreal by this route would be a little shorter than the Lake routes now in use between these ports and Buffalo."

When the Georgian Bay Canal is completed, he predicted that grain would be carried between Chicago or Duluth and deep water at Montreal.

FOR 2½ CENTS A BUSHEL.

and refrigerator ships drawing nineteen or twenty feet of water could load direct from the packing houses at Chicago and sail to any port in the world during the season of open water at about 30 cents a bushel. The St. Lawrence is open when the Lakes are open.

It is thought that the plans proposed by the Canadian commission will enable powerful whaleback steamers, 280 to 300 feet long, to carry in their holds and in towed barges about 12,000 tons of cargo at an average speed of about twelve miles an hour and that the time between Chicago and Montreal will be about 103 hours. The time between Chicago and New York by the Lakes and improved Erie Canal route is estimated at 122 hours. The distance between Montreal and London is 2,280 miles and between New York and London 3,130 miles.

It is expected that the new canal will have a wonderful influence upon the development of the Ottawa River. It is estimated that with the completion of the canal the water power available along the river will be almost as great as that of Niagara, and for electrical purposes it will be far superior to Niagara, because the power at those falls is confined to a radius of about fifty

miles, while the Ottawa River affords water power along 400 miles at convenient distances. With so much cheap power available and with its great sources of iron ore and timber the Ottawa Valley is expected to develop into one of the great manufacturing centres of the continent.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

A growing faith will shatter many forms. Dishonest thinking does not lead to holy living.

It takes a strong man to stop doing wrong things. The religion that produces no sunshine is moonshine.

Half of success is in seeing the significance of small things.

You must master your own moods before you can master men.

To set a child's face toward gladness is to incline him to do right.

A greedy hand never gathered enough to feed its needy heart.

Faith is not built by failing to take fair account of all the facts.

Salvation often means making man over according to one's pattern.

Red lights are not made by looking on the blue side of things.

Many a preacher says he is seeking souls when he is chasing statistics.

The possession of the vocabulary of virtue often is mistaken for its practice.

You cannot weld folks to the good by a frosty smile or the church door.

Convert preachers to absolute sincerity and you can convert people from their sins.

It's easy to build ideal castles if you'll let the contract for the roads to them to others.

A lot of Sunday religion would put us a good front if it was backed up by weekday reality.

When your face is an advertisement of failures it's no use talking of the glory of your faith.

Start in with a splurge, end with a dirge.

There is little to admire in the man who despises his good.

The important thing about a sermon is not the impression it makes on you but the expression you give to it.

You cannot have good society with bad men, but you can have bad society with good men if they fail in their social obligations.

The man who has robbed his brother of a dollar imagines that the angels hold their breath in admiration when he gives the church a dime.

SHIP BUILDING COMBINE

GREATEST AMALGAMATION IN THE WORLD.

British Firms Unite to Form Trust — Will Probably Remain at Belfast.

The greatest organization of its kind in the world, the amalgamation of the shipbuilding and engineering firms of Harland & Wolff, of Belfast and John Brown & Co., of Sheffield and Clydebank will shortly come into being in London.

The new concern will be a practically self-contained shipbuilding firm. It will produce nearly all its own material, and will save the extra profits which other firms have to pay to the firms that supply them.

Messrs. Harland & Wolff already have the largest single shipbuilding yard in the world and important engineering works at Belfast. They are also engaged now in equipping extra works at Southampton, where it has been announced reports are to be made. The buildings alone at Southampton will cost \$150,000, and \$500,000 worth of plant will be installed.

MORE THAN 30,000 MEN.

Messrs. John Brown & Co. have extensive shipbuilding works at Clydebank, great iron industries, engineering shops and ordnance works at Sheffield, and they also own mines, from which the new concern will draw its supply of coal. They make armor plate and the forms of steel which enter into the construction of modern ships.

The combination will employ more than 30,000 men and will pay about \$1,750,000 a year in wages. Messrs. Harland & Wolff now employ 12,000 men at Belfast, while Messrs. John Brown & Co. employ at all their works about 16,000. Messrs. Harland & Wolff pay about \$5,500,000 a year in wages, while Messrs. John Brown & Co.'s annual wages bill is about \$6,500,000. It is expected that before long their figures will be largely increased by the combined firm.

SOUTHAMPTON HOPES.

The announcement of the amalgamation has created excitement in all the towns concerned. Southampton, where Harland & Wolff are building repairing yards, is particularly jubilant, because it professes to see in the amalgamation hope that the new concern will transfer its main yards from Belfast to Southampton. It is known that Harland & Wolff have been negotiating unsuccessfully with the Belfast harbor commissioners for more space for the erection of repairing yards and a graving dock. In fact, the establishment of the yard at Southampton has been directly due to their failure to agree with the commissioners.

It is extremely unlikely, however, that the new firm will abandon the yards at Belfast, which were equipped only two or three years ago with an immense electric plant and a great quantity of new machinery. Belfast also affords them a plentiful supply of reliable and skilled labor at cheaper rates than other shipbuilding centers.

An interesting feature of the amalgamation is the influence which it may have on the Atlantic shipping situation. Messrs. Harland & Wolff have built all the ships for the White Star line, while John Brown & Co. have built for the Cunard line. The Cunard line has been the only line of importance which refused to join the Morgan combine, while the White Star line has been the backbone of it.

When it comes to rapid transit a train of thought sets the pace.

BABIES IN LONDON BARS

PHASE OF THE DRINK EVIL THAT GIVES ALARM IN ENGLAND.

Movement to Prevent Children from Drinking in Saloons—Alcoholism Among Women.

Physicians by no means agree in regard to the action of alcohol on the human system. In the London Lancet a few weeks ago a number of the best known British physicians published a manifesto, expressing their opinion that in certain circumstances, and when used in moderation, alcohol was beneficial to man, writes a correspondent.

This statement came somewhat as a bombshell and has given rise to an acrimonious discussion among some of the leaders of the medical world. It may be asserted nevertheless that the trend of scientific opinion is in favor of total abstinence and that the greatest authorities now hold the view that there are few cases of disease in which the employment of alcohol is serviceable.

At any rate, opinions are altogether unanimous that excess of alcohol is injurious to man in the highest degree and that such excess leads to physical and mental degeneration, and to the condition which civilized races are subject to due to the abuse of spirit drinking.

Unfortunately Great Britain occupies an unenviable position so far as the consumption of alcoholic beverages is concerned. Perhaps the people of this country are not so greatly addicted to strong drinks as was formerly the case, but the situation in this respect is still melancholy.

The report of Dr. Braithwaite, inspector of inebriate homes for a part of England, which was issued a few weeks ago, affords a striking confirmation of this statement. To such homes are committed for a term of years, those persons who have shown themselves to be incorrigible drunkards. Individuals, too, who are conscious that they lack the self-control necessary to keep them from drink, can commit themselves to these homes.

THE REPORT OF DR. BRAITHWAITE

testified that drunkenness was lamentably common in Great Britain and that on the whole the vice exhibited few if any signs of decrease. The most pitiful and in many respects the most sinister and ominous part of the report was that which referred to the female inmates of inebriate homes.

For inmates of this time the report was issued outnumbered by male inmates in the proportion of more than three to one. Further, it was shown that alcoholism began at a much earlier age than formerly and that many of the members of the female sex who had been sent to reformatories were but girls. The fact that it is far more difficult to reclaim a woman from her drunken habit than it is to reclaim a man is too well known to need emphasis here.

Persons who have had considerable experience in the poorer localities of London as well as in the tenement districts of New York and in the workmen's sections of other American cities and who are therefore able to give a comparative opinion in respect to American saloons and British public houses, say unhesitatingly that in all respects the saloon on the other side of the Atlantic is superior to the British public house. It is cleaner and it seldom, if ever, presents the grimy appearance which characterizes the ordinary public house in the poorer districts of England, side of the water.

The best time to view the London public house in all its glory, or its shame, is on a Saturday night. Both men and women are then more or less well supplied with money, which a large number of them freely distribute at the particular public houses which they affect. Such a place is crowded to suffocation with a motley and it must be said a generally uncleanly throng of men and women and even of boys and girls.

THE SO-CALLED PRIVATE BARS

are a distinctive and a peculiarly objectionable feature of the London public house. The bars are merely narrow boarded partitions opening to a common counter and afford no real facilities for women to drink, to some extent shielded from the public gaze.

The ventilation of these bars is inadequate, indeed execrable; the heat is very great, as the poor insist that the temperature should be high and proper sanitary arrangements are conspicuous by their absence. The result is that the atmosphere is stuffy and almost suffocating, which combined with the crowded state of the bars is especially conducive to the contracting and the spread of disease.

English women, and perhaps London women more than women in any other part of the country, are probably the only members of their sex in the world who will shamelessly and unblushingly stand at the bar of a public house and drink.

It is not only women of the lower classes, coster girls and factory workers, wives of laborers who drink in public, but those who may be termed entirely respectable women think it no shame to drink and gossip in the public house. In fact, the private bar has become a generally accepted and convenient place in which cronies of the female sex may foregather to exchange the latest news and scandal, while at the same time they may refresh themselves with the beverage they prefer.

It goes without saying that women who drink must neglect their children and home duties. Unlike the man, who often has perforce to keep sober for fear of losing his work, the woman is under no supervision. She may neglect and starve her children and in many instances not be interfered with. The degeneration of the British race, concerning which so much is heard now-days, is due to city life and the vices which such life brings in its train, and among these vices

DRINKING AMONG WOMEN

is conspicuous.

For a long time little or no notice was taken by the lay or the medical press or by medical men of the increas-

ing habit of public drinking by British women. Now and then an outspoken person would declaim against the evil, but his voice was as one "crying in the wilderness." It seemed as if people were afraid and ashamed to lay bare such a blot, and the subject was ignored.

Latterly the question has become so serious that it has absolutely thrust itself upon the attention of public and scientific men. The latest phase of the matter has been a series of articles by G. R. Sims contributed to the London Tribune.

The articles of Mr. Sims were written in popular style, somewhat sensational, maybe, but achieved their object. Widespread notice was aroused, and the ultimate result was that a meeting was convened, at which were present the chief members of the medical profession and men drawn from public life and the literary professions.

The point was made at this meeting and in the articles of Mr. Sims, that infant mortality was immensely increased by the custom among the poorer classes of British society of mothers taking infants in arms into public houses and actually giving these little ones strong drink. Sir Loder Brunton, one of the best known London physicians, said at the meeting:

"My experience as physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, reaching over several hundred thousand cases, has shown me that the ordinary rule which obtains in the case of a mother, a bit and sup, and generally the sup consists of gin and water. It must be quite evident that this process of slow poisoning destroys the child, one would say body and mind were it not that very often the body is destroyed before the mind has time to develop."

The meeting agreed that steps should be taken to introduce legislation to prevent children, and especially infants in arms, FROM ENTERING A PUBLIC HOUSE.

It is a satisfactory sign that public opinion in England has so far been aroused as to clamor for legal methods to put an end to children entering public houses. Unfortunately, the evil will be only scotched, not killed. So long as the custom continues to prevail of women drinking in public houses, just so long will the harmful effects of the habit be exhibited in the rising generation.

A writer in the London Lancet of about a year ago put the situation in a nutshell when he said: "The drunken woman whose duties are supposed to be domestic is a particular curse to the community, because she has not the check upon her that is applied in the case of a man by the ordinary discipline of labor, and because her children suffer in an appalling way physically and morally."

The assertion may be made that drunkenness is common among a certain part of the female population of London and of other large British cities, and that this form of drinking is almost the greatest curse which exists in Great Britain. Although the theory is no longer held that the alcoholic habit can be transmitted from parents to children, yet the fact is that the children of drunken parents are invariably of a high strung, nervous, neurotic disposition, predisposed to the use of alcohol and peculiarly susceptible to its injurious action.

The hopeful phase of the situation is that the leaders of thought in all the professions in England have become alive to the menace of the drunk drinking habits of some British women and will use their best efforts to stop the evil.

BEGGARS ON VESUVIUS.

Rich Harvests Reaped From Tourists as Result of Last Year's Eruption.

Since the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius the beggars have been extremely profitable to the beggars that infest Naples and its vicinity. They are fleeing the visitors to Boscorease and Ottaviano, the two places laid waste by the lava flow last year.

Huddled in groups which might have been posed by a skillful stage manager, the population of Boscorease awaits the arrival of the strangers. Men, women and children, shrieking and howling, begin to depict the terrors of the catastrophe of 1906.

Emotional women are moved and immediately contribute. Those who do not give freely are so beset by the weeping and complaining natives that they are finally convinced that it would be heartless not to help those who have suffered so deeply. Every day the beggars make a highly profitable haul in spite of the fact that not one of them ever lives in the place which he has left after the eruption.

At Ottaviano the same appeal is made to the sympathies of the visitors and often by the same impostors. Here the beggars have made a sort of gypsy camp where they cook beans in the hot lava with an old man.

Seated on a block of lava with the wind blowing through his long white locks and beard, he stares in front of him.

"This old man was very rich," says the chief of the beggars. "His house, his fields, his fortune are under this lava. Worst of all his sufferings was to see his wife swoop alive under the flowing lava."

At these words all the beggars begin to howl and weep. Many of the visitors contribute liberally to the fund that soon accumulates in the old man's open palm. Some return to Naples profoundly touched by the sight.

They would be consoled by the fact, did they but know it, that not a person was killed at the explosion last year either in Boscorease or in Ottaviano. The beggars are nevertheless earning a fortune out of the sympathetic travelers who journey there to see the lava fields.

It is strange how seldom a woman cries at those times when you most expect she is going to.

Marriage is sometimes a failure, because a man is unable to think of the right excuse at the right time.

Mother—"Mercy, child, how do you get your hands so dirty? You never saw mine so black as that!" Child—"No; but I guess grandma did!"

